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THE
I L I A D
OF
H O M E R.

Translated by
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

Quis *Martem* tunica tectum adamantina
Digne scripserit? aut pulvere Troïco
Nigrum *Merionen*? aut ope *Palladis*
Tydidem Superis parem? HORAT.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

L O N D O N,

Printed by Charles Rivington,

For T. OSBORNE, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, JOHN RIVINGTON,
R. BALDWIN, W. JOHNSTON, J. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER,
P. DAVEY and B. LAW, T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON,
T. FIELD, T. POTE, H. WOODGATE and
S. BROOKS, S. BAKER, and T. PAYNE.

M.DCC.LX. •

3

W. Musgrave.





THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.



The A R G U M E N T.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

THE Armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The Kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.



THE
* THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THUS by their leader's care each martial
band

Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.

With shouts the *Trojans* rushing from afar,

Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:

* Of all the books of the *Iliad*, there is scarce any more pleasing than the third. It may be divided into five parts, each of which has a beauty different from the other. The first contains what passed before the two armies, and the proposal of the combat between *Paris* and *Menelaus*: the attention and suspense of these mighty hosts, which were just upon the point of joining battle, and the lofty manner of offer-

So when inclement winters vex the plain 5

With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,

ing and accepting this important and unexpected challenge, have something in them wonderfully pompous, and of an amusing solemnity. The second part, which describes the behaviour of *Helena* in this juncture, her conference with the old King and his counsellors, with the review of the heroes from the battlements, is an episode entirely of another sort, which excels in the natural and pathetick. The third consists of the ceremonies of the oath on both sides, and the preliminaries to the combat; with the beautiful retreat of *Priam*, who in the tenderness of a parent withdraws from the sight of the duel: these particulars detain the reader in expectation, and heighten his impatience for the fight itself. The fourth is the description of the duel, an exact piece of painting, where we see every attitude, motion, and action of the combatants particularly and distinctly, and which concludes with a surprizing propriety, in the rescue of *Paris* by *Venus*. The machine of that Goddess, which makes the fifth part, and whose end is to reconcile *Paris* and *Helena*, is admirable in every circumstance: the remonstrance she holds with the Goddess, the reluctance with which she obeys her, the reproaches she casts upon *Paris*, and the flattery and courtship with which he so soon wins her over to him. *Helen* (the main cause of this war) was not to be made an odious character; she is drawn by this great master with the finest strokes, as a frail, but not as an abandoned creature. She has perpetual struggles of virtue on the one side, and softnesses which overcome them, on the other. Our Author has been remarkably careful to tell us this; whenever he but slightly names her in the foregoing part of his work, she is represented at the same time as repentant; and it is thus we see her at large at her first appearance in the present book; which is one of the shortest of the whole *Iliad*, but in recompence has beauties almost in every line, and most of them so obvious, that to acknowledge them we need only to read them.

To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise, and order, thro' the mid-way sky;

§. 3. *With shouts the Trojans.*] The book begins with a fine opposition of the noise of the *Trojan* army to the silence of the *Grecians*. It was but natural to imagine this, since the former was composed of many different nations, of various languages, and strangers to each other; the latter were more united in their neighbourhood, and under leaders of the same country. But as this observation seems particularly insisted upon by our Author (for he uses it again in the fourth book, §. 486.) so he had a farther reason for it. *Plutarch*, in his treatise of reading the Poets, remarks upon this distinction, as a particular credit to the military discipline of the *Greeks*. And several ancient authors tell us, it was the manner of the *Barbarians* to encounter with shouts and outcries; as it continues to this day the custom of the Eastern nations. Perhaps these clamours were only to encourage their men, instead of martial instruments. I think Sir *Walter Raleigh* says, there never was a people but made use of some sort of musick in battle: *Homer* never mentions any in the *Greek* or *Trojan* armies, and it is scarce to be imagined he would omit a circumstance so poetical without some particular reason. The verb *Σαλπίζω*, which the modern *Greeks* have since appropriated to the sound of a trumpet, is used indifferently in our Author for other sounds, as for thunder in the 21st *Iliad*, §. 388. Ἀμφὶ δὲ Σάλπιγγεν μέλας ἕξανδρος — He once names the trumpet *Σαλπινγὶς* in a simile, upon which *Eustathius* and *Didymus* observe, that the use of it was known in the poet's time, but not in that of the *Trojan* war. And hence we may infer that *Homer* was particularly careful not to confound the manners of the times he wrote of, with those of the times he lived in.

§. 7. *The cranes embody'd fly.*] If wit has been truly described to be a similitude in ideas, and is more excellent as that similitude is more surprizing; there cannot be a truer kind of wit than what is shewn in apt comparisons, especially when composed of such subjects as having the least relation to

To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing. 10

But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd

By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,

Swift march the *Greeks*: the rapid dust around

Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.

Thus from his flaggy wings when *Notus* sheds 15

A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,

each other in general, have yet some particular that agrees exactly. Of this nature is the simile of the *cranes* to the *Trojan* army, where the fancy of *Homer* flew to the remotest part of the world for an image which no reader could have expected. But it is no less exact than surprizing. The likeness consists in two points, the *noise* and the *order*; the latter is so observable, as to have given some of the ancients occasion to imagine, the embattling of an army was first learned from the close manner of flight of these birds. But this part of the simile not being directly expressed by the author, has been overlooked by some of the commentators. It may be remarked, that *Homer* has generally a wonderful closeness in all the particulars of his comparisons, notwithstanding he takes a liberty in his expression of them. He seems so secure of the main likeness, that he makes no scruple to play with the circumstances; sometimes by transposing the order of them, sometimes by superadding them, and sometimes (as in this place) by neglecting them in such a manner, as to leave the reader to supply them himself. For the present comparison, it has been taken by *Virgil* in the tenth book, and applied to the clamours of soldiers in the same manner.

“ — — — Quales sub nubibus atris

“ Strymoniaë dant signa grues, atque æthera tranant

“ Cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.”

Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
 To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
 While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
 Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day: 20
 So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the *Grecian* train,
 A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
 Eager of fight, and only wait command;
 When, to the van, before the sons of fame 25
 Whom *Troy* sent forth, the beauteous *Paris* came,
 In form a God! the panther's speckled hide
 Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
 His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
 His sword beside him negligently hung, 30

ψ. 26. *The beauteous Paris came, In form a God.*] This is meant by the epithet Θεοειδής, as has been said in the notes on the first book, ψ. 169. The Picture here given of *Paris's* air and dress, is exactly correspondent to his character; you see him endeavouring to mix the fine Gentleman with the warrior; and this idea of him *Homer* takes care to keep up, by describing him not without the same regard, when he is arming to encounter *Menelaus* afterwards in a close fight, as he shews here, where he is but preluding and flourishing in the gaiety of his heart. And when he tells us, in that place, that he was in danger of being strangled by the strap of his helmet, he takes notice that it was *αὐρὸς ἐκαστός*, embroidered.

Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
Him *Menelaüs*, lov'd of *Mars*, espies, 35
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes :
So joys a lion, if the branching deer
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear ;

¶ 37. *So joys a lion, if the branching deer, Or mountain goat.*] The old scholiasts refining on this simile, will have it, that *Paris* is compared to a goat on account of his incontinence, and to a stag for his cowardice : to this last they make an addition which is very ludicrous, that he is also likened to a deer for his skill in musick, and cite *Aristotle* to prove that animal delights in harmony, which opinion is alluded to by Mr. *Waller* in these lines :

Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear
Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer.

But upon the whole, it is whimsical to imagine this comparison consists in any thing more, than the joy which *Menelaus* conceived at the sight of his rival, in the hopes of destroying him. It is equally an injustice to *Paris*, to abuse him for understanding musick, and to represent his retreat as purely the effect of fear, which proceeded from his sense of guilt with respect to the particular person of *Menelaus*. He appeared at the head of the army to challenge the boldest of the enemy : nor is his character elsewhere in the *Iliad* by any means that of a coward. *Hector* at the end of the sixth book confesses, that no man could justly reproach him as such. Nor is he represented so by *Ovid* (who copied *Homer* very closely) in the end of his epistle to *Helen*. The moral of *Homer* is much

Eager he seizes and devours the slain,
 Prest by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain. 40
 Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
 In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
 From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
 The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;
 Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, 45
 And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.
 As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees
 Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;

finer: a brave mind, however blinded with passion, is sensible of remorse as soon as the injured object presents itself; and *Paris* never behaves himself ill in war, but when his spirits are depressed by the consciousness of an injustice. This also will account for the seeming incongruity of *Homer* in this passage, who (as they would have us think) paints him a shameful coward, at the same time that he is perpetually calling him *the divine Paris*, and *Paris like a God*. What he says immediately afterwards in answer to *Hector's* reproof, will make this yet more clear.

γ. 47. *As when a shepherd.*] This comparison of the serpent is finely imitated by *Virgil* in the second *Æneid*.

- “ Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem
- “ Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit
- “ Attollentem iras, & cœrula colla tumentem:
- “ Haud secus Androgeus visu tremefactus abibat.”

But it may be said to the praise of *Virgil*, that he has applied it upon an occasion where it has an additional beauty. *Paris*

Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
 And all confus'd precipitates his flight : 50
 So from the King the shining warrior flies,
 And plung'd amid the thickest *Trojans* lies.

As God-like *Hector* sees the Prince retreat,
 He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.

upon the sight of *Menelaus's* approach, is compared to a traveller who sees a snake shoot on a sudden towards him. But the surprize and danger of *Androgeus* is more lively, being just in the reach of his enemies before he perceived it ; and the circumstance of the serpent's rousing his crest, which brightens with anger, finely images the shining of their arms in the night-time, as they were just lifted up to destroy him. *Scaliger* criticises on the needless repetition in the words *παλινωρος* and *ἀνιχνύμενον*, which is avoided in the translation. But it must be observed in general, that little exactnesses are what we should not look for in *Homer* ; the genius of his age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery, to regard them.

§. 53. As God-like *Hector*.] This is the first place of the poem where *Hector* makes a figure, and here it seems proper to give an idea of his character, since if he is not the chief hero of the *Iliad*, he is at least the most amiable. There are several reasons which render *Hector* a favourite character with every reader, some of which shall here be offered. The chief moral of *Homer* was to expose the ill effects of discord ; the *Greeks* were to be shewn disunited, and to render that disunion the more probable, he has designedly given them mixt characters. The *Trojans*, on the other hand, were to be represented making all advantages of the others disagreement, which they could not do without a strict union among themselves. *Hector* therefore, who commanded them, must be endued with all such qualifications as tended to the preservation of it ; as *Achilles* with such as promoted the contrary. The

Unhappy *Paris*! but to women brave!

55

So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!

one stands, in contrast to the other, an accomplished character of valour unruffled by rage and anger, and uniting his people by his prudence and example. *Hector* has also a foil to set him off in his own family; we are perpetually opposing in our own minds the incontinence of *Paris*, who exposes his country, to the temperance of *Hector*, who protects it. And indeed it is this love of his country, which appears his principal passion, and the motive of all his actions. He has no other blemish than that he fights in an unjust cause, which *Homer* has yet been careful to tell us he would not do, if his opinion were followed. But since he cannot prevail, the affection he bears to his parents and kindred, and his desire of defending them, incites him to do his utmost for their safety. We may add, that *Homer* having so many *Greeks* to celebrate, makes them shine in their turns, and singly in their several books, one succeeding in the absence of another: whereas *Hector* appears in every battle the life and soul of his party, and the constant bulwark against every enemy: he stands against *Agamemnon's* magnanimity, *Diomed's* bravery, *Ajax's* strength, and *Achilles's* fury. There is besides an accidental cause for our liking him, from reading the writers of the *Augustan* age (especially *Virgil*) whose favourite he grew more particularly from the time when the *Cæsars* fancied to derive their pedigree from *Troy*.

ψ. 55. *Unhappy Paris, &c.*] It may be observed in honour of *Homer's* judgment, that the words which *Hector* is made to speak here, very strongly mark his character. They contain a warm reproach of cowardise, and shew him to be touched with so high a sense of glory, as to think life insupportable without it. His calling to mind the gallant figure which *Paris* had made in his amours to *Helen*, and opposing it to the image of his flight from her husband, is a sarcasm of the utmost bitterness and vivacity. After he has named that action of the rape, the cause of so many mischiefs, his

Oh had'st thou dy'd when first thou saw'st the light,

Or dy'd at least before thy nuptial rite !

A better fate than vainly thus to boast,

And fly, the scandal of thy *Trojan* host. 60

Gods ! how the scornful *Greeks* exult to see

Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee !

Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,

But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.

In former days, in all thy gallant pride, 65

When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,

When *Greece* beheld thy painted canvas flow,

And crouds stood wond'ring at the passing show ;

insisting upon it in so many broken periods, those disjointed shortnesses of speech,

(Παρί τε ὣς μέγα πῆμα, πολλὰ τε, πάλι τε δῆμι,
Δυσμένισι μὲν χάσμα, κατφείνι δὲ τοῖς αὐτῶ.)

That hasty manner of expression without the connexion of particles, is (as *Eustathius* remarks) extremely natural to a man in anger, who thinks he can never vent himself too soon. That contempt of outward shew, of the gracefulness of person, and of the accomplishments of a courtly life, is what corresponds very well with the warlike temper of *Hector* ; and these verses have therefore a beauty here which they want in *Horace*, however admirably he has translated them, in the ode of *Nereus's* prophecy.

“ Nequicquam Veneris præsidio ferox,

“ Pectus cæsariem ; grataque foeminis

“ Imbelli citharâ carmina divides, &c.”

Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
 You met th' approaches of the *Spartan* Queen, 70
 Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
 And * both her warlike lords outshin'd in *Helen's*
 eyes?

This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,
 Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
 This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight; 75
 Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?
 Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
 Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
 Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
 Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre, 80

‡. 72. *And both her warlike lords.*] The original is Νῶν ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων. *The spouse of martial men.* I wonder why *Madam Dacier* chose to turn it *Alliée à tant de braves guerriers*, since it so naturally refers to *Theseus* and *Menelaus*, the former husbands of *Helena*.

‡. 80. *Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre.*] It is ingeniously remarked by *Dacier*, that *Homer*, who celebrates the *Greeks* for their long hair [κατακομύωντας Ἀχαιοὺς] and *Achilles* for his skill on the harp, makes *Hector* in this place object them both to *Paris*. The *Greeks* nourished their hair to appear more dreadful to the enemy, and *Paris* to please the eyes of women. *Achilles* sung to his harp the acts of Heroes, and *Paris* the amours of lovers. The same reason which makes *Hector* here displeased at them, made *Alexander* afterwards re-

* *Theseus* and *Menelaus*.

Beauty and youth ; in vain to these you trust,
 When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust :
 Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
 Crush the dire author of his country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, *Paris* breaks ; 85
 'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks :

use to see this lyre of *Paris*, when offered to be shewn to him, as *Plutarch* relates the story in his oration of the fortune of *Alexander*.

§. 83. *One avenging blow.*] It is in the *Greek*, *You had been clad in a coat of stone*. *Giphanius* would have it to mean stoned to death on the account of his adultery : but this does not appear to have been the punishment of that crime among the *Phrygians*. It seems rather to signify, destroyed by the fury of the people, for the war he had brought upon them ; or perhaps may imply no more than being laid in his grave under a monument of stones ; but the former being the stronger sense, is here followed.

§. 86. *'Tis just, my brother.*] This speech is a farther opening of the true character of *Paris*. He is a master of civility, no less well-bred to his own sex than courtly to the other. The reproof of *Hector* was of a severe nature, yet he receives it as from a brother and a friend, with candour and modesty. This answer is remarkable for its fine address ; he gives the hero a decent and agreeable reproof for having too rashly depreciated the gifts of nature. He allows the quality of courage its utmost due, but desires the same justice to those softer accomplishments, which he lets him know are no less the favour of heaven. Then he removes from himself the charge of want of valour, by proposing the single combat with the very man he had just declined to engage ; which having shewn him void of any malevolence to his rival on the one hand, he now proves himself free from the imputation of

But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
 So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
 Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,
 Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows,
 Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain, 91
 With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.
 Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
 With which a lover golden *Venus* arms;
 Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
 No wish can gain 'em, but the Gods bestow. 96
 Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat
 stand,

The *Greeks* and *Trojans* feat on either hand;
 Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
 And, on that stage of war, the cause be try'd:

cowardice on the other. *Homer* draws him (as we have seen) soft of speech, the natural quality of an amorous temper; vainly gay in war as well as love; with a spirit that can be surprized and recollected, that can receive impressions of shame or apprehension on the one side, or of generosity and courage on the other; the usual disposition of easy and courteous minds, which are most subject to the rule of fancy and passion. Upon the whole, this is no worse than the picture of a gentle *Knight*, and one might fancy the heroes of the modern romance were formed upon the model of *Paris*.

By *Paris* there the *Spartan* King be fought, 101
 For beauteous *Helen* and the wealth she brought;
 And who his rival can in arms subdue,
 His be the fair, and his the treasure too.

Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
 And *Troy* possess her fertile fields in peace; 106
 Thus may the *Greeks* review their native shore,
 Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge *Hector* heard with joy,
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of *Troy*;
 Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe 111
 Advanc'd with steps majestically slow:

γ. 108. *Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.*] The original is, Ἄσλος ἐς ἰπποέσους, καὶ Ἀχαΐδα καλλογύναντα. Perhaps this line is translated too close to the letter, and the epithets might have been omitted. But there are some traits and particularities of this nature, which methinks preserve to the reader the air of *Homer*. At least the latter of these circumstances, that *Greece* was eminent for beautiful women, seems not improper to be mentioned by him who had raised a war on the account of a *Grecian* beauty.

γ. 109. *The challenge Hector heard with joy.*] *Hector* stays not to reply to his brother, but runs away with the challenge immediately. He looks upon all the *Trojans* as disgraced by the late flight of *Paris*, and thinks not a moment is to be lost to regain the honour of his country. The activity he shews in all this affair wonderfully agrees with the spirit of a soldier.

While round his dauntless head the *Grecians* pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.

Then thus the Monarch great *Atrides* cry'd ;
Forbear ye warriors ! lay the darts aside : 116

A parley *Hector* asks, a message bears ;

We know him by the various plume he wears.

Aw'd by his high command the *Greeks* attend,

The tumult silence, and the fight suspend. 120

While from the center *Hector* rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies.

Hear, all ye *Trojans*, all ye *Grecian* bands !

What *Paris*, author of the war, demands.

§. 123. *Hear all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands.*] It has been asked how the different nations could understand one another in these conferences, since we have no mention in *Homer* of any interpreter between them? He who was so very particular in the most minute points, can hardly be thought to have been negligent in this. Some reasons may be offered that they both spoke the same language; for the *Trojans* (as may be seen in *Dion. Halic. lib. i.*) were of *Grecian* extraction originally. *Dardanus* the first of their Kings was born in *Arcadia*; and even their names were originally *Greek*, as *Hector*, *Achilles*, *Andromache*, *Astyanax*, &c. Of the last of these in particular, *Homer* gives us a derivation which is purely *Greek*, in *Il. vi. §. 403*. But however it be, this is no more (as *Dacier* somewhere observes) than the just privilege of Poetry. *Aeneas* and *Turnus* understand each other in *Virgil*, and the language of the Poet is supposed to be univer-

Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
 And pitch your lances in the yielding plain. 126
 Here in the midst, in either army's fight,
 He dares the *Spartan* King to single fight;
 And wills, that *Helen* and the ravish'd spoil
 That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil. 130
 Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
 And diff'ring nations part in leagues of peace.

He spoke: in still suspense on either side
 Each army stood: the *Spartan* Chief reply'd.

Me too ye warriors hear, whose fatal right 135
 A world engages in the toils of fight.

fally intelligible, not only between different countries, but between earth and heaven itself.

ŷ. 135. *Me too ye warriors hear, &c.*] We may observe what care *Homer* takes to give every one his proper character, and how this speech of *Menelaus* is adapted to the *Laconick*; which the better to comprehend, we may remember there are in *Homer* three speakers of different characters, agreeable to the three different kinds of eloquence. These we may compare with each other in one instance, supposing them all to use the same heads, and in the same order.

The materials of the speech are, The manifesting his grief for the war, with the hopes that it is in his power to end it; an acceptance of the proposed challenge; an account of the ceremonies to be used in the league; and a proposal of a proper caution to secure it.

Now had *Nestor* these materials to work upon, he would probably have begun with a relation of all the troubles of the

To me the labour of the field resign ;

Me *Paris* injur'd ; all the war be mine.

nine years siege, which he hoped he might now bring to an end ; he would court their benevolence and good wishes for his prosperity, with all the figures of amplification ; while he accepted the challenge, he would have given an example to prove that the single combat was a wise, gallant, and gentle way of ending the war, practised by their fathers ; in the description of the rites he would be exceeding particular ; and when he chose to demand the sanction of *Priam* rather than of his sons, he would place in opposition on one side the son's action which began the war, and on the other the impressions of concern or repentance which it must by this time have made in the father's mind, whose wisdom he would undoubtedly extol as the effect of his age. All this he would have expatiated upon with connexions of the discourse in the most evident manner, and the most easy, gliding, undisobliging transitions. The effect would be, that the people would hear him with pleasure.

Had it been *Ulysses* who was to make the speech, he would have mentioned a few of their affecting calamities in a pathetick air ; then have undertaken the fight with testifying such a chearful joy, as should have won the hearts of the soldiers to follow him to the field without being desired. He would have been exceeding cautious in wording the conditions ; and solemn, rather than particular, in speaking of the rites, which he would only insist on as an opportunity to exhort both sides to a fear of the Gods, and a strict regard of justice. He would have remonstrated the use of sending for *Priam* ; and (because no caution could be too much) have demanded his sons to be bound with him. For a conclusion, he would have used some noble sentiment agreeable to a hero, and (it may be) have enforced it with some inspirited action. In all this you would have known that the discourse hung together, but its fire would not always suffer it to be seen in cooler transitions, which (when they are too nicely laid open) may con-

Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms ;
 And live the rest, secure of future harms. 140
 Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
 To *Earth* a fable, to the *Sun* a white,
 Prepare ye *Trojans* ! while a third we bring
 Select to *Jove*, th' inviolable King.

Let rev'rend *Priam* in the truce engage, 145
 And add the sanction of considerate age ;

duct the reader, but never carry him away. The people would hear him with emotion.

These materials being given to *Menelaus*, he but just mentions their troubles, and his satisfaction in the prospect of ending them, shortens the proposals, says a sacrifice is necessary, requires *Priam's* presence to confirm the conditions, refuses his sons with a resentment of that injury he suffered by them, and concludes with a reason for his choice from the praise of age, with a short gravity, and the air of an apophthegm. This he puts in order without any more transition than what a single conjunction affords. And the effect of the discourse is, that the people are instructed by it in what is to be done.

§. 141. *Two lambs devoted.*] The *Trojans* (says the old scholiast) were required to sacrifice two lambs; one male of a white colour, to the *Sun*, and one female, and black, to the *Earth*: as the *Sun* is father of light, and the *Earth* the mother and nurse of men. The *Greeks* were to offer a third to *Jupiter*, perhaps to *Jupiter Xenius*, because the *Trojans* had broke the laws of hospitality: on which account we find *Menelaus* afterwards invoking him in the combat with *Paris*. That these were the powers to which they sacrificed, appears by their being attested by name in the oath, §. 346, &c.

His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
 And youth itself an empty wav'ring state :
 Cool age advances venerably wise,
 Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes ; 150
 Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,
 Concludes from both, and best provides for all.
 The nations hear, with rising hopes possess'd,
 And peaceful prospects dawn in ev'ry breast.

§. 153. *The nations bear, with rising hopes possess'd.* It seemed no more than what the reader would reasonably expect, in the narration of this long war, that a period might have been put to it by the single danger of the parties chiefly concerned, *Paris* and *Menelaus*. *Homer* has therefore taken care toward the beginning of his Poem to obviate that objection ; and contrived such a method to render this combat of no effect, as should naturally make way for all the ensuing battles, without any future prospect of a determination but by the sword. It is farther worth observing, in what manner he has improved into Poetry the common history of this action, if (as one may imagine) it was the same with that we have in the second book of *Diety's Cretensis*. *When Paris (says he) being wounded by the spear of Menelaus fell to the ground, just as his adversary was rushing upon him with his sword, he was shot by an arrow from Pandarus, which prevented his revenge in the moment he was going to take it. Immediately on the sight of this perfidious action, the Greeks rose in a tumult ; the Trojans rising at the same time, came on, and rescued Paris from his enemy. Homer has with great art and invention mingled all this with the marvellous, and raised it in the air of fable. The Goddess of Love rescues her favourite ; Jupiter debates whether or not the war shall end by the defeat of Paris ; Juno is for the con-*

Within the lines they drew their steeds around, 155
 And from their chariots issu'd on the ground :
 Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
 Lay'd their bright arms along the sable shore.
 On either side the meeting hosts are seen
 With lances fix'd, and close the space between.
 Two heralds now dispatch'd to *Troy*, invite 161
 The *Phrygian* Monarch to the peaceful rite ;
Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
 The lamb for *Jove*, th' inviolable King.

Mean time, to beauteous *Helen*, from the skies
 The various Goddess of the rain-bow flies : 166

tinuance of it ; *Minerva* incites *Pandarus* to break the truce, who thereupon shoots at *Menelaus*. This heightens the grandeur of the action without destroying the verisimilitude, diversifies the poem, and exhibits a fine moral ; that whatever seems in the world the effect of common causes, is really owing to the decree and disposition of the Gods.

†. 165. *Mean time to beauteous Helen, &c.*] The following part, where we have the first sight of *Helena*, is what I cannot think inferior to any in the Poem. The reader has naturally an aversion to this pernicious beauty, and is apt enough to wonder at the *Greeks* for endeavouring to recover her at such an expence. But her amiable behaviour here, the secret wishes that rise in favour of her rightful Lord, her tenderness for her parents and relations, the relentings of her soul for the mischiefs her beauty had been the cause of, the confusion she appears in, the veiling her face, and dropping a tear ;

(Like fair *Loadicè* in form and face,
 The loveliest Nymph of *Priam's* royal race)
 Her in the palace, at her loom she found ;
 The golden web her own sad story crown'd. 170
 The *Trojan* wars she weav'd (herself the prize)
 And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
 To whom the Goddess of the painted bow ;
 Approach, and view the wond'rous scene below !
 Each hardy *Greek*, and valiant *Trojan* Knight, 175
 So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
 Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields ;
 Cèas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.

are particulars so beautifully natural, as to make every reader no less than *Menelaus* himself, inclined to forgive her at least, if not to love her. We are afterwards confirmed in this partiality by the sentiment of the old counsellors upon the sight of her, which one would think *Homer* put into their mouths with that very view : we excuse her no more than *Priam* does himself, and all those do who felt the calamities she occasioned : and this regard for her is heightened by all she says herself ; in which there is scarce a word, that is not big with repentance and good-nature.

§. 170. *The golden web her own sad story crown'd.*] This is a very agreeable fiction, to represent *Helena* weaving in a large veil, or piece of tapestry, the story of the *Trojan* war. One would think that *Homer* inherited this veil, and that his *Iliad* is only an explication of that admirable piece of art. *Dacier*,

Paris alone and *Sparta's* King advance,
 In single fight to toss the beamy lance ; 180
 Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
 Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.

This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
 Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires ;
 Her country, parents, all that once were dear, 185
 Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.
 O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
 And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
 Her handmaids *Clymenè* and *Æthra* wait
 Her silent footsteps to the *Scaean* gate. 190

There sat the Seniors of the *Trojan* race,
 (Old *Priam's* Chiefs, and most in *Priam's* grace)
 The King the first ; *Thymætès* at his side ;
Lampus and *Clytiüs*, long in council try'd ;
Panthüs, and *Hicetäon*, once the strong ; 196
 And next, the wisest of the rev'rend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage *Ucalegon*,
 Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
 Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
 But wise thro' time, and narrative with age, 200

In summer-days, like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

γ. 201. *Like grasshoppers.*] This is one of the justest and most natural images in the world, though there have been criticks of so little taste as to object to it as a mean one. The garrulity so common to old men, their delight in associating with each other, the feeble sound of their voices, the pleasure they take in a sunshiny day, the effects of decay in their chillness, leanness and scarcity of blood, are all circumstances exactly exactly paralleled in this comparison. To make it yet more proper to the old men of *Troy*, *Eustathius* has observed that *Homer* found a hint for this simile in the *Trojan* story, where *Tithon* was feigned to have been transformed into a grasshopper in his old age, perhaps on account of his being so exhausted by years, as to have nothing left him but voice, *Spandanus* wonders that *Homer* should apply to grasshoppers ὅσα λαιρῶσσαν, a sweet voice; whereas that of these animals is harsh and untuneful: and he is contented to come off with a very poor evasion of *Homero fingere quidlibet fas fuit*. But *Hesychius* rightly observes that λαιρῶς signifies ἀπαλός, tender or gracilis, as well as suavis. The sense is certainly much better, and the simile more truly preserved by this interpretation, which is here followed in translating it *feeble*. However it may be alledged in defence of the common versions, and of *Madam Dacier's* (who has turned it *Harmonieuse*) that though *Virgil* gives the Epithet *raucae* to *Cicadae*, yet the *Greek Poets* frequently describe the grasshopper as a musical creature, particularly *Anacreon* and *Theocritus*, *Idyl. i.* where a shepherd praises another's singing, by telling him,

Τέτλη· ἐπὶ τῷ φέφρασι ᾄδεις·

It is remarkable that *Mr. Hobbes* has omitted this beautiful simile.

These, when the *Spartan Queen* approach'd the
tow'r,

In secret own'd resistless beauty's pow'r :

§. 203. *These, when the Spartan Queen approach'd.*] Madam *Dacier* is of opinion there was never a greater panegyrick upon beauty, than what *Homer* has found the art to give it in this place. An assembly of venerable old counsellors, who had suffered all the calamities of a tedious war, and were consulting upon the methods to put a conclusion to it, seeing the only cause of it approaching towards them, are struck with her charms, and cry out, *No wonder!* &c. Nevertheless they afterwards recollect themselves, and conclude to part with her for the publick safety. If *Homer* had carried these old mens admiration any farther, he had been guilty of outrageous nature, and offending against probability. The old are capable of being touched with beauty by the eye; but age secures them from the tyranny of passion, and the effect is but transitory, for prudence soon regains its dominion over them. *Homer* always goes as far as he should, but constantly stops just where he ought. *Dacier*.

The same writer compares to this the speech of *Holofernes's* soldiers on the sight of *Judith*, ch. x. §. 18. But though there be a resemblance in the words, the beauty is no way parallel; the grace of this consisting in the age and character of those who speak it. There is something very gallant upon the beauty of *Helen* in one of *Lucian's* dialogues. *Mercury* shews *Menippus* the skulls of several fine women; and when the philosopher is moralizing upon that of *Helen*: *Was it for this a thousand ships sailed from Greece, so many brave men died, and so many cities were destroyed? My friend* (says *Mercury*) *'tis true; but what you behold is only her skull; you would have been of their opinion, and have done the very same thing, had you seen her face.*

They cry'd, No wonder, such celestial charms 205
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestick mien!
She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen!
Yet hence, oh heav'n! convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the *Trojan* race. 210

The good old *Priam* welcom'd her, and cry'd,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
See on the plain thy *Grecian* spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years. 214
No crime of thine our present suff'rings draws,
Not thou, but heav'n's disposing will, the cause;

§. 211. *The good old Priam.*] The character of a benevolent old man is very well preserved in *Priam's* behaviour to *Helena*. Upon the confusion he observes her in, he encourages her, by attributing the misfortunes of the war to the Gods alone, and not to her fault. This sentiment is also very agreeable to the natural piety of old age; those who have had the longest experience of human accidents and events, being most inclined to ascribe the disposal of all things to the will of heaven. It is this piety that renders *Priam* a favourite of *Jupiter* (as we find in the beginning of the fourth book) which for some time delays the destruction of *Troy*; while his soft nature and indulgence for his children makes him continue a war which ruins him. These are the two principal points of *Priam's* character, though there are several lesser particularities, among which we may observe the curiosity and inquisitive humour of old age, which gives occasion to the following episode.

The Gods these armies and this force employ,
 The hostile Gods conspire the fate of *Troy*.
 But lift thy eyes, and say, What *Greek* is he
 (Far as from hence these aged orbs can see) 220

§. 219. *And say, What chief is he?*] This view of the *Grecian* leaders from the walls of *Troy*, is justly looked upon as an Episode of great beauty, as well as a masterpiece of conduct in *Homer*; who by this means acquaints the readers with the figure and qualifications of each hero in a more lively and agreeable manner. Several great Poets have been engaged by the beauty of this passage to an imitation of it. In the seventh book of *Statius*, *Phorbas* standing with *Antigone* on the tower of *Thebes*, shews her the forces as they were drawn up, and describes their commanders, who were neighbouring princes of *Bæotia*. It is also imitated by *Tasso* in his third book, where *Erminia* from the walls of *Jerusalem* points out the chief warriors to the King; though the latter part is perhaps copied too closely and minutely; for he describes *Godfrey* to be of a port that bespeaks him a Prince, the next of somewhat a lower stature, a third renowned for his wisdom, and then another is distinguished by the largeness of his chest and breadth of his shoulders: which are not only the very particulars, but in the very order of *Homer's*.

But however this manner of introduction has been admired, there have not been wanting some exceptions to a particular or two. *Scaliger* asks, how it happens that *Priam*, after nine years siege, should be yet unacquainted with the faces of the *Grecian* leaders? This was an old cavil, as appears by the *Scholia* that pass under the name of *Didymus*, where it is very well answered, that *Homer* has just before taken care to tell us the heroes had put off their armour on this occasion of the truce, which had concealed their persons till now. Others have objected to *Priam's* not knowing *Ulysses*, who (as it appears afterwards) had been at *Troy* on an embassy. The answer

Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
 So tall, so awful, and almost divine?
 Tho' some of larger stature tread the green,
 None match his grandeur and exalted mien :
 He seems a Monarch, and his country's pride. 225
 Thus ceas'd the King, and thus the fair reply'd.

Before thy presence, Father, I appear
 With conscious shame and reverential fear.
 Ah! had I dy'd, e'er to these walls I fled,
 False to my country, and my nuptial bed ; 230
 My brothers, friends, and daughter left be-
 hind,
 False to them all, to *Paris* only kind!
 For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
 Shall waste the form whose crime it was to
 please!

is, that this might happen either from the dimness of *Priam's* sight, or defect of his memory, or from the change of *Ulysses's* features since that time.

§. 227. *Before thy presence.*] *Helen* is so overwhelmed with grief and shame, that she is unable to give a direct answer to *Priam* without first humbling herself before him, acknowledging her crime, and testifying her repentance. And she no sooner answers by naming *Agamemnon*, but her sorrows renew at the name ; *He was once my brother, but I am now a wretch unworthy to call him so.*

The King of Kings, *Atrides*, you survey, - 235
 Great in the war, and great in arts of sway :
 My brother once, before my days of shame ;
 And oh ! that still he bore a brother's name !

With wonder *Priam* view'd the God-like man,
 Extoll'd the happy Prince, and thus began. 240
 O blest *Atrides* ! born to prosp'rous fate,
 Successful Monarch of a mighty state !
 How vast thy empire ? Of yon' matchless train
 What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain ?
 In *Phrygia* once were gallant armies known, 245
 In ancient time, when *Otreus* fill'd the throne,

γ. 236. *Great in the war, and great in arts of sway.*] This was the verse which *Alexander* the Great preferred to all others in *Homer*, and which he proposed as the pattern of his own actions, as including whatever can be desired in a Prince. *Plut. Orat. de fort. Alex. 1.*

γ. 240. *Extoll'd the happy Prince.*] It was very natural for *Priam* on this occasion, to compare the declining condition of his kingdom with the flourishing state of *Agamemnon's*, and to oppose his own misery (who had lost most of his sons and his bravest warriors) to the felicity of the other, in being yet master of so gallant an army. After this the humour of old age breaks out, in the narration of what armies he had formerly seen, and bore a part in the command of ; as well as what feats of valour he had then performed. Besides which, this praise of the *Greeks* from the mouth of an enemy, was no small encomium of *Homer's* countrymen.

When God-like *Mygdon* led their troops of horse,
 And I, to join them, rais'd the *Trojan* force :
 Against the manlike *Amazons* we stood,
 And *Sangar's* stream ran purple with their blood.
 But far inferiour those, in martial grace 251
 And strength of numbers, to this *Grecian* race.

This said, once more he view'd the warrior-
 train :
 What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain ?
 Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread, 255
 Tho' great *Atrides* overtops his head.
 Nor yet appear his care and conduct small ;
 From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
 The stately Ram thus measures o'er the ground,
 And, master of the flock, surveys them round. 260
 Then *Helen* thus. Whom your discerning eyes
 Have singled out, is *Ithacus* the wise :

y. 258. *From rank to rank he moves.*] The vigilance and inspection of *Ulysses* were very proper marks to distinguish him, and agree with his character of a wise man, no less than the grandeur and majesty before described are conformable to that of *Agamemnon*, as the supreme ruler ; whereas we find *Ajax* afterwards taken notice of only for his bulk, as a heavy *Hero* without parts or authority. This decorum is observable.

A barren island boasts his glorious birth ;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began: 265
Myself, O King ! have seen that wond'rous man ;
When trusting *Jove* and hospitable laws,
To *Troy* he came, to plead the *Grecian* cause ;
(Great *Menelaüs* urg'd the same request)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest: 270
I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.

§. 271. *I knew their persons, &c.*] In this view of the leaders of the army, it had been an oversight in *Homer* to have taken no notice of *Menelaus*, who was not only one of the principal of them, but was immediately to engage the observation of the reader in the single combat. On the other hand, it had been a high indecorum to have made *Helena* speak of him. He has therefore put his praises into the mouth of *Antenor* ; which was also a more artful way than to have presented him to the eye of *Priam* in the same manner with the rest : it appears from hence, what a regard he has had both to decency and variety, in the conduct of his poem.

This passage concerning the different eloquence of *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* is inexpressibly just and beautiful. The close *Laconick* conciseness of the one, is finely opposed to the copious, vehement, and penetrating oratory of the other ; which is so exquisitely described in the simile of the snow falling *fast*, and sinking *deep*. For it is in this the beauty of the comparison consists, according to *Quintilian*, l. xii. c. 10. *In Ulyssæ facundiam & magnitudinem junxit, cui orationem nivibus hybernæ copiâ verborum atque impetu parem tribuit.* We may set in the

Erect, the *Spartan* most engag'd our view ;
Ulysses seated, greater rev'rence drew.
 When *Atreus*' son harangu'd the list'ning train, 275
 Just was his sense, and his expression plain,
 His words succinct, yet full, without a fault ;
 He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.

same light with these the character of *Nestor*'s eloquence, which consisted in softness and persuasiveness, and is therefore (in contradistinction to this of *Ulysses*) compared to honey which drops gently and slowly ; a manner of speech extremely natural to a benevolent old man, such as *Nestor* is represented. *Ausonius* has elegantly distinguished these three kinds of oratory in the following verses.

“ *Dulcem in paucis ut Plifthenidem*

“ *Et torrentem ceu Dulichii*

“ *Ningida dicta :*

“ *Et mellitæ nectare vocis*

“ *Dulcia fatu verba canentem*

“ *Nestora regem.*”

§. 278. *He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.*] *Chapman*, in his notes on this place and on the second book, has described *Menelaus* as a character of ridicule and simplicity. He takes advantage from the word *αἰσῶς* here made use of, to interpret that of the *shrillness* of his voice, which was applied to the acuteness of his sense : he observes, that this sort of voice is the mark of a fool ; that *Menelaus* coming to his brother's feast uninvited in the second book, has occasioned a proverb of folly ; that the excuse *Homer* himself makes for it (because his brother might forget to invite him through much business) is purely ironical ; that the epithet *αἰσῶς*, which is often applied to him, should not be translated *warlike*, but one who

But when *Ulysses* rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground, 280

had an affectation of loving war : in short, that he was a weak Prince, played upon by others, short in speech, and of a bad pronounciation, valiant only by fits, and sometimes stumbling upon good matter in his speeches, as may happen to the most slender capacity. This is one of the mysteries which that translator boasts to have found in *Homer*. But as it is no way consistent with the art of the Poet, to draw the person in whose behalf he engages the world, in such a manner as no regard should be conceived for him ; we must endeavour to rescue him from this misrepresentation. First then, the present passage is taken by antiquity in general to be applied not to his pronounciation, but his eloquence. So *Ausonius* in the foregoing citation, and *Cicero de claris oratoribus* : *Menelaum ipsum dulcem illum quidem tradit Homerus, sed pauca loquentem*. And *Quintilian*, l. xii. c. 10. *Homerus brevem cum animi jucunditate, & propriam (id enim est non errare verbis) & carentem supervacuis, eloquentiam Menelao dedit, &c.* Secondly, though his coming uninvited may have occasioned a jesting proverb, it may naturally be accounted for on the principle of brotherly love, which so visibly characterises both him and *Agamemnon* throughout the poem. Thirdly, ἀνιψιός may import a love of war, but not an ungrounded affectation. Upon the whole, his character is by no means contemptible, though not of the most shining nature. He is called indeed in the xviith *Iliad* μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής, a soft warrior, or one whose strength is of the second rate ; and so his brother thought him, when he preferred nine before him to fight with *Hector* in the viith book. But on the other hand, his courage gives him a considerable figure in conquering *Paris*, defending the body of *Patroclus*, rescuing *Ulysses*, wounding *Helenus*, killing *Euphorbus*, &c. He is full of resentment for his private injuries, which brings him to the war with a spirit of revenge in the second book, makes him blaspheme *Jupiter* in the third, when *Paris* escapes him, and curse the *Grecians* in the seventh,

As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd
hand ;

But, when he speaks, what elocution flows !

Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,

The copious accents fall, with easy art ; 285

Melting they fall, and sink into the heart !

when they hesitate to accept *Hector's* challenge. But this also is qualified with a compassion for those who suffer in his cause, which he every where manifests upon proper occasions ; and with an industry to gratify others, as when he obeys *Ajax* in the seventeenth book, and goes upon his errand to find *Antilochus*, with some other condescensions of the like nature. Thus his character is composed of qualities which give him no uneasy superiority over others while he wants their assistance, and mingled with such as make him amiable enough to obtain it.

ψ. 286. *His modest eyes, &c.*] This behaviour of *Ulysses* is copied by *Ovid, Met.* 13.

“ Astitit atque oculos parum tellure moratos

“ Sustulit”

What follows in the *Greek* translated word for word runs thus : *He seemed like a fool, you would have thought him in a rage, or a madman.* How oddly this would appear in our language, I appeal to those who have read *Ogilby*. The whole period means no more than to describe that behaviour which is commonly remarked in a modest and sensible man, who speaks in publick : his diffidence and respect give him at his first rising a sort of confusion, which is not indecent, and which serves but the more to heighten the surprize and esteem of those who hear him.

Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprize ;
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

The King then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd, 290
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature far exceed the rest ?

Ajax the great (the beauteous *Queen* reply'd)
Himself a host : the *Grecian* strength and pride.
See ! bold *Idomeneus* superiour tow'rs 295

Amidst yon' circle of his *Cretan* pow'rs,
Great as a God ! I saw him once before,
With *Menelaüs*, on the *Spartan* shore.

The rest I know, and could in order name ;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame. 300
Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,
Whom long my eyes have fought, but fought in vain :
Castor and *Pollux*, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these ; the same our native shore, 305
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the Chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant *Troy* refus'd to sail the seas :

Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause. 310

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more. 314

Meantime the heralds, thro' the croud'd town,
Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.

Idæus' arms the golden goblets prest,
Who thus the venerable King address.

Arise, O father of the *Trojan* state!

The nations call, thy joyful people wait, 320
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate. }

γ. 309. *Perhaps their swords.*] This is another stroke of *Helen's* concern: the sense of her crime is perpetually afflicting her, and awakes upon every occasion. The lines that follow, wherein *Homer* gives us to understand that *Castor* and *Pollux* were now dead, are finely introduced, and in the spirit of poetry; the muse is supposed to know every thing, past and to come, and to see things distant as well as present.

γ. 315. *Meantime the heralds, &c.*] It may not be unpleasing to the reader to compare the description of the ceremonies of the league in the following part, with that of *Virgil* in the twelfth book. The preparations, the procession of the Kings, and their congress, are much more solemn and poetical in the latter; the oath and adjurations are equally noble in both.

Paris thy son, and *Sparta's* King advance,
 In measur'd lifts to toss the weighty lance;
 And who his rival shall in arms subdue,
 His be the dame, and his the treasure too. 325
 Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
 And *Troy* possess her fertile fields in peace;
 So shall the *Greeks* review their native shore,
 Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs pre-
 pare 330

To join his milk-white courfers to the car:
 He mounts the seat, *Antenor* at his side;
 The gentle steeds thro' *Scæa's* gates they guide:
 Next from the car descending on the plain,
 Amid the *Grecian* host and *Trojan* train 335
 Slow they proceed: the sage *Ulysses* then
 Arose, and with him rose the King of Men.
 On either side a sacred herald stands,
 The wine they mix, and on each monarch's
 hands

Pour the full urn; then draws the *Grecian* Lord 340
 His cutlace sheath'd beside his pond'rous sword;

From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,
 The heralds part it, and the Princes share;
 Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
 He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands. 345
 O first and greatest pow'r! whom all obey,
 Who high on *Ida's* holy mountain sway,
 Eternal *Jove*! and you bright orb that roll
 From east to west, and view from pole to pole!
 Thou mother *Earth*! and all ye living *Floods*! 350
 Infernal *Furies*, and *Tartarean* Gods,
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd Kings, and all who falsely swear!
 Hear, and be witness. If, by *Paris* slain,
 Great *Menelaüs* press the fatal plain; 355

§. 342. *The curling hair.*] We have here the whole ceremonial of the solemn oath, as it was observed anciently by the nations our Author describes. I must take this occasion of remarking that we might spare ourselves the trouble of reading most books of *Grecian antiquities*, only by being well versed in *Homer*. They are generally bare transcriptions of him, but with this unnecessary addition, that after having quoted any thing in verse, they say the same over again in prose. The *Antiquitates Homericae* of *Feitbius* may serve as an instance of this. What my Lord *Bacon* observes of authors in general, is particularly applicable to these of *Antiquities*, that they write for ostentation not for instruction, and that their works are perpetual repetitions.

The Dame and treasures let the *Trojan* keep,
 And *Greece* returning plow the watry deep.
 If by my brother's lance the *Trojan* bleed ;
 Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed :
 Th' appointed fine let *Ilium* justly pay, 360
 And ev'ry age record the signal day.
 This if the *Phrygians* shall refuse to yield,
 Arms must revenge, and *Mars* decide the
 field.

γ. 361. *And ev'ry age record the signal day.*] "Ἡτις καὶ ἰσορροπία
 μετ' ἀνθρώποις εὐδαιμονία. This seems the natural sense of the line,
 and not as Madam Dacier renders it, *The tribute shall be paid
 to the posterity of the Greeks for ever*. I think she is single in
 that explication, the majority of the interpreters taking it to
 signify that the victory of the *Grecians* and this pecuniary ac-
 knowledgment *should be recorded to all posterity*. If it means
 any more than this, at least it cannot come up to the sense
 Madam Dacier gives it ; for a nation put under perpetual tri-
 bute is rather enslaved, than received to friendship and alli-
 ance, which are the terms of *Agamemnon* speech. It seems
 rather to be a fine, demanded as a recompence for the ex-
 pences of the war, which being made over to the *Greeks*,
 should remain to their posterity for ever ; that is, to say, which
 they should never be molested for, or which should never be
 re-demanded in any age as a case of injury. The phrase is
 the same we use at this day, when any purchase or grant is
 at once made over to a man and his heirs for ever. With
 this will agree the *Scholiast's* note, which tells us the mulct
 was reported to have been half the goods then in the besieged
 city.

With that the Chief the tender victims slew,
 And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw: 365
 The vital spirit issu'd at the wound,
 And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.
 From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
 And add libations to the pow'rs divine. 369
 While thus their pray'rs united mount the sky;
 Hear mighty *Jove*! and hear ye Gods on high!
 And may their blood, who first the league confound,
 Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;
 May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
 And all their race be scatter'd as the dust! 375
 Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
 Which *Jove* refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, rev'rend *Priam* rose,
 And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.

†. 364. *The Chief the tender victims slew.*] One of the grand objections which the ignorance of some moderns has raised against *Homer*, is what they call a defect in the manners of his heroes. They are shocked to find his Kings employed in such offices as slaughtering of beasts, &c. But they forget that sacrificing was the most solemn act of religion, and that King of old in most nations were also Chief-priests. This, among other objections of the same kind, the reader may see answered in the Preface.

Ye *Greeks* and *Trojans*, let the chiefs engage, 380

But spare the weakness of my feeble age:

In yonder walls that object let me shun,

Nor view the danger of so dear a son.

Whose arms shall conquer, and what Prince shall
fall,

Heav'n only knows, for heav'n disposes all. 385

This said, the hoary King no longer stay'd,

But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;

Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,

And drove to *Troy*, *Antenor* at his side.

Bold *Heëtor* and *Ulysses* now dispose 390

The lists of combat, and the ground inclose;

Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,

Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.

The people pray with elevated hands, 394

And words like these are heard thro' all the
bands.

Immortal *Jove*, high heav'n's superiour lord,

On lofty *Ida*'s holy mount ador'd!

Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,

Oh give that author of the war to fate

BOOK III. HOMER'S ILIAD. 45

And shades eternal ! let division cease, 400

And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.

With eyes averted *Hector* hastes to turn

The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.

Then, *Paris*, thine leap'd forth ; by fatal chance

Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance. 405

Both armies sat the combat to survey,

Beside each chief his azure armour lay,

And round the lists the gen'rous courfers neigh. }

The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,

In gilded arms magnificently bright: 410

The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,

With flow'rs adorn'd, with silver buckles

bound :

Lycaon's cors'let his fair body drest,

Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast ;

A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd, 415

Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side :

His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread ;

The waving horse-hair nodded on his head ;

His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,

And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes. 420

With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The *Spartan* hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand,
With jav'lins fix'd, the *Greek* and *Trojan* band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the Chiefs advance, 425
All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning lance.
The *Trojan* first his shining jav'lin threw;
Full on *Atrides*' ringing shield it flew,
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares, 431
In act to throw, but first prefers his pray'rs.

Give me, great *Jove*! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the *Trojan* gasping in the dust:
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause, 435
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.

†. 433. Give me, great *Jove*.] *Homer* puts a prayer in the mouth of *Menelaus*, but none in *Paris*'s: *Menelaus* is the person injured and innocent, and may therefore apply to God for justice; but *Paris*, who is the criminal, remains silent, *Spondanus*.

He said, and pois'd in air the jav'lin sent,
Thro' *Paris'* shield the forceful weapon went, 440
His cors'let pierces, and his garment reads,
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary *Trojan* bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
But fierce *Atrides* wav'd his sword, and strook 445
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the
sand.

The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes: 450
Then is it vain in *Jove* himself to trust?
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?

†. 447. *The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand, Broke short—*
This verse is cut, to express the thing it describes, the snapping short of the sword. 'Tis the observation of *Eustathius* on this line of the original, that we do not only see the action, but imagine we hear the sound of the breaking sword in that of the words. Τριχθα ἢ καὶ τετραχθα δακρυθὲν ἔκτισεν χυρὸς. And that *Homer* designed it, may appear from his having twice put in the Θῆτα (which was a letter unnecessary) to cause this harshness in the verse. As this beauty could not be preserved in our language, it is endeavoured in the translation to supply it with something parallel.

48 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book III.

When crimes provoke us, heav'n success denies;
The dart falls harmless, and the faulchion flies.

Furious he said, and tow'rd the *Grecian* crew 455
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd
thong,

That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.

Then had his ruin crown'd *Atrides'* joy,
But *Venus* trembled for the Prince of *Troy*: 460

Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.

The casque, enrag'd, amidst the *Greeks* he threw;
The *Greeks* with smiles the polish'd trophy view.

Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart, 465
In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,

The Queen of Love her favour'd champion
shrouds

(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.

Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,

And gently laid him on the bridal bed, 470

With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,

And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.

Meantime the brightest of the female kind,
 The matchless *Helen*, o'er the walls reclin'd :
 To her, beset with *Trojan* beauties, came 475
 In borrow'd form the * laughter-loving dame.
 (She seem'd an ancient Maid, well-skill'd to cull
 The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
 The Goddess softly shook her silken vest, 479
 That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus address.

Haste, happy nymph ! for thee thy *Paris* calls,
 Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
 Fair as a God ! with odours round him spread
 He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed :

†. 479. *The Goddess softly shook, &c.*] *Venus* having conveyed *Paris* in safety to his chamber, goes to *Helena*, who had been spectator of his defeat, in order to draw her to his love. The better to bring this about, she first takes upon her the most proper form in the world, that of a favourite servant-maid, and awakens her passion by representing to her the beautiful figure of his person. Next, assuming her own shape, she frightens her into a compliance, notwithstanding all the struggles of *shame*, *fear*, and *anger*, which break out in her speech to the Goddess. This machine is allegorical, and means no more than the power of *love* triumphing over all the considerations of *honour*, *ease*, and *safety*. It has an excellent effect as to the poem, in preserving still in some degree our good opinion of *Helena*, whom we look upon with compassion, as constrained by a superiour power, and whose speech tends to justify her in the eye of the reader.

* *Venus*.

Not like a warrior parted from the foe, 485
But some gay dancer in the publick show.

She spoke, and *Helen's* secret soul was mov'd ;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
Fair *Venus'* neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the Queen of soft desire. 490
Struck with her presence, strait the lively red
Forsook her cheek ; and, trembling, thus she said.
Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive ?
And woman's frailty always to believe ?
Say, to new nations must I cross the main, 495
Or carry wars to some soft *Asian* plain ?
For whom must *Helen* break her second vow ?
What other *Paris* is thy darling now ?
Left to *Atrides*, (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest and a captive wife, 500

ŷ. 487. *She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd.*] Nothing is more fine than this ; the first thought of *Paris's* beauty overcomes (unawares to herself) the contempt she had that moment conceived of him upon his overthrow. This motion is but natural, and before she perceives the Deity. When the affections of a woman have been thoroughly gained, though they may be alienated for a while, they soon return upon her. Homer knew (says Madam Dacier) what a woman is capable of, who had once loved.

Hence let me sail : and if thy *Paris* bear
My absence ill, let *Venus* ease his care.

A hand-maid goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the *Trojan* shore, 505
His spouse, or slave ; and mount the skies no more.

For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed ;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach, from ev'ry *Phrygian* dame :
Ill suits it now the joys of love to know, 511
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.

Then thus incens'd, the *Paphian* Queen re-
plies ;

Obeys the pow'r from whom thy glories rise :

†. 507. *For me, to lawless love no longer led, I scorn the coward.*] We have here another branch of the female character, which is, to be ruled in their attaches by success. *Helen* finding the victory belonged to *Menelaus*, accuses herself secretly of having forsaken him for the other, and immediately entertains a high opinion of the man she had once despised. One may add, that the fair sex are generally admirers of courage, and naturally friends to great soldiers. *Paris* was no stranger to this disposition of them, and had formerly endeavoured to give his mistress that opinion of him ; as appears from her reproach of him afterwards.

Should *Venus* leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly, 515
 Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy
 eye.

Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
 The world's aversion, than their love before;
 Now the bright prize for which mankind en-
 gage,

Then, the sad victim of the publick rage. 520

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
 And veil'd her blushes in a filken shade;
 Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
 Led by the Goddesses of the Smiles and Loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the Palace-gate, 525
 The maids officious round their mistress wait;
 Then all dispersing, various tasks attend;
 The Queen and Goddesses to the Prince ascend.
 Full in her *Paris'* fight, the Queen of Love
 Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of *Jove*; 530

¶ 515. *Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly.*] This was the most dreadful of all threats, loss of beauty and of reputation. *Helen*, who had been proof to the personal appearance of the Goddesses, and durst even reproach her with bitterness just before, yields to this, and obeys all the dictates of love.

Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say.

Is this the Chief, who lost to sense of shame
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame? 534
Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my Lord!
The boaster *Paris* oft' desir'd the day
With *Sparta's* King to meet in single fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke *Atrides*, and renew the fight: 540
Yet *Helen* bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The Prince replies; Ah cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;

‡. 531. *She turn'd away her glowing eyes.*] This interview of the two lovers, placed opposite to each other, and overlooked by *Venus*, *Paris* gazing on *Helena*, she turning away her eyes, shining at once with anger and love, are particulars finely drawn, and painted up to all the life of nature. *Eustathius* imagines she looked aside in the consciousness of her own weakness, as apprehending that the beauty of *Paris* might cause her to relent. Her bursting out into passion and reproaches while she is in this state of mind, is no ill picture of frailty: *Venus* (as *Madam Dacier* observes) does not leave her, and fondness will immediately succeed to these reproaches.

‡. 543. *Ah cease, divinely fair.*] This answer of *Paris* is the only one he could possibly have made with any success in

This day the foe prevail'd by *Pallas*' pow'r;
 We yet may vanquish in a happier hour: 545
 There want not Gods to favour us above:
 But let the business of our life be love:
 These softer moments let delights employ,
 And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy. 550
 Not thus I lov'd thee, when from *Sparta*'s shore
 My forc'd, my willing heav'nly prize I bore,

his circumstance. There was no other method to reconcile her to him, but that which is generally most powerful with the sex, and which *Homer* (who was learned every way) here makes use of.

§. 551. *Not thus I lov'd thee.*] However *Homer* may be admired for his conduct in this passage, I find a general outcry against *Paris* on this occasion. *Plutarch* has led the way in his treatise of reading Poets, by remarking it as a most heinous act of incontinence in him, to go to bed to his Lady in the day-time. Among the commentators the most violent is the moral expositor *Spondanus*, who will not so much as allow him to say a civil thing to *Helen*. *Mollis, effæminatus, & spurcus ille adulter, nihil de libidine suâ imminutum dicit, sed nunc magis eâ corripitur quàm unquam aliàs, ne quidem cum primum eam ipsi dedit* (Latini ita rectè exprimunt το μισήσθαι in re venerεά) in insula *Granaë*. Cum alioqui homines primi concubitûs soleant esse ardentiores. I could not deny the reader the diversion of this remark, nor *Spondanus* the glory of his zeal, who was but two-and-twenty when it was written. *Madam Dacier* is also very severe upon *Paris*, but for a reason more natural to a Lady: she is of opinion that the passion of the lover would scarce have been so excessive as he here describes it, but for fear of losing his mistress immediately, as foreseeing the *Greeks*

When first entranc'd in *Cranaë's* isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!

would demand her. One may answer to this lively remark, that *Paris* having nothing to say for himself, was obliged to testify an uncommon ardour for his Lady, at a time when compliments were to pass instead of reasons. I hope to be excused, if (in revenge for her remark upon our sex) I observe upon the behaviour of *Helen* throughout this book, which gives a pretty natural picture of the manners of theirs. We see her first in tears, repentant, covered with confusion at the sight of *Priam*, and secretly inclined to return to her former spouse. The disgrace of *Paris* encreases her dislike of him; she rails, she reproaches, she wishes his death; and after all, is prevailed upon by one kind compliment, and yields to his embraces. Methinks when this Lady's observation and mine are laid together, the best that can be made of them is to conclude, that since both the sexes have their frailties, it would be well for each to forgive the other.

It is worth looking backward, to observe the *allegory* here carried on with respect to *Helen*, who lives through this whole book in a whirl of passions, and is agitated by turns with sentiments of honour and love. The Goddesses made use of, to cast the appearance of fable over the story, are *Iris* and *Venus*. When *Helen* is called to the tower to behold her former friends, *Iris* the messenger of *Juno* (the Goddess of Honour) is sent for her; and when invited to the bed-chamber of *Paris*, *Venus* is to beckon her out of the company. The forms they take to carry on these different affairs, are properly chosen: the one assuming the person of the daughter of *Antenor*, who pressed most for her being restored to *Menelaus*; the other the shape of an old maid, who was privy to the intrigue with *Paris* from the beginning. And in the consequences, as the one inspires the love of her former empire, friends and country; so the other instils the dread of being cast off by all if she forsook her second choice, and causes the return of her tender-

Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd *Pbrygian* boy
 Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy. 556
 Him *Helen* follow'd slow with bashful charms,
 And clasp'd the blooming *Hero* in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
 The stern *Atrides* rages round the field: 560

ness to *Paris*. But if she has a struggle for Honour, she is in a bondage to love; which gives the story its turn that way, and makes *Venus* oftner appear than *Iris*. There is in one place a lover to be protected, in another a love-quarrel to be made up, in both which the Goddess is kindly officious. She conveys *Paris* to *Troy* where he had escaped the enemy; which may signify his love for his mistress, that hurried him away to justify himself before her. She softens and terrifies *Helen*, in order to make up the breach between them: and even when that affair is finished, we do not find the Poet dismisses her from the chamber, whatever privacies the lovers had a mind to: in which circumstance he seems to draw aside the veil of his Allegory, and to let the reader at last into the meaning of it, That the Goddess of Love has been all the while nothing more than the Passion of it.

ψ. 553. *When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle.*] It is in the original Νῆρω δ' ἐν Κρανᾷ ἱερῇ Φιδότης, καὶ ἰωνή. The true sense of which is expressed in the translation. I cannot but take notice of a small piece of Prudery in *Madam Dacier*, who is exceeding careful of *Helen's* character. She turns this passage as if *Paris* had only her consent to be her husband in this island. *Pausanias* explains this line in another manner, and tell us it was here that *Paris* had first the enjoyment of her; that in gratitude for his happiness he built a Temple of *Venus Mignonitis*, the mingler or coupler, and that the neighbouring coast where it was erected was called *Migonian* from μίγναι, à miscendo. *Paus. Laconicis.*

So some fell lion whom the woods obey,
 Roars thro' the defart, and demands his prey.
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
 But seeks in vain along the troops of *Troy*;
 Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave 565
 The recreant warriour, hateful as the grave.
 Then speaking thus, the King of Kings arose;
 Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, all our gen'rous foes!
 Hear and attest! from heav'n with conquest
 crown'd, 569
 Our brother's arms the just success have found:
 Be therefore now the *Spartan* wealth restor'd,
 Let *Argive Helen* own her lawful Lord;
 Th' appointed fine let *Ilion* justly pay,
 And age to age record this signal day.

He ceas'd; his army's loud applauses rise, 575
 And the long shout runs echoing thro' the skies.

He sent forth from whom the words were,
He said thus, the debate and demands his prey.
I was he said, impatient to destroy,
But look in vain along the troops of Troy,
Nought there had yielded to me so brave.
The recumbent warriors, hardly as the grave,
Their spears and shields, the King of Kings arose,
Ye Trojans, I beseech, all see and hear!
Hark and mark! from heaven with conquest
Our prizes, mine the spoils, the wealth have found;
Be therefore now the Greeks wealth restored,
Let nothing else over her wealth found,
The captured and the lost, the captive pay,
And give to me the sum of this great day.
The Greeks, his army's spoil, the sum of this
And the sum of this great day, the sum of this

THE ILLIAD



THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.



The A R G U M E N T.

The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the Truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan Troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good General; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the Leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.) The scene is wholly in the field before Troy,



THE
 * FOURTH BOOK
 OF THE
 I L I A D.

AND now *Olympus*' shining gates unfold;
 The Gods, with *Jove*, assume their
 Thrones of Gold:

* It was from the beginning of this book that *Virgil* has taken that of his tenth *Æneid*, as the whole tenour of the story in this and the last book is followed in his twelfth. The truce and the solemn oath, the breach of it by a dart thrown by *Tolumnius*, *Juturna*'s inciting the *Latines* to renew the war, the wound of *Æneas*, his speedy cure, and the battle ensuing, all these are manifestly copied from hence. The solemnity, surprise, and variety of these circumstances seemed to him of importance enough, to build the whole catastrophe of his work upon them; though in *Homer* they are but openings to the general action, and such as in their warmth are still ex-

Immortal *Hebè*, fresh with bloom divine,
 The golden goblet crowns with purple wine : 4
 While the full bowls flow round, the pow'rs employ
 Their careful eyes on long-contended *Troy*.

When *Jove*, dispos'd to tempt *Saturnia's* spleen,
 Thus wak'd the fury of his partial Queen.
 Two pow'rs divine the son of *Atreus* aid,
 Imperial *Juno*, and the martial maid ; 10
 But high in heav'n they sit, and gaze from far,
 The tame spectators of his deeds of war.

ceeded by all that follow them. They are chosen, we grant, by *Virgil* with great judgment, and conclude his Poem with a becoming majesty : yet the finishing his scheme with that which is but the coolest part of *Homer's* action, tends in some degree to shew the disparity of the poetical fire in these two authors.

†. 3. *Immortal Hebè.*] The Goddess of Youth is introduced as an attendant upon the banquets of the Gods, to shew that the divine Beings enjoy an eternal youth, and that their life is a felicity without end. *Dacier*.

†. 9. *Two pow'rs divine.*] *Jupiter's* reproaching these two Goddesses with neglecting to assist *Menelaus*, proceeds (as *M. Dacier* remarks) from the affection he bore to *Troy* : since if *Menelaus* by their help had gained a complete victory, the siege had been raised, and the city delivered. On the contrary, *Juno* and *Minerva* might suffer *Paris* to escape, as the method to continue the war to the total destruction of *Troy*. And accordingly a few lines after we find them complotting together, and contriving a new scene of miseries to the *Trojans*.

Not thus fair *Venus* helps her favour'd knight,
 The Queen of Pleasures shares the toils of fight;
 Each danger wards, and constant in her care
 Saves in the moment of the last despair,
 Her act has rescu'd *Paris*' forfeit life,
 Tho' great *Atrides* gain'd the glorious strife.

§. 18. *Tho' great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.*] *Jupiter* here makes it a question, Whether the foregoing combat should determine the controversy, or the peace be broken? His putting it thus, *that Paris is not killed, but Menelaus has the victory*, gives a hint for a dispute, whether the conditions of the treaty were valid or annulled; that is to say, whether the controversy was to be determined by the *victory* or by the *death* of one of the combatants. Accordingly it has been disputed whether the articles were really binding to the *Trojans* or not? *Plutarch* has treated the question in his *Symposiacks*, l. ix. qu. 13. The substance is this. In the first proposal of the challenge *Paris* mentions only the victory, *And who his rival shall in arms subdue*: nor does *Hector* who carries it say any more. However *Menelaus* understands it of the death by what he replies: *Fall he that must beneath his rival's arms, And live the rest* — *Iris* to *Helen* speaks only of the former; and *Idæus* to *Priam* repeats the same words. But in the solemn oath *Agamemnon* specifies the latter, *If by Paris slain* — and *If by my brother's arms the Trojan bleed*. *Priam* also understands it of both, saying at his leaving the field, *What Prince shall fall, heav'n only knows* — (I do not cite the *Greek* because the *English* has preserved the same nicety.) *Paris* himself confesses he has lost the victory, in his speech to *Helen*, which he would hardly have done, had the whole depended on that alone: And lastly *Menelaus* (after the conquest is clearly his by the flight of *Paris*) is still searching round the field to kill him, as if all were of no effect without the death of his adversary. It appears from hence that the *Trojans* had no ill

Then say, ye Pow'rs! what signal issue waits
 To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates? 20
 Shall heav'n by peace the bleeding kingdoms
 spare,

Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?
 Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
 Still *Priam's* walls in peaceful honours grow, 25
 And thro' his gates the crouding nations flow.

Thus while he spoke, the Queen of heav'n,
 enrag'd,

And Queen of war, in close consult engag'd:
 Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
 And meditate the future woes of *Troy*. 30
 Tho' secret anger swell'd *Minerva's* breast,
 The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;

pretence to break the treaty, so that *Homer* ought not to have been directly accused of making *Jupiter* the author of perjury in what follows, which is one of the chief of *Plato's* objections against him.

γ, 31. *Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast.*] *Spondanus* takes notice that *Minerva*, who in the first book had restrained the anger of *Achilles*, had now an opportunity of exerting the same conduct in respect to herself. We may bring the parallel close, by observing that she had before her, in

But *Juno*, impotent of passion, broke
Her fullen silence, and with fury spoke.

Shall then, O tyrant of th' æthereal reign ! 35
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?
Have I, for this, shook *Ilion* with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore ;
Th' immortal courfers scarce the labour bore. 40
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But *Jove* himself the faithless race defends :
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust. 44

The Sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy
skies,
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies ;
Oh lasting rancour ! oh insatiate hate
To *Pbrygia's* Monarch, and the *Pbrygian* state !
What high offence has fir'd the wife of *Jove*,
Can wretched mortals harm the pow'rs above ? 50

like manner, a superiour, who had provoked her by sharp expressions, and whose counsels ran against her sentiments. In all which the Poet takes care to preserve her still in the practice of that *Wisdom* of which she was Goddess.

That *Troy* and *Troy's* whole race thou would'st
confound,

And yon' fair structures level with the ground?

Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,

Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!

Let *Priam* bleed! if yet you thirst for more, 55

Bleed all his sons, and *Ilion* float with gore,

To boundless vengeance the wide realm be giv'n,

'Till vast destruction glut the Queen of Heav'n!

So let it be, and *Jove* his peace enjoy, 59

When heav'n no longer hears the name of *Troy*.

But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate

On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,

‡. 55. *Let Priam bleed, &c.*] We find in *Persius's* satyrs the name of *Labeo*, as an ill poet who made a miserable translation of the *Iliad*; one of whose verses is still preserved, and happens to be that of this place,

“Crudum manduces Priamum, Priamique pisinno.”

It may seem from this, that his translation was servilely literal (as the old *Scholiast* on *Persius* observes). And one cannot but take notice that *Ogilby's* and *Hobbes's* in this place are not unlike *Labeo's*.

Both King and people thou would'st eat alive,

And eat up *Priam* and his children all.

‡. 61. *But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate*

On thy lov'd realms —]

Homer in this place has made *Jupiter* to prophecy the destruction of *Mycenæ* the favoured city of *Juno*, which happened a

Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,
 Remember *Troy*, and give the vengeance way.
 For know, of all the num'rous towns that rise 65
 Beneath the rolling sun, and starry skies,
 Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men
 enjoy;

None stands so dear to *Jove* as sacred *Troy*.
 No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
 Than god-like *Priam*, or than *Priam's* race. 70
 Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
 And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
 Then on the Thund'rer fix'd them, and replies :
 Three towns are *Juno's* on the *Grecian* plains, 75
 More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycenæ, *Argos*, and the *Spartan* wall ;
 These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall :

little before the time of our author. *Strab. l. viii. The Trojan war being over, and the kingdom of Agamemnon destroyed, Mycenæ daily decreased after the return of the Heraclidæ : for these becoming masters of Peloponnesus, cast out the old inhabitants ; so that they who possessed Argos overcame Mycenæ also, and contracted both into one body. A short time after, Mycenæ was destroyed by the Argives, and not the least remains of it are now to be found.*

'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
 The crime's sufficient that they share my love. 80
 Of pow'r superiour why should I complain?
 Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
 Yet some distinction *Juno* might require,
 Sprung with thyself from one celestial Sire,
 A Goddess born to share the realms above, - 85
 And styl'd the consort of the thund'ring *Jove*;
 Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
 Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
 So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
 And heav'n shall act as we direct the way. 90
 See ready *Pallas* waits thy high commands,
 To raise in arms the *Greek* and *Phrygian* bands;
 Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
 And the proud *Trojans* first infringe the peace.
 The Sire of men, and Monarch of the sky, 95
 Th' advice approv'd, and bade *Minerva* fly,

§. 96. *Th' advice approv'd.*] This is one of the places for which *Homer* is blamed by *Plato*, who introduces *Socrates* reprehending it in his dialogue of the Republic. And indeed if it were granted that the *Trojans* had no right to break this treaty, the present machine where *Juno* is made to propose perjury, *Jupiter* to allow it, and *Minerva* to be commissioned

Diffolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of *Troy*.

Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her
flight,

And shot like light'ning from *Olympus'* height. 100

As the red comet, from *Saturnius* sent

To fright the nations with a dire portent,

(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,

Or trembling failors on the wintry main)

With sweeping glories glides along in air, 105

And shakes the sparkles from its blazing

hair;

to hasten the execution of it, would be one of the hardest to be reconciled to reason in the whole Poem. Unless even then one might imagine, that *Homer's* heaven is sometimes no more than an ideal world of abstracted beings; and so every motion which rises in the mind of man is attributed to the quality to which it belongs, with the name of the Deity, who is supposed to preside over that quality, superadded to it: in this sense the present allegory is easy enough. *Pandarus* thinks it *prudence* to gain honour and wealth at the hands of the *Trojans* by destroying *Menelaus*. This sentiment is also incited by a notion of *glory*, of which *Juno* is represented as Goddess. *Jupiter* who is supposed to know the thoughts of men, permits the action which he is not author of; but sends a prodigy at the same time to give warning of a coming mischief, and accordingly we find both armies descanting upon the sight of it in the following lines.

Between both armies thus, in open fight,
Shot the bright Goddess in a trail of light.

With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire 109

The pow'r descending, and the heav'ns on fire!

The Gods (they cry'd) the Gods this signal sent,

And fate now labours with some vast event:

Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;

Jove, the great Arbiter of peace and wars! 114

They said, while *Pallas* thro' the *Trojan* throng,
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.

Like bold *Laödocus*, her course she bent,

Who from *Antenor* trac'd his high descent.

Amidst the ranks *Lycaön's* son she found,

The warlike *Pandarus*, for strength renown'd; 120

§. 120. *Pandarus for strength renown'd.*] *Homer*, says *Plutarch* in his treatise of the *Pythian Oracle*, makes not the Gods to use all persons indifferently as their second agents, but each according to the powers he is endued with by art or nature. For a proof of this, he puts us in mind how *Minerva*, when she would persuade the *Greeks*, seeks for *Ulysses*; when she would break the truce, for *Pandarus*; and when she would conquer, for *Diomed*. If we consult the *Scholia* upon this instance, they give several reasons why *Pandarus* was particularly proper for the occasion. The Goddesses went not to the *Trojans*, because they hated *Paris*, and (as we are told in the end of the foregoing book) would rather have given him up, than have done an ill Action for him; she therefore looks among

Whose squadrons, led from black *Æsepus'* flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddess: *Phrygian!* can'st thou hear
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?

What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy
dart, 125

Amidst his triumph, to the *Spartan's* heart?

What gifts from *Troy*, from *Paris* would'st thou
gain,

Thy country's foe, the *Grecian* glory slain?

Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed! 130

But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow

To *Lycian Phæbus* with the silver bow,

And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay

On *Zelia's* altars, to the God of day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd, 135

His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.

the allies, and finds *Pandarus* who was of a nation noted for perfidiousness, and had a soul avaricious enough to be capable of engaging in this treachery for the hopes of a reward from *Paris*: as appears by his being so covetous as not to bring horses to the siege for fear of the expence or loss of them; as he tells *Aeneas* in the fifth book.

'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful
toil,

A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,
Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled ;
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead, 140 }
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread: }
The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.

This, by the *Greeks* unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends.

γ. 141. *Sixteen palms.*] Both the horns together made this length; and not each, as Madam *Dacier* renders it. I do not object it as an improbability, that the horns were of sixteen palms each; but that this would be an extravagant and unmanageable size for a bow, is evident.

γ. 144. *This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends.*] The Poet having held us through the foregoing book, in expectation of a peace, makes the conditions be here broken after such a manner, as should oblige the *Greeks* to act through the war with that irreconcilable fury, which affords him the opportunity of exerting the full fire of his own genius. The shot of *Pandarus* being therefore of such consequence (and as he calls it, the ἱμερὰ ὀδυράων, the foundation of future woes) it was thought fit not to pass it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow, but to give it a description some way corresponding to its importance. For this, he surrounds it with a train of circumstances; the history of the bow, the bending it, the covering *Pandarus* with shields, the choice of the arrow, the prayer, and posture of the shooter, the sound of the string, and flight of the shaft; all most beautifully and

There meditates the mark; and couching low, 146

Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.

One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,

Fated to wound, and cause of future woes.

Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown 150

Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,

Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;

Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,

Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;

Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing; 156

Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring

string.

livelily painted. It may be observed too, how proper a time it was to expatiate in these particulars; when the armies being unemployed, and only one man acting, the poet and his readers had leisure to be the spectators of a single and deliberate action. I think it will be allowed, that the little circumstances which are sometimes thought too redundant in *Homer*, have a wonderful beauty in this place. *Virgil* has not failed to copy it, and with the greatest happiness imaginable,

“Dixit, & auratâ volucrem Threïssa sagittam

“Deprompsit pharetrâ, cornuque insensa tetendit,

“Et duxit longè, donec curvata coirent

“Inter se capita, & manibus jam tangeret æquis,

“Lævâ aciem ferri, dextrâ nervoque papillam.

“Extemplò teli stridorem aurasque sonantes

“Audiit unâ Aruns, hæsitque in corpore ferrum.”

But thee, *Atrides!* in that dang'rous hour
 The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian pow'r.
Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force) 160
 Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course:
 So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
 The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
 Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
 Where linen folds the double corset lin'd, 165

§. 160. *Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force) Diverts the weapon —*] For she only designed, by all this action, to increase the glory of the *Greeks* in the taking of *Troy*: yet some Commentators have been so stupid, as to wonder that *Pallas* should be employed first in the wounding of *Menelaus*, and after in the protecting him.

§. 163. *Wafts th' envenom'd fly.*] This is one of those humble comparisons which *Homer* sometimes uses to diversify his subject, but a very exact one in its kind, and corresponding in all its parts. The care of the Goddess, the unsuspecting security of *Menelaus*, the ease with which she diverts the danger, and the danger itself, are all included in this short compass. To which may be added, that if the providence of heavenly powers to their creatures is express'd by the love of a mother to her child, if men in regard to them are but as heedless sleeping infants, and if those dangers which may seem great to us, are by them as easily warded off as the simile implies; there will appear something sublime in this conception, however little or low the image may be thought at first sight in respect to a hero. A higher comparison would but have tended to lessen the disparity between the Gods and man, and the justness of the simile had been lost, as well as the grandeur of the sentiment,

She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
 Pass'd the broad belt, and thro' the corslet drove;
 The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
 And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
 As when some stately trappings are decreed 170
 To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,

†. 170. *As when some stately trappings, &c.*] Some have judged the circumstances of this simile to be superfluous, and think it foreign to the purpose to take notice, that this ivory was intended for the bosses of a bridle, was laid up for a Prince, or that a woman of *Caria* or *Maonia* dyed it. *Eustathius* was of a different opinion, who extols this passage for the variety it presents, and the learning it includes: we learn from hence that the *Lydians* and *Carians* were famous in the first times for their staining in purple, and that the women excelled in works of ivory. As also that there were certain ornaments which only Kings and Princes were privileged to wear. But without having recourse to antiquities to justify this particular, it may be alledged, that the simile does not consist barely in the colours; it was but little to tell us, that the blood of *Mene-laüs* appearing on the whiteness of his skin, vied with the purple ivory; but this implies, that the honourable wounds of a hero are the beautiful dress of war, and become him as much as the most gallant ornaments in which he takes the field. *Virgil*, 'tis true, has omitted the circumstance in his imitation of this comparison, *Æn.* xii.

“ Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro

“ Si quis ebur” ———

But in this he judges only for himself, and does not condemn *Homer*. It was by no means proper that his ivory should have been a piece of martial accoutrement, when he applied it so differently, transferring it from the wounds of a hero to the blushes of the fair *Lavinia*,

A nymph in *Caria* or *Mæonia* bred,
 Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red;
 With equal lustre various colours vie,
 The shining whiteness, and the *Tyrian* dye: 175
 So, great *Atrides*! shew'd thy sacred blood,
 As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming
 flood.

With horror seiz'd, the King of Men descry'd
 The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
 Nor less the *Spartan* fear'd, before he found 180
 The shining barb appear above the wound.
 Then, with a sigh, that heav'd his manly breast,
 The royal brother thus his grief express'd,
 And grasp'd his hand; while all the *Greeks* around
 With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound.

†. 177. *As down thy snowy thigh.*] *Homer* is very particular here, in giving the picture of the blood running in a long trace, lower and lower, as will appear from the words themselves.

Τοῖσι τοῖς Μεγίλαι μάστιγι αἷματι μῆροῖ
 Εἰφύϊς, κνήμαί τ', ἠδὲ ὤφρα καλ' ὑπέρβη.

The translator has not thought fit to mention every one of these parts, first the thigh, then the leg, then the foot, which might be tedious in *English*: but the Author's design being only to image the streaming of the blood, it seem'd equivalent to make it trickle through the length of an *Alexandrine* line,

Oh dear as life ! did I for this agree 186
 The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee !
 Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
 To fight for *Greece*, and conquer, to be slain ?
 The race of *Trojans* in thy ruin join, 190
 And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
 Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
 Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
 Shall all be vain : when heav'n's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow. 195
 The day shall come, that great avenging day,
 Which *Troy's* proud glories in the dust shall lay,

†. 186. *Oh dear as life, &c.*] This incident of the wound of *Menelaus* gives occasion to *Homer* to draw a fine description of fraternal love in *Agamemnon*. On the first sight of it, he is struck with amaze and confusion, and now breaks out in tenderness and grief. He first accuses himself as the cause of this misfortune, by having consented to expose his brother to the single combat, which had drawn on this fatal consequence. Next he inveighs against the *Trojans* in general for their perfidiousness, as not yet knowing that it was the act of *Pandarus* only. He then comforts himself with the confidence that the Gods will revenge him upon *Troy* ; but doubts by what hands this punishment may be inflicted, as fearing the death of, *Menelaus* will force the *Greeks* to return with shame to their country. There is no contradiction in all this, but on the other side a great deal of nature, in the confused sentiments of *Agamemnon* on the occasion, as they are very well explained by *Spondanus*.

When *Priam's* pow'rs and *Priam's* self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.

I see the God, already, from the pole 200

Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll ;

I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,

And shake his *Ægis* o'er their guilty head.

Such mighty woes on perjur'd Princes wait ;

But thou, alas ! deserv'st a happier fate. 205

Still must I mourn the period of thy days,

And only mourn, without my share of praise ?

Depriv'd of thee, the heartless *Greeks* no more

Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore ;

Troy seiz'd of *Helen*, and our glory lost, 210

Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast :

While some proud *Trojan* thus insulting cries,

(And spurns the dust where *Menelaüs* lies)

γ. 212. *While some proud Trojan, &c.*] *Agamemnon* here calls to mind how, upon the death of his brother, the ineffectual preparations and actions against *Troy* must become a derision to the world. This is in its own nature a very irritating sentiment, though it were never so carelessly express'd ; but the Poet has found out a peculiar air of aggravation, in making him bring all the consequences before his eyes, in a picture of their *Trojan* enemies gathering round the tomb of the unhappy *Menelaus*, elated with pride, insulting the dead,

" Such are the trophies *Greece* from *Ilion* brings,
 " And such the conquests of her King of
 " Kings! 215

" Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
 " And unreveng'd, his mighty brother slain."
 Oh! e'er that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
 O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's
 shame.

He said: a leader's and a brother's fears 220
 Possess his soul, which thus the *Spartan* cheers:
 Let not thy words the warmth of *Greece* abate;
 The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:
 Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
 My vary'd belt repell'd the flying wound. 225

and throwing out disdainful expressions and curses against him and his family. There is nothing which could more effectually represent a state of anguish, than the drawing such an image as this, which shews a man increasing his present unhappiness by the prospect of a future train of misfortunes.

§. 222. *Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate.*] In *Agamemnon*, Homer has shewn an example of a tender nature and fraternal affection, and now in *Menelaus* he gives us one of a generous warlike patience and presence of mind. He speaks of his own case with no other regard, but as this accident of his wound may tend to the discouragement of the soldiers; and exhorts the General to beware of dejecting their spirits from the prosecution of the war. *Spondanus*.

To whom the King. My brother and my friend,
 Thus, always thus, may heav'n thy life defend !
 Now seek some skilful hand, whose pow'rful art
 May stanch th' effusion, and extract the dart.
 Herald, be swift, and bid *Machaön* bring 230
 His speedy succour to the *Spartan* King ;
 Pierc'd with a winged shaft (the deed of *Troy*)
 The *Grecian's* sorrow, and the *Dardan's* joy.

With hasty zeal the swift *Talthybius* flies ;
 Thro' the thick files he darts his searching eyes,
 And finds *Machaön*, where sublime he stands 236
 In arms encircled with his native bands.
 Then thus: *Machaön*, to the King repair,
 His wounded brother claims thy timely care ;
 Pierc'd by some *Lycian* or *Dardanian* bow, 240
 A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man ;
 Swift to his succour thro' the ranks he ran :
 The dauntless King yet standing firm he found,
 And all the chiefs in deep concern around. 245
 Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
 The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.

Straight the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd,
He loos'd; the corset from his breast unbrac'd;
Then suck'd the blood, and sov'reign balm infus'd,
Which *Chiron* gave, and *Æsculapius* us'd. 251

While round the Prince the *Greeks* employ
their care,

The *Trojans* rush tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you seen the King of Men appear 256
Confus'd, unactive, or surpriz'd with fear;
But fond of glory with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd, 260
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlay'd:

ŷ. 253. *The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war.*] They advanced to the enemy in the belief that the shot of *Pandarus* was made by order of the Generals. *Dacier*.

ŷ. 256. *Nor had you seen.*] The Poet here changes his narration, and turns himself to the reader in an *Apostrophe*. *Longinus* in his 22d chapter, commends this figure, as causing a reader to become a spectator, and keeping his mind fixed upon the action before him. The *Apostrophe* (says he) *renders us more awakened, more attentive, and more full of the things described.* Madam *Dacier* will have it, that it is the *Muse* who addresses herself to the Poet in the second person: 'tis no great matter which, since it has equally its effect either way.

But left *Eurymedon* the reins to guide ;
 The fiery coursers snorted at his side.
 On foot thro' all the martial ranks he moves,
 And these encourages, and those reproves. 265

†. 264. *Thro' all the martial ranks he moves, &c.*] In the following review of the army, which takes up a great part of this book, we see all the spirit, art, and industry of a compleat General ; together with the proper *characters* of those leaders whom he incites. *Agamemnon* considers at this sudden exigence, that he should first address himself to all in general ; he divides his discourse to the brave and the fearful, using arguments which arise from confidence or despair, passions which act upon us most forcibly : to the brave, he urges their secure hopes of conquest, since the Gods must punish perjury ; to the timorous, their inevitable destruction, if the enemy should burn their ships. After this he flies from rank to rank, applying himself to each ally with particular artifice : he caresses *Idomeneus* as an old friend, who had promised not to forsake him ; and meets with an answer in that hero's true character, short, honest, hearty, and soldier-like. He praises the *Ajaxes* as warriors whose examples fired the army ; and is received by them without any reply, as they were men who did not profess speaking. He passes next to *Nestor*, whom he finds talking to his soldiers as he marshalled them ; here he was not to part without a compliment on both sides : he wishes him the strength he had once in his youth, and is answered with an account of something which the old hero had done in his former days. From hence he goes to the troops which lay farthest from the place of action ; where he finds *Meneſtheus* and *Ulyſſes*, not entirely unprepared, nor yet in motion, as being ignorant of what had happened. He reproves *Ulyſſes* for this, with words agreeable to the hurry he is in, and receives an answer which suits not ill with the twofold character of a wise and a valiant man : hereupon *Agamemnon* appears present to

Brave men! he cries (to such who boldly dare
 Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)
 Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with *Greece*, and let us trust in *Jove*.
 'Tis not for us, but guilty *Troy* to dread, 270
 Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjur'd head;
 Her sons and matrons *Greece* shall lead in chains,
 And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
 Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires. 275
 Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
 Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!
 Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
 Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
 Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer 280
 Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.

himself, and excuses his hasty expressions. The next he meets is *Diomed*, whom he also rebukes for backwardness, but after another manner, by setting before him the example of his father. Thus is *Agamemnon* introduced, praising, terrifying, exhorting, blaming, excusing himself, and again relapsing into reproofs; a lively picture of a great mind in the highest emotion. And at the same time the variety is so kept up, with a regard to the different characters of the leaders, that our thoughts are not tired with running along with him over all his army.

Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
 'Till yon' tall vessels blaze with *Trojan* fire?
 Or trust ye, *Jove* a valiant foe shall chace,
 To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race? 285

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
 To *Crete*'s brave monarch and his martial throng;
 High at their head he saw the chief appear,
 And bold *Meriones* excite the rear.

At this the King his gen'rous joy exprest, 290
 And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.

Divine *Idomeneus*! what thanks we owe
 To worth like thine? what praise shall we bestow?
 To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
 First in the fight, and ev'ry graceful deed. 295
 For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls
 Restore our blood, and raise the warriors souls,

†. 296. *For this, in banquets.*] The ancients usually in their feasts divided to the guests by equal portions, except when they took some particular occasion to shew distinction, and give the preference to any one person. It was then looked upon as the highest mark of honour to be allotted the best portion of meat and wine, and to be allowed an exemption from the laws of the feast, in drinking wine unmingled and without stint. This custom was much more ancient than the time of the *Trojan* war, and we find it practised in the banquet

Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd are thy goblets crown'd.
 Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name; 300
 Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.

To whom the *Cretan* thus his speech addrest;
 Secure of me, O King! exhort the rest:
 Fix'd to thy side, in ev'ry toil I share,
 Thy firm associate in the day of war. 305
 But let the signal be this moment giv'n;
 To mix in fight is all I ask of heav'n.

The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
 And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the King his course
 pursues, 310

And next the troops of either *Ajax* views:
 In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
 A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
 Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
 A swain surveys the gath'ring storm below; 315

given by *Joseph* to his brethren in *Ægypt*, *Gen.* xliii. *y. ult.*
And he sent messes to them from before him, but Benjamin's mess
was five times so much as any of theirs. *Dacier.*

Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
 Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
 'Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,
 The cloud condensing as the West-wind blows;
 He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his
 flock 320

To the close covert of an arching rock.

Such, and so thick, the embattl'd squadrons
 stood,

With spears erect, a moving iron wood;
 A shady light was shot from glimm'ring shields,
 And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields.

O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train, 326
 Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
 (Exclaim'd the King) who raise your eager bands
 With great examples, more than loud commands.
 Ah would the Gods but breathe in all the rest 330
 Such souls as burn in your exalted breast!

Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
 And *Troy's* proud walls lie smóaking on the ground.

Then to the next the Gen'ral bends his course;
 (His heart exults, and glories in his force) 335

There rev'rend *Nestor* ranks his *Pylian* bands,
 And with inspiring eloquence commands;
 With strictest order sets his train in arms,
 The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.

Alastor, *Chromius*, *Hæmon* round him wait, 340
Bias the good, and *Pelagon* the great.

The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
 The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;

§. 336. *There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands.*] This is the Prince whom *Homer* chiefly celebrates for martial discipline; of the rest he is content to say they were valiant, and ready to fight: the years, long observation and experience of *Nestor*, rendered him the fittest person to be distinguished on this account. The disposition of his troops in this place (together with what he is made to say, that their forefathers used the same method) may be a proof that the art of war was well known in *Greece* before the time of *Homer*. Nor indeed can it be imagined otherwise, in an age when all the world made their acquisitions by force of arms only. What is most to be wondered at, is, that they had not the use of *cavalry*, all men engaging either on *foot*, or from *chariots* (a particular necessary to be known by every reader of *Homer's* battles.) In these chariots there were always two persons, one of whom only fought, the other was wholly employed in managing the Horses. *Madam Dacier*, in her excellent preface to *Homer*, is of opinion, that there were no horsemen till near the time of *Saul*, threescore years after the siege of *Troy*; so that although *Cavalry* were in use in *Homer's* days, yet he thought himself obliged to regard the customs of the age of which he writ, rather than those of his own.

The middle space suspected troops supply,
 Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly: 345
 He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
 Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;
 Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
 No strength nor skill, but just in time, be try'd:
 The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
 But fight, or fall; a firm, embody'd train. 351
 He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
 From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;

†. 344. *The middle space suspected troops supply.*] This artifice of placing those men whose behaviour was most to be doubted, in the middle (so as to put them under a necessity of engaging even against their inclinations) was followed by *Hannibal* in the battle of *Zama*; as is observed and praised by *Polybius*, who quotes this verse on that occasion, in acknowledgment of *Homer's* skill in military discipline. That our Author was the first master of that art in *Greece*, is the opinion of *Ælian*, *Tactic*, c. 1. *Frontinus* gives us another example of *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus's* following this instruction of *Homer*. *Vide Stratag.* lib. ii, c. 3. So *Ammianus Marcellinus*, l. xiv. *Imperator catervis peditum infirmis, medium inter acies spacium, secundum Homericam dispositionem, præstituit.*

†. 352. *He whom the fortune of the field shall cast*
From forth his chariot, mount the next — &c.

The words in the original are capable of four different significations, as *Eustathius* observes. The first is, that whoever in fighting upon his chariot shall win a chariot from his enemy, he shall continue to fight, and not retire from the engagement

Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
 Content with jav'lins to provoke the war. 355
 Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
 Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,

to secure his prize. The second, that if any one be thrown out of his chariot, he who happens to be nearest shall hold forth his javelin to help him up into his own. The third is directly the contrary to the last, that if any one be cast from his chariot, and would mount up into another man's, that other shall push him back with his javelin, and not admit him, for fear of interrupting the combat. The fourth is the sense which is followed in the translation, as seeming much the most natural, that every one should be left to govern his own chariot, and the other who is admitted, fight only with the javelin. The reason of this advice appears by the speech of *Pandarus* to *Aeneas* in the next book: *Aeneas* having taken him up in his chariot to go against *Diomed*, compliments him with the choice either to fight, or to manage the reins, which was esteemed an office of honour. To this *Pandarus* answers, that it is more proper for *Aeneas* to guide his own horses; lest they not feeling their accustomed master, should be ungovernable, and bring them into danger.

Upon occasion of the various and contrary significations of which these words are said to be capable, and which *Eustathius* and *Dacier* profess to admire as an excellence; *Monf. de la Motte*, in his late discourse upon *Homer*, very justly animadverts, that if this be true, it is a grievous fault in *Homer*. For what can be more absurd than to imagine, that the orders given in a battle should be delivered in such ambiguous terms, as to be capable of many meanings? These double interpretations must proceed not from any design in the Author, but purely from the ignorance of the moderns in the *Greek* tongue: it being impossible for any one to possess the dead languages to such a degree, as to be certain of all the graces and negli-

By laws like these immortal conquests made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.

So spoke the master of the martial art, 360
And touch'd with transport great *Atrides'* heart.
Oh! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!
But wasting years that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace. 365
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd Prince *Atrides* cry'd;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew 370
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when *Ereuthalion* slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But heav'n its gifts not all at once bestows, 374
These years with wisdom crowns, with action those:

gences; or to know precisely how far the licences and boldnesses of expression were happy, or forced. But Criticks, to be thought learned, attribute to the Poet all the random senses that amuse them, and imagine they see in a single word a whole heap of things, which no modern language can express; so are oftentimes charmed with nothing but the confusion of their own ideas.

The field of combat fits the young and bold,
 The solemn council best becomes the old :
 To you the glorious conflict I resign,
 Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.

He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,
 And found *Menestheus* on the dusty shore, 381
 With whom the firm *Athenian* Phalanx stands ;
 And next *Ulysses*, with his subject bands.
 Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
 The peace infring'd, nor heard the sounds of war ;
 The tumult late begun, they stood intent 386
 To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
 The King, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
 With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd.

Can *Peteus*' son forget a warrior's part, 390
 And fears *Ulysses*, skill'd in ev'ry art ?

†. 384. *Remote their forces lay.*] This is a reason why the troops of *Ulysses* and *Menestheus* were not yet in motion. Though another may be added in respect to the former, that it did not consist with the wisdom of *Ulysses* to fall on with his forces till he was well assured. Though courage be no inconsiderable part of his character, yet it is always joined with great caution. Thus we see him soon after in the very heat of battle, when his friend was just slain before his eyes, first looking carefully about him, before he would throw his spear to revenge him.

Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?

From you 'twas hoped among the first to dare
The shock of armies, and commence the war. 395

For this your names are called, before the rest,
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:

And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray?

Say, is it thus those honours you requite? 400
The first in banquets, but the last in fight.

Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:

Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold we stand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.

If glorious deeds afford thy foul delight, 406
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.

Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.

Struck with his gen'rous wrath the King replies;
Oh great in action, and in council wise! 411

With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame,

Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
 Forgive the transport of a martial mind. 415
 Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
 The Gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

He said, and pass'd where great *Tydidēs* lay,
 His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
 (The warlike *Sthenelus* attends his side) 420
 To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;
 Oh son of *Tydeus*! (he, whose strength could tame
 The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)
 Can'st thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
 With hands unactive, and a careless eye? 425
 Not thus thy Sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
 Still first in front the matchless Prince appear'd:
 What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
 Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!
 I saw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs 430
 A peaceful guest, he fought *Mycenæ's* tow'rs;

¶. 430. *I saw him once, when, &c.*] This long narration concerning the history of *Tydeus*, is not of the nature of those for which *Homer* has been blamed with some colour of justice: it is not a cold story, but a warm reproof, while the particularizing the actions of the father is made the highest incentive to the son. Accordingly the air of this speech

Armies he ask'd, and armies had been giv'n,
 Not we deny'd, but *Jove* forbade from heav'n;
 While dreadful comets glaring from afar
 Forewarn'd the horrors of the *Theban* war. 435
 Next, sent by *Greece* from where *Asopus* flows,
 A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
 Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
 The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found, 440
 And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around;
 Dar'd and subdu'd, before their haughty lord;
 For *Pallas* strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
 Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
 To bar his passage fifty warriors lay; 445
 Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy *Lycophon*;
 Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
 He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
 Such *Tydeus* was, and such his martial fire; 450
 Gods! how the son degen'rates from the fire?

ought to be inspirited above the common narrative style. As
 for the story itself, it is finely told by *Statius* in the second
 book of the *Thebais*.

No words the Godlike *Diomed* return'd,
 But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd :
 Not so fierce *Capaneus*' undaunted son,
 Stern as his fire, the boaster thus begun. 455

What needs, O monarch, this invidious praise,
 Ourselves to lessen, while our fires you raise ?
 Dare to be just, *Atrides* ! and confess
 Our valour equal, tho' our fury less.
 With fewer troops we storm'd the *Theban* wall, 460
 And happier saw the sev'nfold city fall.

§. 452. *No words the godlike Diomed return'd.*] “ When
 “ *Diomed* is reproved by *Agamemnon*, he holds his peace in
 “ respect to his General ; but *Sthenelus* retorts upon him with
 “ boasting and insolence. It is here worth observing in what
 “ manner *Agamemnon* behaves himself ; he passes by *Sthenelus*
 “ without affording any reply ; whereas just before, when *U-*
 “ *lysses* testified his resentment, he immediately returned him
 “ an answer. For as it is a mean and servile thing, and un-
 “ becoming the majesty of a Prince, to make apologies to
 “ every man in justification of what he has said or done ; so
 “ to treat all men with equal neglect is mere pride and excess
 “ of folly. We also see of *Diomed*, that though he refrains
 “ from speaking in this place, when the time demanded ac-
 “ tion ; he afterwards expresses himself in such a manner, as
 “ shews him not to have been insensible of this unjust rebuke ;
 “ (in the ninth book) when he tells the King, he was the first
 “ who had dar'd to reproach him with want of courage.”
Plutarch of reading the Poets.

§. 460. *We storm'd the Theban wall.*] The first *Theban*
 war, of which *Agamemnon* spoke in the preceding lines, was

In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd ;
 The sons subdu'd, for heav'n was on their side.
 Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,
 Our glories darken their diminish'd name. 465

To him *Tydidēs* thus. My friend forbear,
 Suppress thy passion, and the King revere :
 His high concern may well excuse this rage,
 Whose cause we follow, and whose war we
 wage ;

His the first praise, were *Ilion's* tow'rs o'erthrown,
 And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own. 471
 Let him the *Greeks* to hardy toils excite,
 'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground
 Sprung from his car ; his ringing arms resound.
 Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar, 476
 Of arm'd *Tydidēs* rushing to the war.

seven and twenty years before the war of *Troy*. *Sthenelus* here speaks of the second *Theban* war, which happened ten years after the first : when the sons of the seven captains conquered the city, before which their fathers were destroyed. *Tydeus* expired gnawing the head of his enemy, and *Capaneus* was thunder-struck while he blasphemed *Jupiter*. *Vid. Stat. Thebaid.*

As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas,

§. 478. *As when the winds.*] Madam Dacier thinks it may seem something odd, that an army going to conquer, should be compared to the waves going to break themselves against the shore; and would solve the appearing absurdity by imagining the Poet laid not the stress so much upon this circumstance, as upon the same waves assailing a rock, lifting themselves over its head, and covering it with foam as the trophy of their victory (as she expresses it). But to this it may be answered, That neither did the *Greeks* get the better in this battle, nor will a comparison be allowed entirely beautiful, which instead of illustrating its subject, stands itself in need of so much illustration and refinement, to be brought to agree with it. The passage naturally bears this sense: *As when, upon the rising of the wind, the waves roll after one another to the shore; at first there is a distant motion in the sea, then they approach to break with noise on the strand, and lastly rise swelling over the rocks, and toss their foam above their heads: so the Greeks, at first, marched in order one after another silently to the fight.* — Where the Poet breaks off from prosecuting the comparison, and by a *prolepsis*, leaves the reader to carry it on, and image to himself the future tumult, rage, and force of the battle, in opposition to that silence in which he describes the troops at present, in the lines immediately ensuing. What confirms this exposition is, that *Virgil* has made use of the simile in the same sense in the seventh *Æneid*.

“Fluctus uti primo cœpit cùm albescere vento,

“Paulatim sese tollit mare & altius undas

“Erigit; inde imo confurgit ad æthera fundo.”

§. 478. *As when the winds, &c.*] This is the first battle in *Homer*, and it is worthy observation with what grandeur it is described, and raised by one circumstance above another, till all is involved in horror and tumult: the foregoing simile of the winds, rising by degrees into a general tempest, is an

The billows float in order to the shore, 480

The wave behind rolls on the wave before ;

'Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,

Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.

So to the fight the thick *Battalions* throng, 484

Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.

Sedate and silent move the num'rous bands ;

No sound, no whisper but the Chief's commands,

Those only heard ; with awe the rest obey,

As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.

Not so the *Trojans* ; from their host ascends 490

A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.

As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand

In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,

The hollow vales incessant bleating fills, 494

The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills :

image of the progress of his own spirit in this description. We see first an innumerable army moving in order, and are amused with the pomp and silence ; then wakened with the noise and clamour ; next they join ; the adverse Gods are let down among them ; the imaginary persons of *Terroure*, *Flight*, *Discord*, succeed to reinforce them ; then all is undistinguished fury, and a confusion of Horrors, only that at different openings we behold the distinct deaths of several heroes, and then are involved again in the same confusion.

Such clamours rose from various nations round,
 Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
 Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,
 These *Mars* incites, and those *Minerva* fires.
 Pale *Flight* around, and dreadful *Terror* reign;
 And *Discord* raging bathes the purple plain; 501
Discord! dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r,
 Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour,

v. 502. *Discord! dire sister, &c.*] This is the passage so highly extolled by *Longinus*, as one of the most signal instances of the noble sublimity of this author: where it is said, that the image here drawn of *Discord*, whose head touched the heavens, and whose feet were on earth, may as justly be applied to the vast reach and elevation of the Genius of *Homer*. But *Monf. Boileau* informs us, that neither the quotation nor these words were in the original of *Longinus*, but partly inserted by *Gabriel de Petra*. However, the best encomium is, that *Virgil* has taken it word for word, and applied it to the person of *Fame*.

“ Parva metu primò, mox sese attollit in auras,

“ Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.”

Aristides had formerly blamed *Homer* for admitting *Discord* into heaven, and *Scaliger* takes up the criticism to throw him below *Virgil*. *Fame* (he says) is properly feigned to hide her head in the clouds, because the grounds and authors of rumours are commonly unknown. As if the same might not be alledged for *Homer*, since the grounds and authors of *Discord* are often no less secret. *Macrobius* has put this among the passages where he thinks *Virgil* has fallen short in his imitation of *Homer*, and brings these reasons for his opinion:

While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
 She stalks on earth, and shakes the world
 around ;

505

Homer represents *Discord* to rise from small beginnings, and afterwards in her increase to reach the heavens ; *Virgil* has said this of *Fame*, but not with equal propriety ; for the subjects are very different : *Discord*, though it reaches to war and devastation, is still *Discord* ; nor ceases to be what it was at first : but *Fame*, when it grows to be universal, is *Fame* no longer, but becomes knowledge and certainty ; for who calls any thing *Fame* which is known from earth to heaven ? Nor has *Virgil* equalled the strength of *Homer's* hyperbole ; for one speaks of *heaven*, the other only of the *clouds*. *Macrob. Sat. l. v. c. 13.* *Scaliger* is very angry at this last period, and by mistake blames *Gellius* for it, in whom there is no such thing. His words are so insolently dogmatical, that barely to quote them is to answer them, and the only answer which such a spirit of criticism deserves. *Clamant quòd Maro de Famâ dixit eam inter nubila caput condere, cum tamen Homerus unde ipse accepit, in cælo caput Eridis constituit. Jam tibi pro me respondeo. Non sum imitatus, nolo imitari : non placet, non est verum, Contentionem ponere caput in cælo. Ridiculum est, fatuum est, Homericum est, græculum est. Poet. l. v. c. 3.*

This fine verse was also criticised by *Mons. Perault*, who accuses it as a forced and extravagant hyperbole. *M. Boileau* answers, That hyperboles as strong are daily used even in common discourse, and that nothing is in effect more strictly true than that *Discord* reigns over all the earth, and in heaven itself ; that is to say, among the Gods of *Homer*. It is not (continues this excellent critick) the description of a giant, as this censor would pretend, but a just allegory ; and as he makes *Discord* an allegorical person, she may be of what size he pleases without shocking us ; since it is what we regard only as an idea and creature of the fancy, and not as a material substance that has any being in nature. The expression

The nations bleed, where-e'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet
clos'd,

To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,
The founding darts in iron tempests flew, 511
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;

in the *Psalms*, that the *impious man is lifted up as a cedar of Libanus*, does by no means imply that the impious man was a giant as tall as cedar. Thus far *Boileau*; and upon the whole we may observe, that it seems not only the fate of great geniuses to have met with the most malignant criticks, but of the finest and noblest passages in them to have been particularly pitched upon for impertinent criticisms. These are the divine boldnesses, which in their very nature provoke ignorance and short-sightedness to shew themselves; and which whoever is capable of attaining, must also certainly know, that they will be attacked by such, as cannot reach them.

ŷ. 508. *Now shield with shield, &c.*] The verses which follow in the original are perhaps excelled by none in *Homer*; and that he had himself a particular fondness for them, may be imagined from his inserting them again in the same words in the eighth book. They are very happily imitated by *Statius*, lib. vii.

“ Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,

“ Ense minax ensis, pede pes, & cuspidē cuspis, &c.”

With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide. 515

As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound. 521

The bold *Antilochus* the slaughter led,
The first who struck a valiant *Trojan* dead:

ψ. 516. *As torrents roll.*] This comparison of rivers meeting and roaring, with two armies mingling in battle, is an image of that nobleness, which (to say no more) was worthy the invention of *Homer*, and the imitation of *Virgil*.

“ Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis,
“ Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
“ Quisque suum populatus iter; — Stupet inscius alto
“ Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.”

The word *populatus* here has a beauty which one must be insensible not to observe. *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil's*, and *Macrobius Homer's*, without any reasons on either side, but only one critick's positive word against another's. The reader may judge between them.

ψ. 522. *The bold Antilochus.*] *Antilochus* the son of *Nestor* is the first who begins the engagement. It seems as if the old hero having done the greatest service he was capable of at his years, in disposing the troops in the best order (as we have seen before) had taken care to set his son at the head of them, to give him the glory of beginning the battle.

At great *Echepolus* the lance arrives,
 Raz'd his high crest, and thro' his helmet drives;
 Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies, 526
 And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
 So sinks a tow'r, that long assaults had stood
 Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.
 Him, the bold * Leader of th' *Abantian* throng
 Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along: 531
 But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.
 His flank, unguarded by his ample shield, 534
 Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field;
 The nerves, unbrac'd, support his limbs no more;
 The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and *Greeks* now gather round the slain;
 The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
 As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage, 540
 Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

* *Elphenor*.

γ. 540. *As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage.*] This short comparison in the *Greek* consists only of two words, *ἄνθρωποι ὡς*, which *Scaliger* observes upon as too abrupt. But may it not be answered that such a place as this, where all things are in confusion, seems not to admit of any simile, except of

In blooming youth fair *Simoïsius* fell,
 Sent by great *Ajax* to the shades of hell:
 Fair *Simoïsius*, whom his mother bore,
 Amid the flocks on silver *Simois*' shore : 545
 The Nymph descending from the hills of *Ide*,
 To seek her parents on his flow'ry side,
 Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
 And thence from *Simois* nam'd the lovely boy.
 Short was his date ! by dreadful *Ajax* slain 550
 He falls, and renders all their cares in vain !
 So falls a poplar, that in watry ground
 Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,

one which scarce exceeds a metaphor in length ? When two heroes are engaged, there is a plain view to be given us of their actions, and there a long simile may be of use, to raise and enliven them by parallel circumstances ; but when the troops fall in promiscuously upon one another, the confusion excludes distinct or particular images ; and consequently comparisons of any length would be less natural.

†. 542. *In blooming youth fair Simoïsius fell.*] This Prince received his name from the river *Simois*, on whose banks he was born. It was the custom of the eastern people to give names to their children derived from the most remarkable accidents of their birth. The holy scripture is full of examples of this kind. It is also usual in the Old Testament to compare Princes to trees, cedars, &c. as *Simoïsius* is here resembled to a poplar. *Dacier*.

†. 552. *So falls a poplar.*] *Eustathius* in *Macrobius* prefers to this simile that of *Virgil* in the second *Æneid*,

(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
 To shape the circle of the bending wheel) 555
 Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
 With all its beauteous honours on its head;
 There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
 And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.

“ Ac veluti in summis antiquam montibus ornum,
 “ Cùm ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
 “ Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur,
 “ Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat;
 “ Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
 “ Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.”

Mr. *Hobbes*, in the preface to his translation of *Homer*, has discoursed upon this occasion very judiciously. *Homer* (says he) intended no more in this place than to shew how comely the body of *Simoisus* appeared as he lay dead upon the bank of *Scamander*, strait and tall, with a fair head of hair, like a strait and high poplar with the boughs still on; and not at all to describe the manner of his falling, which (when a man is wounded through the breast as he was with a spear) is always sudden. *Virgil's* is the description of a great tree falling when many men together hew it down. He meant to compare the manner how *Troy* after many battles, and after the loss of many cities, conquered by the many nations under *Agamemnon* in a long war, was thereby weakened, and at last overthrown, with a great tree hewn round about, and then falling by little and little leisurely. So that neither these two descriptions, nor the two comparisons, can be compared together. The image of a man lying on the ground is one thing; the image of falling (especially of a kingdom) is another. This therefore gives no Advantage to *Virgil* over *Homer*. Thus Mr. *Hobbes*.

Thus pierc'd by *Ajax*, *Simoïsius* lies 560

Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At *Ajax Antiphus* his jav'lin threw;

The pointed lance with erring fury flew,

And *Leucus*, lov'd by wife *Ulysses*, flew. }

He drops the corpse of *Simoïsius* slain, 565

And sinks a breathless carcass on the plain.

This saw *Ulysses*, and with grief enrag'd

Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;

Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,

In act to throw; but cautious, look'd around.

Struck at his sight the *Trojans* backward drew, 571

And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.

A Chief stood nigh, who from *Abydos* came,

Old *Priam's* son, *Democoön* was his name;

The weapon enter'd close above his ear, 575

Cold thro' his temples glides the whizzing spear;

With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his
breath,

His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;

Pond'rous he falls; his clanging arms resound;

And his broad buckler rings against the ground. 580

Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear ;
 Ev'n godlike *Hector* seems himself to fear ;
 Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled ;
 The *Greeks* with shouts press on, and spoil the
 dead ;

But *Phœbus* now from *Ilion's* tow'ring height 585
 Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans be bold, and force with force oppose ;
 Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes !
 Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel ;
 Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel. 590
 Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before ?
 The great, the fierce *Achilles* fights no more.

✧. 585. *But Phœbus now.*] *Homer* here introduces *Apollo* on the side of the *Trojans* : he had given them the assistance of *Mars* at the beginning of this battle ; but *Mars* (which signifies courage without conduct) proving too weak to resist *Minerva* (or courage with conduct) which the Poet represents as constantly aiding his *Greeks* ; they want some prudent management to rally them again : he therefore brings in a *Wisdom* to assist *Mars*, under the appearance of *Apollo*.

✧. 592. *Achilles fights no more.*] *Homer* from time to time puts his readers in mind of *Achilles*, during his absence from the war ; and finds occasions of celebrating his valour with the highest praises. There cannot be a greater encomium than this, where *Apollo* himself tells the *Trojans* they have nothing to fear, since *Achilles* fights no longer against them.
Dacier.

Apollo thus from *Ilion's* lofty tow'rs

Array'd in terrours, rouz'd the *Trojan* pow'rs :

While War's fierce Goddess fires the *Grecian* foe,

And shouts and thunders in the fields below. 596

Then great *Diores* fell, by doom divine,

In vain his valour, and illustrious line.

A broken rock the force of *Pirus* threw,

(Who from cold *Ænus* led the *Thracian* crew) 600

Full on his ankle dropt the pond'rous stone,

Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid
bone :

Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,

Before his helpless friends, and native bands,

And spreads for aid his unavailing hands. 605

The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,

And thro' his navel drave the pointed death :

His gushing entrails smoak'd upon the ground,

And the warm life came issuing from the wound,

His lance bold *Thoas* at the conqu'ror sent, 610

Deep in his breast above the pap it went,

Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,

And quiv'ring in his heaving bosom stood ;

'Till from the dying chief, approaching near, 614
 Th' *Ætolian* warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:
 Then sudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
 And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
 The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
 To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
 The *Thracian* bands against the victor prest; 620
 A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
 Stern *Thoas*, glaring with revengeful eyes,
 In fullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two Heroes; one the pride of *Thrace*,
 And one the Leader of the *Epian* race; 625
 Death's sable shade at once o'ercaſt their eyes,
 In duſt the vanquiſh'd, and the victor lies.
 With copious ſlaughter all the fields are red,
 And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
 Had ſome brave Chief this martial ſcene beheld,
 By *Pallas* guarded thro' the dreadful field; 631

†. 630. *Had ſome brave Chief.*] The turning off in this place from the actions of the field, to repreſent to us a man with ſecurity and calmneſs walking through it, without being able to reprehend any thing in the whole action; this is not only a fine praiſe of the battle, but as it were a breathing-place to the poetical ſpirit of the author, after having

Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
 And swords around him innocently play;
 The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
 And counted Heroes where he counted Men. 635
 So fought each host, with thirst of glory fir'd,
 And crouds on crouds triumphantly expir'd.

rapidly run along with the heat of the engagement: he seems like one who having got over a part of his journey, stops upon an eminence to look back upon the space he has passed, and concludes the book with an agreeable pause or respite.

The reader will excuse our taking notice of such a trifle, as that it was an old superstition, that this fourth book of the *Iliad's* being laid under the head, was a cure for the *Quarlan Ague*. *Serenus Sammonicus*, a celebrated physician in the time of the younger *Gordian*, and preceptor to that Emperor, has gravely prescribed it among other receipts in his medicinal precepts, *Præc.* 50.

“*Mæoniae Iliados quantum suppone timenti.*”

I believe it will be found a true observation, that there never was any thing so absurd or ridiculous, but has at one time or other been written even by some author of reputation: a reflection it may not be improper for writers to make, as being at once some mortification to their vanity, and some comfort to their infirmity.



A N
E S S A Y
O N
H O M E R's Battles.

PERHAPS it may be necessary in this place, at the opening of *Homer's Battles*, to premise some observations upon them in general. I shall first endeavour to shew the *Conduct* of the Poet herein, and next collect some *Antiquities*, that tend to a more distinct understanding of those descriptions which make so large a part of the Poem.

One may very well apply to *Homer* himself, what he says of his Heroes at the end of the fourth book, that whosoever should be guided through his battles by *Minerva*, and pointed to every scene of them, would see nothing through the whole but subjects of surprize

and applause. When the reader reflects that no less than the compass of twelve books is taken up in these, he will have reason to wonder by what methods our author could prevent descriptions of such a length from being tedious. It is not enough to say, that though the subject itself be the same, the actions are always different; that we have now distinct combats, now promiscuous fights, now single duels, now general engagements; or that the scenes are perpetually varied; we are now in the fields, now at the fortification of the *Greeks*, now at the ships, now at the gates of *Troy*, now at the river *Scamander*: but we must look farther into the art of the poet, to find the reasons of this astonishing variety.

We may first observe that diversity in the *deaths* of his *warriours*, which he has supplied by the vastest fertility of invention. These he distinguishes several ways: sometimes by the *characters* of the Men, their *age*, *office*, *profession*, *nation*, *family*, &c. One is a blooming *youth*, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a *Priest*, whose piety could not save him; one is a *sportsman*, whom *Diana* taught in vain; one is the native of a far-distant *country*, who is never to return; one is descended from a *noble line*, which ends in his death; one is made remarkable by his *boasting*; another by his *beseeking*; and another, who is distinguished no way else, is marked by his *Habit*, and the singularity of his armour.

Sometimes he varies these deaths by the several *postures* in which his Heroes are represented either fighting or falling. Some of these are so exceedingly *exact*, that one may guess from the very position of the combatant, whereabouts the wound will light: others so very *peculiar* and *uncommon*, that they could only be the effect of an imagination which had searched through all the ideas of nature. Such is that picture of *Mydon* in the fifth book, whose arm being numbed by a blow on the elbow, drops the reins that trail on the ground; and then being suddenly struck on the temples, falls headlong from the chariot in a soft and deep place; where he sinks up to the shoulders in the sands, and continues a while fixed by the weight of his armour, with his legs quivering in the air, till he is trampled down by his horses.

Another cause of this variety is the difference of the *wounds* that are given in the *Iliad*: they are by no means like the wounds described by most other poets, which are commonly made in the self-same obvious places: the heart and head serve for all those in general who understand no anatomy, and sometimes for variety they kill men by wounds that are no where mortal but in their poems. As the whole human body is the subject of these, so nothing is more necessary to him who would describe them well, than a thorough knowledge of its structure, even though

the poet is not professedly to write of them as an anatomist; in the same manner as an exact skill in anatomy is necessary to those Painters that would excel in drawing the naked, though they are not to make every muscle as visible as in a book of chirurgery. It appears from so many passages in *Homer* that he was perfectly master of this science, that it would be needless to cite any in particular. One may only observe, that if we thoroughly examine all the wounds he has described, though so infinite in number, and so many ways diversified, we shall hardly find one which will contradict this observation.

I must just add a remark, That the various periphrases and circumlocutions by which *Homer* expresses the single act of *dying*, have supplied *Virgil* and the succeeding Poets with all their manners of phrasing it. Indeed he repeats the same verse on that occasion more often than they

——— τὸν δὲ Κρότος ὅσσ' ἐκάλυψε ———

Ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ, &c. But though it must be owned he had more frequent occasions for a line of this kind than any Poet, as no other has described half so many deaths, yet one cannot ascribe this to any sterility of expression, but to the genius of his times, that delighted in those reiterated verses. We find repetitions of the same sort affected by the sacred writers, such as *He was gathered to his people*; *He slept with his fathers*; and the like. And upon the whole they

have a certain antiquated harmony, not unlike the burthen of a song, which the ear is willing to suffer, and as it were rests upon.

As the perpetual horror of combats, and a succession of images of death, could not but keep the imagination very much on the stretch; *Homer* has been careful to contrive such reliefs and pauses, as might divert the mind to some other scene, without losing sight of his principal object. His *comparisons* are the more frequent on this account; for a *comparison* serves this end the most effectually of any thing, as it is at once correspondent to, and differing from the subject. Those criticks who fancy that the use of comparisons distracts the attention, and draws it from the first image which should most employ it, (as that we lose the idea of the *battle* itself, while we are led by a simile to that of a *deluge* or a *storm* :) those, I say, may as well imagine we lose the thought of the sun, when we see his reflection in the water, where he appears more distinctly, and is contemplated more at ease, than if we gazed directly at his beams. For it is with the eye of the imagination as it is with our corporeal eye, it must sometimes be taken off from the object in order to see it the better. The same criticks that are displeased to have their fancy distracted (as they call it) are yet so inconsistent with themselves as to object to *Homer* that his similes are too much alike, and

are too often derived from the same animal. But is it not more reasonable (according to their own notion) to compare the same man always to the same animal, than to see him sometimes a sun, sometimes a tree, and sometimes a river? Though *Homer* speaks of the same creature, he so diversifies the circumstances and accidents of the comparisons, that they always appear quite different. And to say truth, it is not so much the animal or the thing, as the action or posture of them that employs our imagination: two different animals in the same action are more like to each other, than one and the same animal is to himself, in two different actions. And those who in reading *Homer* are shocked that it is always a *lion*, may as well be angry that it is always a *man*.

What may seem more exceptionable, is his inserting the same comparisons, in the same words at length, upon different occasions; by which management he makes one single image afford many ornaments to several parts of the Poem. But may not one say *Homer* is in this like a skilful improver, who places a beautiful statue in a well-disposed garden so as to answer several vistas, and by that artifice one single figure seems multiplied into as many objects as there are openings from whence it may be viewed?

What farther relieves and softens these descriptions of battles, is the Poet's wonderful art

of introducing many pathetick circumstances about the deaths of the Heroes, which raise a different movement in the mind from what those images naturally inspire, I mean compassion and pity ; when he causes us to look back upon the lost riches, possessions, and hopes of those who die : when he transports us to their native countries and paternal seats, to see the griefs of their aged fathers, the despair and tears of their widows, or the abandoned condition of their orphans. Thus when *Protesilaus* falls, we are made to reflect on the lofty Palaces he left half finished ; when the sons of *Phænops* are killed, we behold the mortifying distress of their wealthy father, who saw his estate divided before his eyes, and taken in trust for strangers. When *Axylus* dies, we are taught to compassionate the hard fate of that generous and hospitable man, whose house was the house of all men, and who deserved that glorious elogy of *The friend of human kind*.

It is worth taking notice too, what use *Homer* every where makes of each little accident or circumstance that can naturally happen in a battle, thereby to cast a variety over his action ; as well as of every turn of mind or emotion a Hero can possibly feel, such as resentment, revenge, concern, confusion, &c. The former of these makes his work resemble a large history-piece, where even the less important figures and actions have

yet some convenient place or corner to be shewn in; and the latter gives it all the advantages of tragedy, in those various turns of passion that animate the speeches of his Heroes, and render his whole Poem the most *Dramatick* of any Epick whatsoever,

It must also be observed, that the constant *machines* of the *Gods* conduce very greatly to vary these long battles, by a continual change of the scene from earth to heaven. *Homer* perceived them too necessary for this purpose, to abstain from the use of them even after *Jupiter* had enjoined the Deities not to act on either side. It is remarkable how many methods he has found to draw them into every book; where if they dare not assist the warriors, at least they are very helpful to the poet.

But there is nothing that more contributes to the variety, surprise, and *Eclat* of *Homer's* battles, or is more perfectly admirable in itself, than that artful manner of taking measure, or (as one may say) *gaging* his Heroes by each other, and thereby elevating the character of one person, by the opposition of it to that of some other whom he is made to excel. So that he many times describes one only to image another, and raises one only to raise another. I cannot better exemplify this remark, than by giving an instance in the character of *Diomed* that lies before me. Let us observe by what a scale of oppositions he

elevates this Hero, in the fifth book, first to excel all human valour, and after to rival the Gods themselves. He distinguishes him first from the *Grecian* Captains in general, each of whom he represents conquering a single *Trojan*, while *Diomed* constantly encounters two at once; and while they are engaged each in his distinct post, he only is drawn fighting in every quarter, and slaughtering on every side. Next he opposes him to *Pandarus*, next to *Æneas*, and then to *Hector*. So of the Gods, he shews him first against *Venus*, then *Apollo*, then *Mars*, and lastly in the eighth book against *Jupiter* himself in the midst of his thunders. The same conduct is observable more or less in regard to every personage of his work.

This subordination of the Heroes is one of the causes that make each of his battles rise above the other in greatness, terrour, and importance, to the end of the Poem. If *Diomed* has performed all these wonders in the first combats, it is but to raise *Hector*, at whose appearance he begins to fear. If in the next battles *Hector* triumphs not only over *Diomed*, but over *Ajax* and *Patroclus*, sets fire to the fleet, wins the armour of *Achilles*, and singly eclipses all the Heroes; in the midst of all his glory, *Achilles* appears, and *Hector* flies, and is slain.

The manner in which his Gods are made to act, no less advances the gradation we are speaking of. In the first battles they are seen only in

short and separate excursions : *Venus* assists *Paris*; *Minerva*, *Diomed*; or *Mars*, *Hector*. In the next, a clear stage is left for *Jupiter*, to display his omnipotence, and turn the fate of armies alone. In the last, all the powers of heaven are engaged and banded into regular parties, Gods encountering Gods, *Jove* encouraging them with his thunders, *Neptune* raising his tempests, heaven flaming, earth trembling, and *Pluto* himself starting from the throne of hell.

II. I am now to take notice of some customs of *antiquity* relating to the *arms* and *art military* of those times, which are proper to be known, in order to form a right notion of our author's descriptions of war.

That *Homer* copied the manners and customs of the age he writ of, rather than of that he lived in, has been observed in some instances. As that he no where represents *cavalry* or *trumpets* to have been used in the *Trojan* wars, though they apparently were in his own time. It is not therefore impossible but there may be found in his works some deficiencies in the art of war, which are not to be imputed to his ignorance, but to his judgment.

Horses had not been brought into *Greece* long before the siege of *Troy*. They were originally Eastern animals, and if we find at that very period so great a number of them reckoned up in

the wars of the *Israelites*, it is the less a wonder, considering they came from *Asia*. The practice of riding them was so little known in *Greece* a few years before, that they looked upon the *Centaurs* who first used it, as monsters compounded of men and horses. *Nestor* in the first *Iliad* says, he had seen these *Centaurs* in his youth, and *Polyætus* in the second is said to have been born on the day that his father expelled them from *Pelion* to the desarts of *Æthica*. They had no other use of horses than to draw their chariots in battle; so that whenever *Homer* speaks of fighting from an horse, taming an horse, or the like, it is constantly to be understood of fighting from a chariot, or taming horses to that service. This (as we have said) was a piece of decorum in the Poet; for in his own time they were arrived to such a perfection in horsemanship, that in the fifteenth *Iliad*, v. 822. we have a simile taken from an extraordinary feat of activity, where one man manages four horses at once, and leaps from the back of one to another at full speed.

If we consider in what high esteem among warriours these noble animals must have been at their first coming into *Greece*, we shall the less wonder at the frequent occasions *Homer* has taken to describe and celebrate them. It is not so strange to find them set almost upon a level with men, at the time when an horse in the prizes was of equal value with a captive.

The *chariots* were in all probability very low. For we frequently find in the *Iliad*, that a person who stands erect on a chariot is killed (and sometimes by a stroke on the head) by a foot-soldier with a sword. This may farther appear from the ease and readiness with which they alight or mount on every occasion; to facilitate which, the chariots were made open behind. That the wheels were but small, may be guessed from a custom they had of taking them off and setting them on, as they were laid by, or made use of. *Hebe* in the fifth book puts on the wheels of *Juno's* chariot, when she calls for it in haste: and it seems to be with allusion to the same practice that it is said in *Exodus*, ch. xiv. *The Lord took off their chariot-wheels, so that they drove them heavily.* The sides were also low; for whoever is killed in his chariot throughout the poem, constantly falls to the ground, as having nothing to support him. That the whole machine was very small and light, is evident from a passage in the tenth *Iliad*, where *Diomed* debates whether he shall draw the chariot of *Rhesus* out of the way, or carry it on his shoulders to a place of safety. All the particulars agree with the representations of the chariots on the most ancient *Greek* coins; where the tops of them reach not so high as the backs of the horses, the wheels are yet lower, and the heroes who stand in them are

seen from the knee upwards *. This may serve to shew those Criticks are under a mistake, who blame *Homer* for making his warriours sometimes retire behind their chariots, as if it were a piece of cowardice: which was as little disgraceful then, as it is now to alight from one's horse in a battle, on any necessary emergency.

There were generally two persons in each Chariot, one of whom was wholly employed in guiding the horses. They used indifferently two, three, or four horses: from hence it happens, that sometimes when a horse is killed, the hero continues the fight with the two or more that remain; and at other times a warrior retreats upon the loss of one; not that he has less courage than the other, but that he has fewer horses.

Their *swords* were all broad cutting swords, for we find they never stab but with their spears. The *spears* were used two ways, either to push with, or to cast from them, like the missive javelins. It seems surprising, that a man should throw a dart or spear with such force, as to pierce through both sides of the armour and the body (as is often described in *Homer*). For if the strength of the men was gigantick, the armour must have been strong in proportion. Some solution might be given for this, if we imagined

* See the collection of Goltzius, &c.

the armour was generally brass, and the weapons pointed with iron; and if we could fancy that *Homer* called the spears and swords *brazen*, in the same manner that he calls the reins of a bridle *ivory*, only from the ornaments about them. But there are passages where the point of the spear is expressly said to be of brass, as in the description of that of *Hector* in *Iliad* vi. *Pausanias*, *Laconicus*, takes it for granted, that the arms, as well offensive as defensive, were brass. He says the spear of *Achilles* was kept in his time in the temple of *Minerva*, the top and point of which were of brass; and the sword of *Meriones*, in that of *Æsculapius* among the *Nicomedians*, was intirely of the same metal. But be it as it will, there are examples even at this day of such a prodigious force in casting darts, as almost exceeds credibility. The *Turks* and *Arabs* will pierce through thick planks with darts of hardened wood; which can only be attributed to their being bred (as the ancients were) to that exercise, and to the strength and agility acquired by a constant practice of it.

We may ascribe to the same cause their power of casting *stones* of a vast weight, which appears a common practice in these battles. Those are in a great error, who imagine this to be only a fictitious embellishment of the Poet, which was one of the exercises of war among the ancient

Greeks and Orientals. * St. Jerome tells us, it was an old custom in *Palæstine*, and in use in his own time, to have round stones of a great weight kept in the castles and villages, for the youth to try their strength with. And the custom is yet extant in some parts of *Scotland*, where stones for the same purpose are laid at the gates of great houses, which they call *putting-stones*.

Another consideration which will account for many things that may seem uncouth in *Homer*, is the reflection that before the use of *fire-arms* there was infinitely more scope for the *personal valour* than in the modern battles. Now whenever the personal strength of the combatants happened to be unequal, the declining a single combat could not be so dishonourable as it is in this age, when the arms we make use of put all men on a level. For a soldier of far inferior strength may manage a rapier or fire-arms so expertly, as to be an overmatch to his adversary. This may appear a sufficient excuse for what in the modern construction might seem cowardice in *Homer's* heroes, when they avoid engaging with others, whose bodily strength exceeds their

* Mos est in urbibus Palæstinæ, & usque hodie per omnem Judæam vetus consuetudo servatur, ut in viculis, oppidis, & castellis, rotundi ponantur lapides gravissimi ponderis, ad quos juvenes exercere se solent, & eos pro varietate virium sublevare, alii ad genua, alii ad umbilicum, alii ad humeros, alii ad caput; nonnulli super verticem, rectis junctisque manibus, magnitudinem virium demonstrantes, pondus attollunt.

own. The maxims of valour in all times were founded upon reason, and the cowardice ought rather in this case to be imputed to him who braves his inferiour. There was also more *leisure* in their battles before the knowledge of fire-arms; and this in a good degree accounts for those *barangues* his heroes make to each other in the time of combat.

There was another practice frequently used by these ancient warriors, which was to spoil an enemy of his arms after they had slain him; and this custom we see them frequently pursuing with such eagerness, as if they looked on their victory not complete till this point was gained. Some modern Criticks have accused them of avarice on account of this practice, which might probably arise from the great value and scarceness of armour in that early time and infancy of war. It afterwards became a point of honour, like gaining a standard from the enemy. *Moses* and *David* speak of the pleasure of obtaining many spoils. They preserved them as monuments of victory, and even religion at last became interested herein, when those spoils were consecrated in the temples of the tutelar Deities of the conqueror.

The reader may easily see, I set down these heads just as they occur to my memory, and only as hints to farther observations; which any one who is conversant in *Homer* cannot fail

to make, if he will but think a little in the same track.

It is no part of my design to enquire what progress had been made in the *art of war* at this early period: the bare perusal of the *Iliad* will best inform us of it. But what I think tends more immediately to the better comprehension of these descriptions, is to give a short view of the *scene* of war, the *situation* of *Troy*, and those places which *Homer* mentions, with the proper *field* of each battle: putting together, for this purpose, those passages in my Author that give any light to this matter.

The ancient city of *Troy* stood at a greater distance from the sea, than those ruins which have since been shewn for it. This may be gathered from *Iliad* v. *yl.* (of the original) 791. where it is said, that the *Trojans* never durst sally out of the *walls* of their town, till the retirement of *Achilles*; but afterwards combated the *Grecians* at their very ships, *far from the city*. For had *Troy* stood (as *Strabo* observes) so nigh the *sea-shore*, it had been madness in the *Greeks* not to have built any fortification before their fleet till the tenth year of the siege, when the enemy was so near them: and on the other hand, it had been cowardice in the *Trojans* not to have attempted any thing all that time, against an army that lay unfortified and untrenched. Besides, the intermediate space had been too small

to afford a field for so many various adventures and actions of war. The places about *Troy* particularly mentioned by *Homer* lie in this order.

1. The *Scæan gate*: this opened to the field of battle, and was that through which the *Trojans* made their excursions. Close to this stood the *beech-tree*, sacred to *Jupiter*, which *Homer* generally mentions with it.

2. The *hill of wild fig-trees*. It joined to the walls of *Troy* on one side, and extended to the highway on the other. The first appears from what *Andromache* says in *Iliad* vi. *χ*. 432. that the walls were in danger of being scaled from this hill; and the last from *Il.* xxii. *χ*. 145, &c.

3. The *two springs of Scamander*. These were a little higher on the same highway. (*Ibid.*)

4. *Callicolone*, the name of a pleasant hill, that lay near the river *Simois*, on the other side of the town. *Il.* xx. *χ*. 53.

5. *Bateia*, or the sepulchre of *Myrinne*, stood a little before the city in the plain. *Il.* ii. *χ*. 318. of the *Catalogue*.

6. The *monument of Ilus*: near the middle of the plain. *Il.* xi. *χ*. 166.

7. The tomb of *Æsyetes*, commanded the prospect of the fleet, and that part of the sea-coast. *Il.* ii. *χ*. 301. of the *Catalogue*.

It seems by the 368th verse of the second *Iliad*, that the *Grecian* army was drawn up under the

several leaders by the banks of *Scamander*, on that side towards the ships: in the mean time that of *Troy*, and the auxiliaries, was ranged in order at *Myrinne's* sepulchre. *Ibid.* §. 320. of the *catal.* The place of the *first Battle*, where *Diomed* performs his exploits, was near the joining of *Simois* and *Scamander*; for *Juno* and *Pallas* coming to him, alight at the confluence of those rivers. *Il.* v. §. 773. and that the *Greeks* had not yet past the stream, but fought on that side next the fleet, appears from §. 791. of the same book, where *Juno* says the *Trojans* now brave them at their very ships. But in the beginning of the sixth book, the place of battle is specified to be between the rivers of *Simois* and *Scamander*; so that the *Greeks* (though *Homer* does not particularize when, or in what manner) had then crossed the stream toward *Troy*.

The engagement in the eighth book is evidently close to the *Grecian* fortification on the shore. That night *Heëtor* lay at *Ilus's* tomb in the field, as *Dolon* tells us *Lib.* x. §. 415. And in the eleventh book the battle is chiefly about *Ilus's* tomb.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, about the fortification of the *Greeks*, and in the fifteenth at the ships.

In the sixteenth, the *Trojans* being repulsed by *Patroclus*, they engage between the fleet, the river, and the *Grecian* wall: see §. 396. *Patroclus*

still advancing, they fight at the Gates of *Troy*,
 v. 700. In the seventeenth, the fight about the
 body of *Patroclus* is under the *Trojan* wall, v. 403.
 His body being carried off, *Hector* and *Æneas*
 pursue the *Greeks* to the fortification, v. 760.
 And in the eighteenth, upon *Achilles's* appearing,
 they retire and encamp without the fortification.

In the twentieth, the fight is still on that side
 next the sea; for the *Trojans* being pursued by
Achilles, pass over the *Scamander* as they run to-
 ward *Troy*: see the beginning of book xxi. The
 following battles are either in the river itself, or
 between that and the city, under whose walls
Hector is killed in the twenty-second book, which
 puts an end to the battles of the *Iliad*.

N. B. *The verses above are cited according to the
 number of lines in the Greek.*



THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.



The A R G U M E N T.

The Acts of *Diomed*.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the Assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the Temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to Heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former,



THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

BUT *Pallas* now *Tydidēs'* soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all
her fires,

Above the *Greeks* his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her Hero with distinguish'd praise.

ŷ. 1. *But Pallas, now, &c.*] As in every just history-picture there is one principal figure, to which all the rest refer and are subservient; so in each battle of the *Iliad* there is one principal person, that may properly be called the Hero of that day or action. This conduct preserves the unity of the piece, and keeps the imagination from being distracted and confused with a wild number of independent figures, which have no

High on his helm celestial lightnings play, 5
His beamy shield emits a living ray ;

subordination to each other. To make this probable, *Homer* supposes these extraordinary measures of courage to be the immediate gift of the Gods ; who bestow them sometimes upon one, sometimes upon another, as they think fit to make them the instruments of their designs ; an opinion conformable to true theology. Whoever reflects upon this, will not blame our Author for representing the same heroes brave at one time, and dispirited at another ; just as the Gods assist, or abandon them, on different occasions.

†. 1. Tydides.] That we may enter into the spirit and beauty of this book, it will be proper to settle the true character of *Diomed*, who is the hero of it. *Achilles* is no sooner retired, but *Homer* raises his other *Greeks* to supply his absence ; like stars that shine each in his due revolution, till the principal hero rises again, and eclipses all others. As *Diomed* is the first in this office, he seems to have more of the character of *Achilles* than any besides. He has naturally an excess of boldness, and too much fury in his temper ; forward and intrepid like the other, and running after Gods or men promiscuously as they offer themselves. But what differences his character is, that he is soon reclaimed by advice, hears those that are more experienced, and in a word, obeys *Minerva* in all things. He is assisted by the patroness of wisdom and arms, as he is eminent both for prudence and valour. That which characterises his prudence, is a quick sagacity and presence of mind in all emergencies, and an undisturbed readiness in the very article of danger. And what is particular in his valour is agreeable to these qualities, his actions being always performed with remarkable dexterity, activity, and dispatch. As the gentle and manageable turn of his mind seems drawn with an opposition to the boisterous temper of *Achilles*, so his bodily excellencies seem designed as in contrast to those of *Ajax*, who appears with great strength, but heavy and unwieldy. As he is forward to act in the field,

Th' unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies.

so he is ready to speak in the council : but 'tis observable that his councils still incline to war, and are biased rather on the side of bravery than caution. Thus he advises to reject the proposals of the *Trojans* in the seventh book, and not to accept of *Helen* herself, though *Paris* should offer her. In the ninth he opposes *Agamemnon's* proposition to return to *Greece*, in so strong a manner, as to declare he will stay and continue the siege himself if the General should depart. And thus he hears without concern *Achilles's* refusal of a reconciliation, and doubts not to be able to carry on the war without him. As for his private character, he appears a gallant lover of hospitality in his behaviour to *Glaucus* in the sixth book ; a lover of wisdom in his assistance of *Nestor* in the eighth ; and his choice of *Ulysses* to accompany him in the tenth ; upon the whole, an open sincere friend, and a generous enemy.

The wonderful actions he performs in this battle, seem to be the effect of a noble resentment at the reproach he had received from *Agamemnon* in the foregoing book, to which these deeds are the answer. He becomes immediately the second hero of *Greece*, and dreaded equally with *Achilles* by the *Trojans*. At the first sight of him his enemies make a question, whether he is a man or a God. *Aeneas* and *Pandarus* go against him, whose approach terrifies *Sthenelus*, and the apprehension of so great a warrior marvellously exalts the intrepidity of *Diomed*. *Aeneas* himself is not saved but by the interposing of a Deity : he pursues and wounds that Deity, and *Aeneas* again escapes only by the help of a stronger power, *Apollo*. He attempts *Apollo* too, retreats not till the God threatens him in his own voice, and even then retreats but a few Steps. When he sees *Hector* and *Mars* himself in open arms against him, he had not retired though he was wounded, but in obedience to *Minerva* ; and then retires, with his face toward them. But as soon as she permits him to engage with that God, he conquers, and sends him groaning to heaven.

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light. 10

What invention and what conduct appears in this whole episode? What boldness in raising a character to such a pitch, and what judgment in raising it by such degrees; while the most daring flights of poetry are employed to move our admiration, and at the same time the justest and closest allegory, to reconcile those flights to moral truth and probability? It may be farther remarked, that the high degree to which *Homer* elevates this character, enters into the principal design of his whole poem; which is to shew, that the greatest personal qualities and forces are of no effect, when union is wanting among the chief rulers, and that nothing can avail till they are reconciled so as to act in concert.

§. 5. *High on his helm celestial light'nings play.*] This beautiful passage gave occasion to *Zoilus* for an insipid piece of raillery, who asked how it happened that the hero escaped burning by these fires that continually broke from his armour? *Eustathius* answers, that there are several examples in history, of fires being seen to break forth from human bodies, as presages of greatness and glory. Among the rest, *Plutarch*, in the life of *Alexander*, describes his helmet much in this manner. This is enough to warrant the fiction, and were there no such example, the same author says very well, that the imagination of a Poet is not to be confined to strict physical truths. But all objections may easily be removed, if we consider it as done by *Minerva*, who had determined this day to raise *Diomed* above all the heroes, and caused this apparition to render him formidable. The power of a God makes it not only allowable, but highly noble, and greatly imagined by *Homer*; as well as correspondent to a miracle in holy scripture, where *Moses* is described with a glory shining on his face at his descent from mount *Sinai*, a parallel which *Spondanus* has taken notice of.

Virgil was too sensible of the beauty of this passage, not to imitate it, and it must be owned he has surpassed his original.

Such glories *Pallas* on the chief bestow'd,
 Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd :
 Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
 Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

The Sons of *Dares* first the combat fought, 15
 A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault ;
 In *Vulcan's* fane the father's days were led,
 The sons to toils of glorious battle bred ;

“ Ardet apex capiti, cristisque ac vertice flamma
 “ Funditur, & vastos umbo vomit aureus ignes.
 “ Non secus ac liquidâ si quando nocte cometæ
 “ Sanguinei lugubre rubent : aut Sirius ardor,
 “ Ille situm morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris,
 “ Nascitur, & lævo contristat lumine cœlum.”

Æn. x. v. 270.

In *Homer's* comparison there is no other circumstance alluded to but that of remarkable brightness : whereas *Virgil's* comparison, beside this, seems to foretel the immense slaughter his hero was to make, by comparing him first to a comet, which is vulgarly imagined a prognostick, if not the real cause, of much misery to mankind ; and again to the dog-star, which appearing with the greatest brightness in the latter end of summer, is supposed the occasion of all the distempers of that sickly season. And methinks the objection of *Macrobius* to this place is not just, who thinks the simile unseasonably applied by *Virgil* to *Æneas*, because he was yet on his ship, and had not begun the battle. One may answer, that this miraculous appearance could never be more proper than at the first sight of the hero, to strike terror into the enemy, and to prognosticate his approaching victory.

These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
 These from their steeds, *Tydidēs* on the plain. 20
 Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
 And first bold *Phœgeus* cast his founding spear,
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
 And spent in empty air its erring force.
 Not so, *Tydidēs*, flew thy lance in vain, 25
 But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the
 plain.

Seiz'd with unusual fear, *Idæus* fled,
 Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.

γ. 27. *Idæus fled, Left the rich chariot.*] It is finely said by M. Dacier, that *Homer* appears perhaps greater by the criticisms that have been past upon him, than by the praises which have been given him. *Zoilus* had a cavil at this place; he thought it ridiculous in *Idæus* to descend from his chariot to fly, which he might have done faster by the help of his horses. Three things are said in answer to this: First, that *Idæus* knowing the passion which *Diomed* had for horses, might hope the pleasure of seizing these would retard him from pursuing him. Next, that *Homer* might design to represent in this action of *Idæus* the common effect of fear, which disturbs the understanding to such a degree, as to make men abandon the surest means to save themselves. And then, that *Idæus* might have some advantage of *Diomed* in swiftness, which he had reason to confide in. But I fancy one may add another solution, which will better account for this passage. *Homer's* word is ἐτλη, which I believe would be better translated *non perseveravit*, than *non sustinuit defendere fratrem interfectum*:

And had not *Vulcan* lent celestial aid,
 He too had sunk to death's eternal shade ; 30
 But in a smoky cloud the God of fire
 Presery'd the son, in pity to the fire.
 The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
 Encreas'd the spoils of gallant *Diomed*.

Struck with amaze, and shame, the *Trojan*
 crew

Or slain, or fled, the sons of *Dares* view ; 36
 When by the blood-stain'd hand *Minerva* prest
 The God of battles, and this speech address.

Stern pow'r of war ! by whom the mighty fall,
 Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall ! 40

and then the sense will be clear, that *Idæus* made an effort to save his brother's body, which proving impracticable, he was obliged to fly with the utmost precipitation. One may add, that his alighting from his chariot was not that he could run faster on foot, but that he could sooner escape by mixing with the croud of common soldiers. There is a particular exactly of the same nature in the book of *Judges*, ch. iv. v. 15. where *Sisera* alights to fly in the same manner.

†. 40. *Who bathe in blood.*] It may seem something unnatural, that *Pallas*, at a time when she is endeavouring to work upon *Mars* under the appearance of benevolence and kindness, should make use of terms which seem so full of bitter reproaches ; but these will appear very properly applied to this warlike Deity. For persons of this martial character, who scorning equity and reason, carry all things by force, are

Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
 And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide:
 While we from interdicted fields retire,
 Nor tempt the wrath of heav'n's avenging Sire.

Her words allay th' impetuous warriour's heat,
 The God of arms and martial Maid retreat; 46
 Remov'd from fight, on *Xanthus*' flow'ry bounds
 They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Meantime, the *Greeks* the *Trojan* race pursue,
 And some bold chieftain ev'ry leader flew: 50

better pleased to be celebrated for their power than their virtue. Statues are raised to the conquerors, that is, the destroyers of nations, who are complimented for excelling in the arts of ruin. *Demetrius* the son of *Antigonus* was celebrated by his flatterers with the title of *Poliorctes*, a term equivalent to one here made use of.

§. 46. *The God of arms and martial Maid retreat.*] The retreat of *Mars* from the *Trojans* intimates that courage forsook them: it may be said then, that *Minerva*'s absence from the *Greeks* will signify that wisdom deserted them also. It is true she does desert them, but it is at a time when there was more occasion for gallant actions than for wise counsels. *Eustathius*.

§. 49. *The Greeks the Trojan race pursue.*] *Homer* always appears very zealous for the honour of *Greece*, which alone might be a proof of his being of that country, against the opinion of those who would have him of other nations.

It is observable through the whole *Iliad*, that he endeavours every where to represent the *Greeks* as superiour to the *Trojans* in valour and the art of war. In the beginning of the

First *Odius* falls, and bites the bloody sand,
 His death ennobled by *Atrides*' hand ;
 As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,
 The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.
 In dust the mighty *Halizonian* lay, 55
 His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

third book he describes the *Trojans* rushing on to the battle in a barbarous and confused manner, with loud shouts and cries, while the *Greeks* advance in the most profound silence and exact order. And in the latter part of the fourth book, where the two armies march to the engagement, the *Greeks* are animated by *Pallas*, while *Mars* instigates the *Trojans*; the Poet attributing by this plain allegory to the former a well-conducted valour, to the latter rash strength and brutal force: so that the abilities of each nation are distinguished by the characters of the Deities who assist them. But in this place, as *Eustathius* observes, the Poet being willing to shew how much the *Greeks* excelled their enemies, when they engaged only with their proper force, and when each side was alike destitute of divine assistance, takes occasion to remove the Gods out of the battle, and then each *Grecian* chief gives signal instances of valour superiour to the *Trojans*.

A modern Critick observes, that this constant superiority of the *Greeks* in the art of war, valour, and number, is contradictory to the main design of the poem, which is to make the return of *Achilles* appear necessary for the preservation of the *Greeks*; but this contradiction vanishes, when we reflect, that the affront given *Achilles* was the occasion of *Jupiter*'s interposing in favour of the *Trojans*. Wherefore the anger of *Achilles* was not pernicious to the *Greeks* purely because it kept him inactive, but because it occasioned *Jupiter* to afflict them in such a manner, as made it necessary to appease *Achilles*, in order to render *Jupiter* propitious,

Thy fate was next, O *Phæstus*! doom'd to
feel

The great *Idomeneus*' portended steel;
Whom *Borus* sent (his son and only joy)
From fruitful *Tarne* to the fields of *Troy*. 65
The *Cretan* jav'lin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd *Scamandrius*, expert in the chace, 65
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;
Diana taught him all her silvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here *Diana*'s arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies; 70
From *Menelaius*' arm the weapon sent,
Thro' his broad back and heaving bosom went:

†. 63. *Back from the car he tumbles.*] It is in poetry as in painting, the postures and attitudes of each figure ought to be different: *Homer* takes care not to draw two persons in the same posture; one is tumbled from his chariot, another is slain as he ascends it, a third as he endeavours to escape on foot, a conduct which is every where observed by the Poet, *Eustathius*.

Down-sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful *Phereclus* untimely fell; 75
Bold *Merion* sent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's skill, O *Phereclus*, was thine,
The graceful fabrick and the fair design;
For lov'd by *Pallas*, *Pallas* did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art. 80
Beneath his hand the fleet of *Paris* rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystick will of heav'n unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled, 85
The spear of *Merion* mingled with the dead.

ψ. 75. Next artful *Phereclus*.] This character of *Phereclus* is finely imagined, and presents a noble moral in an uncommon manner. There ran a report, that the *Trojans* had formerly received an oracle, commanding them to follow husbandry, and not apply themselves to navigation. *Homer* from hence takes occasion to feign, that the shipwright, who presumed to build the fleet of *Paris* when he took his fatal voyage to *Greece*, was overtaken by the divine vengeance so long after as in this battle. One may take notice too in this, as in many other places, of the remarkable disposition *Homer* shews to *Mechanicks*; he never omits an opportunity either of describing a piece of workmanship, or of celebrating an artist,

Thro' his right hip with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it past :
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes. 90
From *Meges*' force the swift *Pedæus* fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whose gen'rous spouse, *Theano*, heav'nly fair,
Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.

†. 93. *Whose gen'rous spouse, Theano.*] *Homer* in this remarkable passage commends the fair *Theano* for breeding up a bastard of her husband's with the same tenderness as her own Children. This lady was a woman of the first quality, and (as it appears in the sixth *Iliad*) the high Priestess of *Minerva* : so that one cannot imagine the education of this child was imposed upon her by the authority or power of *Antenor* ; *Homer* himself takes care to remove any such derogatory notion, by particularizing the motive of this unusual piece of humanity to have been to please her husband, χαρίζομαι πρὸς αὐτόν. Nor ought we to lessen this commendation by thinking the wives of those times in general were more complaisant than those of our own. The stories of *Phœnix*, *Clytemnestra*, *Medea*, and many others, are plain instances how highly the keeping of mistresses was resented by the married ladies. But there was a difference between the *Greeks* and *Asiatics* as to their notions of marriage : for it is certain the latter allowed plurality of wives ; *Priam* had many lawful ones, and some of them Princesses who brought great dowries. *Theano* was an *Asiatick*, and that is the most we can grant ; for the son she nursed so carefully was apparently not by a wife, but by a mistress ; and her passions were naturally the same with those of the *Grecian* women. As to the degree of regard then shewn

How vain those cares ! when *Meges* in the rear 95
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear ;
Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd *Hyppenor*, gen'rous and divine,
Sprung from the brave *Dolopion*'s mighty line, 100

to the bastards, they were carefully enough educated, though not (like this of *Antenor*) as the lawful issue, nor admitted to an equal share of inheritance. *Megapenthes* and *Nicostratus* were excluded from the inheritance of *Sparta*, because they were born of bond-women, as *Pausanias* says. But *Neoptolemus*, a natural son of *Achilles* by *Deïdamia*, succeeded in his father's kingdom, perhaps with respect to his mother's quality, who was a Princess. Upon the whole, however that matter stood, *Homer* was very favourable to bastards, and has paid them more compliments than one in his works. If I am not mistaken, *Ulysses* reckons himself one in the *Odysseys*. *Agamemnon* in the eighth *Iliad* plainly accounts it no disgrace, when charmed with the noble exploits of young *Teuter*, and praising him in the rapture of his heart, he just then takes occasion to mention his illegitimacy as a kind of panegyrick upon him. The reader may consult the passage, *ÿ*. 284 of the original, and *ÿ*. 337 of the translation. From all this I should not be averse to believe, that *Homer* himself was a bastard, as *Virgil* was, of which I think this observation a better proof, than what is said for it in the common lives of him.

ÿ. 99. — — — *Hyppenor*, gen'rous and divine,
Sprung from the brave *Dolopion*'s mighty line,
Who near ador'd *Scamander* made abode ;
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.]

From the number of circumstances put together here, and in many other passages, of the parentage, place of abode, pro-

Who near ador'd *Scamander* made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.

On him, amidst the flying numbers found,

Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound ; 104

On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand, }

Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand, }

Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand. }

Down sunk the Priest : the purple hand of death

Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in diff'rent parts engag'd,

In ev'ry quarter fierce *Tydides* rag'd, 111

Amid the *Greek*, amid the *Trojan* train,

Rapt thro' the ranks he thunders o'er the plain ;

feſſion, and quality of the perſons our Author mentions ; I think it is plain he compos'd his poem from ſome records or traditions of the actions of the times preceding, and comply'd with the truth of hiſtory. Otherwiſe theſe particular deſcriptions of genealogies and other minute circumſtances would have been an affectation extremely needleſs and unreaſonable. This conſideration will account for ſeveral things that ſeem odd or tedious, not to add that one may naturally believe he took theſe occaſions of paying a compliment to many great men and families of his patrons, both in *Greece* and *Aſia*.

ſ. 108. *Down ſunk the prieſt.*] *Homer* makes him die upon the cutting off his arm, which is an inſtance of his ſkill ; for the great flux of blood that muſt follow ſuch a wound, would be the immediate cauſe of death.

Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
 Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face. 115
 Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
 Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
 Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
 O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds;
 The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, 120
 And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear !

§. 116. *Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong.*]
 This whole passage (says *Eustathius*) is extremely beautiful. It describes the hero carried by an enthusiastick valour into the midst of his enemies, and so mingled with their ranks as if himself were a *Trojan*. And the simile wonderfully illustrates this fury, proceeding from an uncommon infusion of courage from heaven, in resembling it not to a constant river, but a torrent rising from an extraordinary burst of rain. This simile is one of those that draws along with it some foreign circumstances : we must not expect from *Homer* those minute resemblances in every branch of a comparison, which are the pride of modern similes. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeness, be preserv'd ; he affects, as to the rest, rather to present the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. He is sure to make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under parts ; like those free Painters who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very insignificant strokes, that give form and spirit to all the piece. For the present comparison, *Virgil* in the second *Æneid* has inserted an imitation of it, which I cannot think equal to this, though *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil's* to all our author's similitudes from rivers put together.

While *Jove* descends in fluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of Mankind are vain.

So rag'd *Tyrides*, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all *Troy* retire. 125
With grief the * leader of the *Lycian* band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand :
His bended bow against the chief he drew ;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the
gore : 131

The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

Hither ye *Trojans*, hither drive your steeds !
Lo ! by our hand the bravest *Grecian* bleeds. 135

“ Non sic aggeribus ruptis cùm spumeus amnis
“ Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
“ Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
“ Cum stabulis armenta trahit” —

Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood ;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. *Dryden.*

* *Pandarus.*

Not long the deathful dart he can sustain;
Or *Phæbus* urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd, 140
The helping hand of *Sthenelus* requir'd;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
When thus the King his guardian pow'r address'd,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest. 145

O progeny of *Jove*! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my Godlike Sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
Now, Goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the *Trojan* Knight, 150
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in
fight;

†. 139. *The dart stopt short of life.*] *Homer* says it did not kill him, and I am at a loss why *M. Dacier* translates it, *The wound was slight*; when just after the arrow is said to have pierced quite through, and she herself there turns it, *Perçoit l'espaule d'outre en outre*. Had it been so slight, he would not have needed the immediate assistance of *Minerva* to restore his usual vigour, and enable him to continue the fight.

And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd *Tydidēs*, and *Minerva* heard ;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits chear'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light ; 156
His beating bosom claim'd the promis'd fight.

Be bold (she cry'd) in ev'ry combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine ;
Rush to the fight, and ev'ry foe controul ; 160

Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul :
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
And all thy Godlike father breathes in thee !

Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring Deities. 165

†. 164. *From mortal mists I purge thy eyes.*] This fiction of *Homer* (says *M. Dacier*) is founded upon an important truth of religion, not unknown to the Pagans, that God only can open the eyes of men, and enable them to see what they cannot discover by their own capacity. There are frequent examples of this in the Old Testament. God opens the eyes of *Hagar* that she might see the fountain, in *Genes.* xxi. §. 19. So *Numbers* xxii. §. 31. *The Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord standing in his way, and his sword drawn in his hand.* A passage much resembling this of our author. *Venus* in *Virgil's* second *Æneid* performs the same office to *Æneas*, and shews him the Gods who were engaged in the destruction of *Troy*.

These see thou shun, thro' all th' embattled plain,
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.

If *Venus* mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound : so *Pallas* gives command.

With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her
flight ; 170

The Hero rush'd impetuous to the fight ;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.

As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls ; 175

“ Aspice ; namque omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti

“ Mortales hebetat visus tibi, & humida circum

“ Caligat, nubem eripiam —

“ Apparent diræ facies inimicaque Trojæ

“ Numina magna Deûm.” —

Milton seems likewise to have imitated this, where he makes *Michael* open *Adam's* eyes to see the future revolutions of the world, and fortunes of his posterity, *book xi.*

— — He purg'd with euphrasie and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see,
And from the well of life three drops distill'd.

This distinguishing fight of *Diomed* was given him only for the present occasion and service, in which he was employed by *Pallas*. For we find in the sixth book that upon meeting *Glaucus*, he is ignorant whether that Hero be a Man or a God.

If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
 The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
 He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not
 stay,

But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey;
 Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the
 ground, 180

Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.

Not with less fury stern *Tydidēs* flew;

And two brave leaders at an instant flew:

Astynous breathless fell, and by his side

His people's pastor, good *Hypenor*, dy'd; 185

Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,

Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves.

Those slain he left; and sprung with noble
 rage

Abas and *Polydus* to engage;

Sons of *Eurydamas*, who wise and old, 190

Could fates foresee, and mystick dreams unfold;

The youths return'd not from the doubtful
 plain,

And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;

No mystick dream could make their fates appear,
Tho' now determin'd by *Tydides'* spear. 195

Young *Xanthus* next, and *Thoön* felt his rage ;
The joy and hope of *Phænops'* feeble age ;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming
years, 200

And leaves the father unavailing tears :

γ. 194. *No mystick dream.*] This line in the original, Τοῦ
ἐκ ἐρχομένων ὁ γέρον ἐπύνατ' ὄνειρος, contains as puzzling a passage
for the construction as I have met with in *Homer*. Most in-
terpreters join the negative particle ἐκ with the verb ἐπύνατο,
which may receive these three different meanings : that *Eurydamas*
had not interpreted the dreams of his children when they went to the wars, or that he had foretold them by their
dreams they should never return from the wars, or that he
should now no more have the satisfaction to interpret their
dreams at their return. After all, this construction seems
forced, and no way agreeable to the general idiom of the
Greek language, or to *Homer's* simple diction in particular.
If we join ἐκ with ἐρχομένων, I think the most obvious sense
will be this ; *Diomed* attacks the two sons of *Eurydamas* an
old interpreter of dreams ; his children not returning, the
Prophet sought by his dreams to know their fate ; however
they fall by the hands of *Diomed*. This interpretation seems
natural and poetical, and tends to move compassion, which is
almost constantly the design of the Poet, in his frequent short
digressions concerning the circumstances and relations of dying
persons.

To strangers now descends his heapy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of *Priam* in one Chariot ride,
Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side. 205
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the
ground :

So from their seats the brother-chiefs are torn, 210
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine *Æneas* view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursu'd,

§. 202. *To strangers now descends his wealthy store.*] This is a circumstance, than which nothing could be imagined more tragical, considering the character of the father. *Homer* says the trustees of the remote collateral relations seized the estate before his eyes (according to a custom of those times) which to a covetous old man must be the greatest of miseries.

§. 212. *Divine Æneas.*] It is here *Æneas* begins to act; and if we take a view of the whole Episode of this Hero in *Homer*, where he makes but an under-part, it will appear that *Virgil* has kept him perfectly in the same character in his Poem, where he shines as the first Hero. His piety and his valour, though not drawn at so full a length, are marked no less in the original than in the copy. It is the manner of *Homer* to express very strongly the character of each of his persons in the first speech he is made to utter in the Poem. In this of

Thro' the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring *Pandarus* with careful eyes. 215

Aeneas, there is a great air of piety in those strokes, Is he some God who punishes Troy for having neglected his sacrifices? And then that sentence, *The anger of heaven is terrible*. When he is in danger afterwards, he is saved by the heavenly assistance of two Deities at once, and his wounds cured in the holy temple of *Pergamus* by *Latona* and *Diana*. As to his valour, he is second only to *Hector*, and in personal bravery as great in the Greek author as in the Roman. He is made to exert himself on emergencies of the first importance and hazard, rather than on common occasions: he checks *Diomed* here in the midst of his fury; in the thirteenth book defends his friend *Deiphobus* before it was his turn to fight, being placed in one of the hindmost ranks (which *Homer*, to take off all objections to his valour, tells us happened because *Priam* had an animosity to him, though he was one of the bravest of the army). He is one of those who rescue *Hector* when he is overthrown by *Ajax* in the fourteenth book. And what alone were sufficient to establish him a first-rate Hero, he is the first that dares resist *Achilles* himself at his return to the fight in all his rage for the loss of *Patroclus*. He indeed avoids encountering two at once in the present book; and shews upon the whole a sedate and deliberate courage, which if not so glaring as that of some others, is yet more just. It is worth considering how thoroughly *Virgil* penetrated into all this, and saw into the very idea of *Homer*; so as to extend and call forth the whole figure in its full dimensions and colours, from the slightest hints and sketches which were but casually touched by *Homer*, and even in some points too, where they were rather left to be understood, than expressed. And this, by the way, ought to be considered by those criticks who object to *Virgil's* Hero the want of that sort of courage which strikes us so much in *Homer's Achilles*. *Aeneas* was not the creature of *Virgil's* imagination, but one whom the world was already acquainted with, and expected to see continued in the same

At length he found *Lycaon's* mighty son ;
To whom the chief of *Venus'* race begun.

Where, *Pandarus*, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame, 220
And boasted glory of the *Lycian* name?

Oh pierce that mortal ! if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies
fall ;

Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish *Troy* for slighted sacrifice ; 225
(Which oh avert from our unhappy state !
For what so dreadful as celestial hate ?)

Whoe'er he be, propitiate *Jove* with pray'r ;
If man, destroy ; if God, intreat to spare.

To him the *Lycian*. Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is *Diomed* the bold : 231
Such courfers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So tow'rs his helmet, and so flames his shield.

character ; and one perhaps was chosen for the Hero of the
Latin Poem, not only as he was the founder of the *Roman*
empire, but as this more calm and regular character better
agreed with the temper and genius of the Poet himself,

If 'tis a God, he wears that Chief's disguise;
 Or if that Chief, some guardian of the skies 235
 Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
 And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
 I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
 The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell;
 And, but some God, some angry God withstands,
 His fate was due to these unerring hands. 241
 Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
 Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
 Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
 And still they grace *Lycaon's* princely dome: 245

†. 242. *Skill'd in the bow, &c.*] We see through this whole discourse of *Pandarus* the character of a vain-glorious passionate Prince, who being skilled in the use of the bow, was highly valued by himself and others for this excellence; but having been successful in two different trials of his skill, he is raised into an outrageous passion, which vents itself in vain threats on his guiltless bow. *Eustathius* on this passage relates a story of a *Paphlagonian* famous like him for his archery, who having missed his aim at repeated trials, was so transported by rage, that breaking his bow and arrows, he executed a more fatal vengeance by hanging himself.

†. 244. *Ten polish'd chariots.*] Among the many pictures *Homer* gives us of the simplicity of the heroick age, he mingles from time to time some hints of an extraordinary magnificence. We have here a Prince who has all these chariots for pleasure at one time, with their particular sets of horses to each, and

There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
 And twice ten coursers wait their Lord's com-
 mand.

The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
 When first for *Troy* I sail'd the sacred seas;
 In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide, 250
 And thro' the ranks of death triumphant
 ride.

But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
 I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,
 And thought the steeds (your large supplies un-
 known)

Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town: 255
 So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
 And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
 These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.

the most sumptuous coverings in their stables. But we must remember that he speaks of an *Asiatick* Prince, those *Barbarians* living in great luxury. *Dacier.*

†. 252. *Yet to thrift inclin'd.*] It is *Eustathius's* remark, that *Pandarus* did this out of avarice, to save the expence of his horses. I like this conjecture, because nothing seems more judicious, than to give a man of a perfidious character a strong tincture of avarice.

Tydeus' and *Atreus*' sons their points have found,
 And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound. 261
 In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
 Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
 In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
 And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung. 265
 Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,
 Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!
 If e'er with life I quit the *Trojan* plain,
 If e'er I see my Spouse and Sire again,
 This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims, 270
 Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the Leader of the *Dardan* race:
 Be calm, nor *Phœbus*' honour'd gift disgrace.

†. 261. *And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.*] The Greek is ἀτρεκέως αἷμα. He says he is sure it was real blood that followed his arrow; because it was anciently a custom, particularly among the *Spartans*, to have ornaments and figures of a purple colour on their breast-plates, that the blood they lost might not be seen by the soldiers, and tend to their discouragement. *Plutarch* in his *Instit. Lacon.* takes notice of this point of antiquity, and I wonder it escaped *Madam Dacier* in her translation.

†. 273. *Nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.*] For *Homer* tells us in the second book, †. 334. of the catalogue, that the bow and shafts of *Pandarus* were given him by *Apollo*.

The distant dart be prais'd, tho' here we need
 The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed. 275
 Against yon' Hero let us bend our course,
 And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
 Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
 Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight;
 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 280
 To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
 Secure with these, thro' fighting fields we go;
 Or safe to *Troy*, if *Jove* assist the foe.
 Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein:
 The warrior's fury let this arm sustain; 285
 Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
 Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.
 O Prince! (*Lycæon's* valiant son reply'd)
 As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.

y. 284. *Haste, seize the whip, &c.*] *Homer* means not here, that one of the Heroes should alight or descend from the chariot, but only that he should quit the reins to the management of the other, and stand on foot upon the chariot to fight from thence. As one might use the expression, *to descend from the ship*, to signify to quit the helm or oar, in order to take up arms. This is the note of *Eustathius*, by which it appears that most of the translators are mistaken in the sense of this passage, and among the rest Mr. *Hobbes*.

The horses practis'd to their Lord's command, 290
Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand.

But if unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight :
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led. 295
Thine be the guidance then : with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terrour of the field.

And now both Heroes mount the glitt'ring car ;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach bold *Stbenelus* espy'd, 300
Who thus, alarm'd, to great *Tydides* cry'd.

O Friend ! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee :
Lo the brave heir of old *Lycaon's* line,
And great *Æneas*, sprung from race divine ! 305
Enough is giv'n to fame. Ascend thy car ;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the Hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn ; and thus he spoke.

Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight ? 310
Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight ?

Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
 Nor was *Tydidēs* born to tremble here.
 I hate the cumbrous chariots slow advance,
 And the long distance of the flying lance; 315
 But while my nerves are strong, my force
 entire,
 Thus front the foe, and emulate my Sire.
 Nor shall yon' steeds that fierce to fight convey
 Those threat'ning heroes, bear them both away;
 One chief at least beneath this arm shall die; 320
 So *Pallas* tells me, and forbids to fly.
 But if she dooms, and if no God withstand,
 That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
 Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
 Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein; 325

γ. 320. *One chief at least beneath this arm shall die.*] It is the manner of our author to make his persons have some intimation from within, either of prosperous or adverse fortune, before it happens to them. In the present instance, we have seen *Aeneas*, astonished at the great exploits of *Diomed*, proposing to himself the means of his escape by the swiftness of his horses, before he advances to encounter him. On the other hand, *Diomed* is so filled with assurance, that he gives orders here to *Sthenelus* to seize those horses, before they come up to him. The opposition of these two (as *Madam Dacier* has remarked) is very observable.

Swift to *Æneas*' empty seat proceed,
 And seize the coursers of ætherial breed:
 The race of those, which once the thund'ring God
 For ravish'd *Ganymede* on *Tros* bestow'd,
 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run, 330
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun.
 Hence great *Anchises* stole a breed, unknown
 By mortal *Mares*, from fierce *Laomedon*:
 Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
 And two transport *Æneas* o'er the plain. 335

†. 327. *The coursers of ætherial breed.*] We have already observed the great delight *Homer* takes in horses, as well as heroes, of celestial race: and if he has been thought too fond of the genealogies of some of his warriors, in relating them even in a battle; we find him here as willing to trace that of his horses in the same circumstance. These were of that breed which *Jupiter* bestowed upon *Tros*, and far superiour to the common strain of *Trojan* horses. So that (according to *Eustathius*'s opinion) the translators are mistaken who turn Τρῳαῖοι ἵπποι, the *Trojan horses*, in †. 222. of the original, where *Æneas* extols their qualities to *Pandarus*. The same author takes notice, that frauds in the case of horses have been thought excusable in all times, and commends *Anchises* for this piece of theft. *Virgil* was so well pleased with it, as to imitate this passage in the seventh *Æneid*.

“ Absenti *Æneæ* currum, geminosque jugales
 “ Semine ab æthereo, spirantes naribus ignem,
 “ Illorum de gente, patri quos dædala *Circe*,
 “ Supposita de matre nothos furata creavit.”

These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Thro' the wide world should make our glory
known.

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
And stern *Lycaon's* warlike race begun.

Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain
affail'd, 340

The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He said, then shook the pond'rous lance, }
and flung ; }
On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung, }
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung. }
He bleeds ! the pride of *Greece* ! (the boaster
cries) 345

Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies !
Mistaken vaunter ! *Diomed* reply'd ;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd :
Ye 'scape not both ; one, headlong from his
car,

With hostile blood shall glut the God of War. 350

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which driv'n by *Pallas*, pierc'd a vital part ;

Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
 The nose and eye-ball the proud *Lycian* fixt ;
 Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within, 355
 'Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
 Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground ;
 Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound ;
 The starting coursers tremble with affright ;
 The soul indignant seeks the realms of night. 360
 To guard his slaughter'd friend, *Æneas* flies,
 His spear extending where the carcase lies ;

ψ. 353. *Full in his face it enter'd.*] It has been asked, how *Diomed* being on foot, could naturally be supposed to give such a wound as is described here. Were it never so improbable, the express mention that *Minerva* conducted the javelin to that part, would render this passage unexceptionable. But without having recourse to a miracle, such a wound might be received by *Pandarus*, either if he stooped, or if his enemy took the advantage of a rising ground, by which means he might not possibly stand higher, though the other were in a chariot. This is the solution given by the ancient *Scholia*, which is confirmed by the lowness of the chariots, observed in the *Essay on Homer's battles*.

ψ. 361. *To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies.*] This protecting of the dead body was not only an office of piety agreeable to the character of *Æneas* in particular, but looked upon as a matter of great importance in those times. It was believed that the very soul of the deceased suffered by the body's remaining destitute of the rites of sepulture, as not being else admitted to pass the waters of *Styx*. See what *Patroclus's* ghost says to *Achilles* in the twenty-third *Iliad*.

Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,
 As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
 O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd, 365
 He hides the Hero with his mighty shade,
 And threats aloud : the *Greeks* with longing
 eyes

Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
 Then fierce *Tydidēs* stoops ; and from the fields
 Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could
 raise, 371

Such men as live in these degen'rate days.

- " Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops, inhumataque turba est ;
- " Portitor ille, Charon ; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.
- " Nec ripas datur horrendas & rauca fluenta
- " Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
- " Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc litora circum."

Virg. *Æn.* vi,

Whoever considers this, will not be surpris'd at those long and obstinate combats for the bodies of the Heroes, so frequent in the *Iliad*. *Homer* thought it of such weight, that he has put this circumstance of want of burial into the *proposition* at the beginning of his Poem, as one of the chief misfortunes that befel the *Greeks*.

ψ. 371. *Not two strong men.*] This opinion of a degeneracy of human size and strength in the process of ages, has been very general. *Lucretius*, lib. ii,

He swung it round; and gath'ring strength to
throw,

Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.

Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites, 375

Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;

Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged stone,

And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.

Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,

His falling bulk his bended arm sustains; 380

“ Jamque adeo fracta est ætas, effœtaque tellus

“ Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit

“ Sæcla, deditque ferarum ingentia corpora partu.”

The active life and temperance of the first men, before their native powers were prejudiced by luxury, may be supposed to have given them this advantage. *Celsus* in his first book observes, that *Homer* mentions no sort of diseases in the old heroick times but what were immediately inflicted by heaven, as if their temperance and exercise preserved them from all besides. *Virgil* imitates this passage, with a farther allowance of the decay, in proportion to the distance of his time from that of *Homer*. For he says it was an attempt that exceeded the strength of *twelve* men, instead of *two*.

“ — — Saxum circumspicit ingens — —

“ Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,

“ Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.”

Juvenal has made an agreeable use of this thought in his fourteenth Satyr.

“ Nam genus hoc vivo jam decrefcebat Homero,

“ Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque pufillos.”

Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;
 A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
 There the brave chief who mighty numbers
 sway'd,

Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;
 But heav'nly *Venus*, mindful of the love 385
 She bore *Anchises* in th' *Idæan* grove,
 His danger views with anguish and despair,
 And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
 About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
 Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.
 Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil, 391
 The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail;
 Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
 Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor *Stbenelus*, with unassisting hands, 395
 Remain'd unheedful of his Lord's commands:

†. 391. *Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil.*] *Homer* says, she spread her veil that it might be a defence against the darts. How comes it then afterwards to be pierced through, when *Venus* is wounded? It is manifest the veil was not impenetrable, and is said here to be a defence only as it rendered *Aeneas* invisible, by being interposed. This is the observation of *Eustathius*, and was thought too material to be neglected in the translation.

His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.

Next rushing to the *Dardan* spoil, detains 399
The heav'nly courfers with the flowing manes:
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a *Trojan* Lord obey'd.

That charge to bold *Deïpylus* he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein, 405
And follow'd where *Tydidēs* swept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of *Venus* flies :

§. 403. *To bold Deïpylus — Whom most he lov'd.*] *Sthenelus* (says M. Dacier) loved *Deïpylus*, *parce qu'il avoit la mesme humeur que luy, la mesme sagesse.* The words in the original are οὐκ οἱ ὀφείλον ἀφ'αυτοῦ ἴσθαι. *Because his mind was equal and consensual to his own.* Which I should rather translate, with regard to the character of *Sthenelus*, that he had the same *bravery*, than the same *wisdom*. For that *Sthenelus* was not remarkable for wisdom, appears from many passages, and particularly from his speech to *Agamemnon* in the fourth book, upon which see *Plutarch's* remark, §. 456.

§. 408. *The chief in chace of Venus flies.*] We have seen with what ease *Venus* takes *Paris* out of the battle in the third book, when his life was in danger from *Menelaus*; but here when she has a charge of more importance and nearer concern, she is not able to preserve herself or her son from the fury of *Diomed*. The difference of success in two attempts so

No Goddess she *commission'd to the field*,
 Like *Pallas* dreadful with her sable shield, 410
 Or fierce *Bellona* thund'ring at the wall,
 While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall ;
 He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
 New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
 Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
 And at the Goddess his broad lance extends; 416
 Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
 Th' ambrosial veil, which all the graces wove ;
 Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
 And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd. 420

like each other, is occasioned by that penetration of sight with which *Pallas* had endued her favourite. For the Gods in their intercourse with men are not ordinarily seen, but when they please to render themselves visible ; wherefore *Venus* might think herself and her son secure from the insolence of this daring mortal ; but was in this deceived, being ignorant of that faculty, wherewith the hero was enabled to distinguish Gods as well as men.

y. 419. *Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd.*] *Plutarch* in his *Symposiacks*, l. ix, tells us, that *Maximus* the Rhetorician proposed this far-fetched question at a banquet, *On which of her hands Venus was wounded ?* and that *Zopyrion* answered it by asking, *In which of his legs Philip was lame ?* But *Maximus* replied, It was a different case : for *Demosthenes* left no foundation to guess at the one, whereas *Homer* gives a solution of the other, in saying that *Diomed* throwing his

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded God :

spear across, wounded her wrist: so that it was her right hand he hurt, her left being opposite to his right. He adds another humorous reason from *Pallas's* reproaching her afterwards, as having got this wound while she was stroking and solliciting some *Grecian Lady*, and unbuckling her zone; *An action* (says this Philosopher) *in which no one would make use of the left hand.*

§. 422. *Such stream as issues from a wounded God.*] This is one of those passages in *Homer*, which have given occasion to that famous censure of *Tully* and *Longinus*, *That he makes Gods of his heroes, and mortals of his Gods.* This, taken in a general sense, appeared the highest impiety to *Plato* and *Pythagoras*; one of whom has banished *Homer* from his commonwealth, and the other said he was tortured in hell, for fictions of this nature. But if a due distinction be made of a difference among beings superiour to mankind, which both the Pagans and Christians have allowed, the fables may be easily accounted for. *Wounds inflicted on the dragon, bruising the serpent's head*, and other such metaphorical images, are consecrated in holy writ, and applied to angelical and incorporeal natures. But in our author's days they had a notion of Gods that were *corporeal*, to whom they ascribed bodies, though of a more subtil kind than those of mortals. So in this very place he supposes them to have blood, but blood of a finer or superiour nature. Notwithstanding the foregoing censures, *Milton* has not scrupled to imitate and apply this to angels in the christian system, when *Satan* is wounded by *Michael* in his sixth book, §. 327.

— — Then *Satan* first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so fore
That griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd thro' him; but th' Ætherial substance clos'd,
Not long divisible, and from the gash

Pure Emanation ! uncorrupted flood ;
 Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood :

A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed —
 Yet soon he heal'd, for spirits that live throughout,
 Vital in every part (not as frail man
 In entrails, head or heart, liver or reins)
 Cannot, but by annihilating, die.

Aristotle, cap. xxvi. Art. Poet. excuses *Homer* for following fame and common opinion in his account of the Gods, though no way agreeable to truth. The religion of those times taught no other notions of the Deity, than that the Gods were beings of human forms and passions, so that any but a real *Anthropomorphite* would probably have pass among the ancient *Greeks* for an impious heretick : they thought their religion, which worshipped the Gods in images of human shape, was much more refined and rational than that of *Ægypt* and other nations, who adored them in animal or monstrous forms. And certainly Gods of human shape cannot justly be esteemed or described otherwise, than as a celestial race, superiour only to mortal men by greater abilities, and a more extensive degree of wisdom and strength, subject however to the necessary inconveniencies consequent to corporeal beings. *Cicero*, in his book *de Nat. Deor.* urges this consequence strongly against the *Epicureans*, who though they deposed the Gods from any power in creating or governing the world, yet maintained their existence in human forms. *Non enim sentitis quàm multa vobis suscipienda sunt, si impetraveritis ut concedamus eandem esse hominum & Deorum figuram ; omnis cultus & curatio corporis erit eadem adhibenda Deo quæ adhibetur homini, ingressus, cursus, accubatio, inclinatio, sessio, comprehensio, ad extremum etiam sermo & oratio. Nam quæd & mares Deos & fæminas esse dicitis, quid sequatur videtis.*

This particular of the wounding of *Venus* seems to be a fiction of *Homer's* own brain, naturally deducible from the

(For not the bread of man their life sustains, 425
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)
With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place,
And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him *Phæbus* took: he casts a cloud around 429
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted
skies,

The King insults the Goddess as she flies.

doctrine of corporeal Gods abovementioned; and considered as poetry, no way shocking. Yet our author, as if he had foreseen some objection, has very artfully inserted a justification of this bold stroke, in the speech *Dione* soon after makes to *Venus*. For as it was natural to comfort her daughter, by putting her in mind that many other Deities had received as ill treatment from mortals by the permission of *Jupiter*; so it was of great use to the Poet, to enumerate those ancient fables to the same purpose, which being then generally assented to, might obtain credit for his own. This fine remark belongs to *Eustathius*.

ψ. 424. *Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood, &c.*] The opinion of the incorruptibility of celestial matter seems to have been received in the time of *Homer*. For he makes the immortality of the Gods to depend upon the incorruptible nature of the nutriment by which they are sustained; as the mortality of men to proceed from the corruptible materials of which they are made, and by which they are nourished. We have several instances in him from whence this may be inferred, as when *Diomed* questions *Glaucus*, if he be a God or mortal, he adds, *One who is sustained by the fruits of the earth.* Lib. vi. ψ. 175.

Ill with *Jove's* daughter bloody fights agree,
 The field of combat is no scene for thee :
 Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care, 435
 Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.
 Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
 And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydidēs thus. The Goddess, seiz'd with dread,
 Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled. 440
 To aid her, swift the winged *Iris* flew,
 Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
 The Queen of Love with faded charms she found,
 Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
 To *Mars*, who sat remote, they bent their way,
 Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay ; 446
 Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
 And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.
 Low at his knee, she begg'd, with streaming eyes,
 Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies, 450

v. 449. *Low at his knee she begg'd.*] All the former *English* translators make it, *she fell on her knees*, an oversight occasioned by the want of a competent knowledge in antiquities (without which no man can tolerably understand this Author). For the custom of praying on the knees was unknown to the *Greeks*, and in use only among the *Hebrews*.

And shew'd the wound by fierce *Tydides* giv'n,
 A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.
 Stern *Mars* attentive hears the Queen complain,
 And to her hand commits the golden rein ;
 She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe, 455
 Driv'n by the Goddess of the painted bow.
 The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies :
 There stopp'd the car, and there the courfers
 stood,

Fed by fair *Iris* with ambrosial food. 460
 Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish and dissolv'd in Tears;
 She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
 And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty
 deed ?

Then she ; This insult from no God I found,
 An impious mortal gave the daring wound ! 466
 Behold the deed of haughty *Diomed* !

'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.

The war with *Troy* no more the *Grecians* wage ;
 But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.

Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear, 471
 And share those griefs inferiour pow'rs must share:
 Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
 And men with woes afflict the Gods again. .
 The mighty *Mars* in mortal fetters bound, 475
 And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
 Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and *Ephialtes* held the chain:
 Perhaps had perish'd; had not *Hermes'* care
 Restor'd the groaning God to upper air. 480

†. 472. *And share those griefs inferiour pow'rs must share.*] The word *inferiour* is added by the translator, to open the distinction *Homer* makes between the Divinity itself, which he represents impassable, and the subordinate celestial beings or spirits.

†. 475. *The mighty Mars, &c.*] *Homer* in these fables, as upon many other occasions, makes a great show of his theological learning, which was the manner of all the *Greeks* who had travelled into *Ægypt*. Those who would see these allegories explained at large, may consult *Eustathius* on this place. *Virgil* speaks much in the same figure, when he describes the happy peace with which *Augustus* had blest the world:

“ — — — Furor impius intus

“ Sæva sedens super arma, & centum vinctus aënis

“ Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.”

†. 479. *Perhaps had perish'd.*] Some of *Homer's* censurers have inferred from this passage, that the Poet represents his Gods subject to death; when nothing but great misery is here described. It is a common way of speech to use *perdition* and

Great *Juno's* self has borne her weight of pain,
 Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign;
Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
 And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
 Ev'n hell's grim King *Alcides'* power confest, 485
 The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
 To *Jove's* high palace for a cure he fled,
 Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
 Where *Pæon*, sprinkling heav'nly balm around,
 Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the
 wound. 490

Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes,
 And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!
 But thou (tho' *Pallas* urged thy frantic deed)
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,
 Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends,
 Short is his date, and soon his glory ends; 496

destruction for *misfortune*: the language of scripture calls eternal punishment *perishing everlastingly*. There is a remarkable passage to this purpose in *Tacitus*, *An. vi.* which very livelily represents the miserable state of a distracted tyrant: it is the beginning of a Letter from *Tiberius* to the Senate: *Quid scribam vobis, P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, Dii me Deaque pejus perdant quam perire quotidie sentio, si scio.*

From fields of death when late he shall retire,
 No infant on his knees shall call him Sire.
 Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,
 To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground ;

ψ. 498. *No infant on his knees shall call him sire.*] This is Homer's manner of foretelling that he shall perish unfortunately in battle, which is infinitely a more artful way of conveying that thought than by a direct expression. He does not simply say, he shall never return from the war, but intimates as much by describing the loss of the most sensible and affecting pleasure that a warrior can receive at his return. Of the like nature is the prophecy at the end of this speech of the hero's death, by representing it in a dream of his wife's. There are many fine strokes of this kind in the prophetic parts of the Old Testament. Nothing is more natural than *Dione's* forming these images of revenge upon *Diomed*, the hope of which vengeance was so proper a topick of consolation to *Venus*.

ψ. 500. *To stretch thee pale, &c.*] *Virgil* has taken notice of this threatening denunciation of vengeance, though fulfilled in a different manner, where *Diomed* in his answer to the Ambassador of *K. Latinus* enumerates his misfortunes, and imputes the cause of them to this impious attempt upon *Venus*. *Æneid. lib. xi.*

- “ Invidisse Deos patriis ut redditus oris
- “ Conjugium optatum & pulchram Calydonia viderem ?
- “ Nunc etiam horribili visu portenta sequuntur :
- “ Et socii amissi petierunt Æquora pennis :
- “ Fluminibusque vagantur aves (heu dira meorum
- “ Supplicia !) & scopulos lacrymæ vocibus implent.
- “ Hæc adeò ex illo mihi jam speranda fuerunt
- “ Tempore, cum ferro cœlestia corpora demens
- “ Appetii, & Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.”

BOOK V. HOMER'S ILIAD. 179

Thy distant wife, *Ægiale* the fair, 501

Starting from sleep with a distracted air,

Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost Lord deplore,

The brave, the great, the glorious now no more!

This said, she wip'd from *Venus*' wounded

palm

505

The sacred *Ichor*, and infus'd the balm.

Juno and *Pallas* with a smile survey'd,

And thus to *Jove* began the blue-ey'd maid.

Permit thy daughter, gracious *Jove*! to tell

How this mischance the *Cyprian* Queen befell. 510

As late she try'd with passion to inflame

The tender bosom of a *Grecian* dame,

§. 510. *Thy distant wife.*] The Poet seems here to compliment the fair sex at the expence of truth, by concealing the character of *Ægiale*, whom he has described with the disposition of a faithful wife; though the history of those times represents her as an abandoned prostitute, who gave up her own person and her husband's crown to her lover. So that *Diomed* at his return from *Troy*, when he expected to be received with all the tenderness of a loving spouse, found his bed and throne possessed by an adulterer, was forced to fly his country, and seek refuge and subsistence in foreign lands. Thus the offended Goddesses executed her vengeance by the proper effects of her own power, by involving the hero in a series of misfortunes proceeding from the incontinence of his wife.

Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
 To quit her country for some youth of *Troy*;
 The clasping Zone, with golden buckles bound,
 Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound. 516

The Sire of Gods and men superiour smil'd,
 And, calling *Venus*, thus addrest his child.

¶ 517. *The Sire of Gods and men superiour smil'd.*] One may observe the decorum and decency our author constantly preserves on this occasion: *Jupiter* only *smiles*, the other Gods *laugh out*. That *Homer* was no enemy to mirth may appear from several places of his poem; which so serious as it is, is interspersed with many gaieties, indeed more than he has been followed in by the succeeding Epic Poets. *Milton*, who was perhaps fonder of him than the rest, has given most into the ludicrous; of which his *paradise of fools* in the third book, and his *jesting angels* in the sixth, are extraordinary instances. Upon the confusion of *Babel*, he says there was *great laughter in heaven*: as *Homer* calls the laughter of the Gods in the first book ἀσέσθητος γέλωας, an *inextinguishable laugh*: but the scripture might perhaps embolden the *English* Poet, which says, *The Lord shall laugh them to scorn*, and the like. *Plato* is very angry at *Homer* for making the Deities laugh, as a high indecency and offence to gravity. He says the Gods in our author represent magistrates and persons in authority, and are designed as examples to such: on this supposition, he blames him for proposing immoderate laughter as a thing decent in great men. I forgot to take notice in its proper place, that the epithet *inextinguishable* is not to be taken literally for dissolute or ceaseless mirth, but was only a phrase of that time to signify chearfulness and seasonable gaiety; in the same manner as we may now say, *to die with laughter*, without being understood to be in danger of dying with it. The place, time, and occasion, were all agreeable to mirth: it was at a

Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,
Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars; 520
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing
charms,

To *Mars* and *Pallas* leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heav'n : while on the plain below
The fierce *Tyrides* charg'd his *Dardan* foe,
Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way, 525
And fearless dar'd the threatening God of day ;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Tho' screen'd behind *Apollo's* mighty shield.
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook ;
His blazing buckler thrice *Apollo* shook : 530

banquet ; and *Plato* himself relates several things that pass at the banquet of *Agathon*, which had not been either decent or rational at any other season. The same may be said of the present passage : raillery could never be more natural than when two of the female sex had an opportunity of triumphing over another whom they hated. *Homer* makes wisdom herself not able, even in the presence of *Jupiter*, to resist the temptation. She breaks into a ludicrous speech, and the supreme being himself vouchsafes a smile at it. But this (as *Eustathius* remarks) is not introduced without judgment and precaution. For we see he makes *Minerva* first beg *Jupiter's* permission for this piece of freedom, *Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove ;* in which he asks the reader's leave to enliven his narration with this piece of gaiety.

He try'd the fourth: when breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

O son of *Tydeus*, cease! be wise, and see
How vast the diff'rence of the Gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the pow'rs that shine
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine, 536
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires. 540
Then *Phæbus* bore the chief of *Venus*' race
To *Troy*'s high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and *Phæbe* heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd,

¶, 540. *He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.*] *Diomed* still maintains his intrepid character; he retires but a *step or two* even from *Apollo*. The conduct of *Homer* is remarkably just and rational here. He gives *Diomed* no sort of advantage over *Apollo*, because he would not feign what was intirely incredible, and what no allegory could justify. He wounds *Venus* and *Mars*, as it is morally possible to overcome the irregular passions which are represented by those Deities. But it is impossible to vanquish *Apollo*, in whatsoever capacity he is considered, either as the *Sun*, or as *Destiny*: one may shoot at the sun, but not hurt him; and one may strive against destiny, but not surmount it. *Eustathius*,

This done, the patron of the silver bow 545
 A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show
 With great *Æneas*; such the form he bore,
 And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
 Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
 And *Greece* and *Troy* with clashing shields engag'd.
 Meantime on *Ilion's* tow'r *Apollo* stood, 551
 And calling *Mars*, thus urg'd the raging God.

ψ. 546. *A phantom rais'd.*] The fiction of a God's placing a phantom instead of the hero, to delude the enemy and continue the engagement, means no more than that the enemy thought he was in the battle. This is the language of poetry, which prefers a marvellous fiction to a plain and simple truth, the recital whereof would be cold and unaffecting. Thus *Minerva's* guiding a javelin, signifies only that it was thrown with art and dexterity; *Mars* taking upon him the shape of *Acamas*, that the courage of *Acamas* incited him to do so; and in like manner of the rest. The present passage is copied by *Virgil* in the tenth *Æneid*, where the spectre of *Æneas* is raised by *Juno* or the *Air*, as it is here by *Apollo* or the *Sun*; both equally proper to be employed in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two authors on this subject, will observe with what admirable art, and what exquisite ornaments, the latter has improved and beautified his original. *Scaliger* in comparing these places, has absurdly censured the phantom of *Homer* for its inactivity; whereas it was only formed to represent the hero lying on the ground, without any appearance of life or motion. *Spencer* in the eighth canto of the third book seems to have improved this imagination, in the creation of his false *Florimel*, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occasion for many adventures.

Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
 Who bath'ft in blood, and shak'ft the embattl'd
 wall,

Rife in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes 555
 Dispatch yon' *Greek*, and vindicate the Gods.

First rosy *Venus* felt his brutal rage;
 Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage:
 The wretch would brave high heav'ns immortal
 Sire,

His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire. 560

The God of battle issues on the plain,
 Stirs all the ranks, and fires the *Trojan* train;
 In form like *Acamas*, the *Thracian* guide,
 Enrag'd, to *Troy's* retiring chiefs he cry'd:

How long, ye sons of *Priam*! will ye fly, 565
 And unreveng'd see *Priam's* people die?
 Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
 And stretch the slaughter to the gates of *Troy*?
 Lo brave *Aeneas* sinks beneath his wound,
 Not godlike *Hector* more in arms renown'd: 570
 Haste all, and take the gen'rous warriour's part:
 He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart,

Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,

And, turn'd to *Hector*, these bold words address'd,

Say, Chief, is all thy ancient valour lost, 575
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious
boast,

That propt alone by *Priam's* race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?

Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends. 580

Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.

‡. 575. *The speech of Sarpedon to Hector.*] It will be hard to find a speech more warm and spirited than this of *Sarpedon*, or which comprehends so much in so few words. Nothing could be more artfully thought upon to pique *Hector*, who was so jealous of his country's glory, than to tell him he had formerly conceived too great a notion of the *Trojan* valour; and to exalt the auxiliaries above his countrymen. The description *Sarpedon* gives of the little concern or interest himself had in the war, in opposition to the necessity and imminent danger of the *Trojans*, greatly strengthens this preference, and lays the charge very home upon their honour. In the latter part, which prescribes *Hector* his duty, there is a particular reprimand, in telling him how much it behoves him to animate and encourage the auxiliaries; for this is to say in other words, you should exhort them, and they are forced on the contrary to exhort you,

Far distant hence I held my wide command,
 Where foaming *Xanthus* laves the *Lycian* land,
 With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,
 A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast; 586
 With those I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.
 Yet first in fight my *Lycian* bands I hear,
 And long to meet this mighty man ye fear; 590
 While *Hector* idle stands, nor bids the brave
 Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.
 Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd
 state;

Or one vast burst of all-involving fate 594
 Full o'er your tow'rs shall fall, and sweep away
 Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
 Rouse all thy *Trojans*, urge thy aids to fight;
 These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by
 night:

With force incessant the brave *Greeks* oppose; 599
 Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.
 Stung to the heart the gen'rous *Hector* hears,
 But just reproof with decent silence bears.

From his proud car the Prince impetuous springs,
On earth he leaps ; his brazen armour rings.

Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands; 605

Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.

They turn, they stand, the *Greeks* their fury dare,
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the growing war,

As when, on *Ceres'* sacred floor, the swain 611
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,

And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn ;

The grey dust, rising with collected winds, 615
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds ;

So white with dust the *Grecian* host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thund'ring charioteers ;

The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies. 620

γ. 611. *Ceres' sacred floor.*] *Homer* calls the threshing-floor *sacred* (says *Eustathius*) not only as it was consecrated to *Ceres*, but in regard of its great use and advantage to human kind ; in which sense also he frequently gives the same epithet to cities, &c. This simile is of an exquisite beauty,

Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field:
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil
In *Troy's* defence, *Apollo's* heav'nly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid re-
tires,

Each *Trojan* bosom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,
Produc'd *Aeneas* to the shouting train ;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his Peers around,
Ereſt he ſtood, and vig'rous from his wound : 630
Enquiries none they made ; the dreadful day
No pauſe of words admits, no dull delay ;
Fierce *Discord* ſtorms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,
Fame calls, *Mars* thunders, and the field's in
flames.

Stern *Diomed* with either *Ajax* stood, 635
And great *Ulysses*, bath'd in hostile blood,
Embodied close, the lab'ring *Grecian* train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate. 640

So when th' embattl'd clouds in dark array,
 Along the skies their gloomy lines display ;
 When now the *North* his boist'rous rage has spent,
 And peaceful sleeps the liquid element :

ψ. 641. *So when th' embattl'd clouds.*] This simile contains as proper a comparison, and as fine a picture of nature as any in *Homer* : however it is to be feared the beauty and propriety of it will not be very obvious to many readers, because it is the description of a natural appearance which they have not had an opportunity to remark, and which can be observed only in a mountainous country. It happens frequently in very calm weather, that the atmosphere is charged with thick vapours, whose gravity is such that they neither rise nor fall, but remain poised in the air at a certain height, where they continue frequently for several days together. In a plain country this occasions no other visible appearance, but of an uniform clouded sky ; but in a hilly region these vapours are to be seen covering the tops, and stretched along the sides of the mountains ; the clouded parts above, being terminated and distinguished from the clear parts below, by a strait line running parallel to the horizon, as far as the mountains extend. The whole compass of nature cannot afford a nobler and more exact representation of a numerous army, drawn up in line of battle, and expecting the charge. The long-extended even front, the closeness of the ranks, the firmness, order, and silence of the whole, are all drawn with great resemblance in this one comparison. The Poet adds, that this appearance is while *Boreas* and the other boisterous winds, which disperse and break the clouds, are laid asleep. This is as exact as it is poetical ; for when the winds arise, this regular order is soon dissolved. This circumstance is added to the description, as an ominous anticipation of the flight and dissipation of the *Greeks*, which soon ensued when *Mars* and *Hector* broke in upon them.

The low-hung vapours, motionless and still, 645
 Rest on the summits of the shaded hill ;
 'Till the mists scatters as the winds arise,
 Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies.

Nor was the Gen'ral wanting to his train,
 From troop to troop he toils thro' all the
 plain. 650

Ye *Greeks*, be men ! the charge of battle bear ,
 Your brave associates, and yourselves revere !

†. 651. *Ye Greeks, be men ! &c.*] If *Homer* in the longer speeches of the *Iliad*, says all that could be said by eloquence, in the shorter he says all that can be said with judgement. Whatever some few modern Criticks have thought, it will be found upon due reflection, that the length or brevity of his speeches is determined as the occasions either allow leisure or demand haste. This concise oration of *Agamemnon* is a masterpiece in the *Laconic* way. The exigence required he should say something very powerful, and no time was to be lost. He therefore warms the brave and the timorous by one and the same exhortation, which at once moves by the love of glory, and the fear of death. It is short and full; like that of the brave *Scotch* General under *Gustavus*, who upon sight of the enemy, said only this ; *See ye those lads ? Either fell them, or they'll fell you.*

†. 652. *Your brave associates and yourselves revere.*] This noble exhortation of *Agamemnon* is correspondent to the wise scheme of *Nestor* in the second book : where he advised to rank the soldiers of the same nation together, that being known to each other, all might be incited either by a generous emulation or a decent shame. *Spondanus.*

Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 655
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
 The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
 To meet whose point was strong *Deicoon's* chance:
Aeneas' friend, and in his native place 661
 Honour'd and lov'd like *Priam's* royal race:
 Long had he fought the foremost in the field,
 But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:
 His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, 665
 Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way;
 The grizly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
 His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce *Aeneas* brandishing his blade,
 In dust *Orfilochus* and *Crethon* laid, 670
 Whose fire *Diöcleus*, wealthy, brave, and great,
 In well built *Pheræ* held his lofty seat:
 Sprung from *Alpheüs'* plenteous stream! that yields
 Encrease of harvests to the *Pylian* fields.

He got *Orfilochus*, *Diöcleus* he, 675

And these descended in the third degree.

Too early expert in the martial toil,

In fable ships they left their native soil,

T' avenge *Atrides* : now, untimely slain,

They fell with glory on the *Phrygian* plain. 680

So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood

In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,

Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd

Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold ;

'Till pierc'd at distance from their native den, 685

O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.

Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,

Like mountain Firs, as tall and straight as they.

Great *Menelaus* views with pitying eyes,

Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies ; 690

Mars urg'd him on ; yet, ruthless in his hate,

The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.

§. 691. *Mars urg'd him on.*] This is another instance of what has been in general observed in the discourse on the battles of *Homer*, his artful manner of making us measure one hero by another. We have here an exact scale of the valour of *Aeneas* and of *Menelaus* ; how much the former outweighs the latter, appears by what is said of *Mars* in these lines, and

He thus advancing, *Nestor's* valiant son
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, should *Helen's* lord be
slain, 693

And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met, the threat'ning heroes stand;
The spears already tremble in their hand:
In rush'd *Antilochus*, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the *Spartan* King. 700
These seen, the *Dardan* backward turn'd his course,
Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.
The breathless bodies to the *Greeks* they drew;
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.

by the necessity of *Antilochus's* assisting *Menelaus*: as afterwards what overbalance that assistance gave him, by *Aeneas's* retreating from them both. How very nicely are these degrees marked on either hand? This knowledge of the difference which nature itself sets between one man and another, makes our author neither blame these two heroes, for going against one, who was superiour to each of them in strength; nor that one, for retiring from both, when their conjunction made them an overmatch to him. There is great judgment in all this.

§. 696. *And all his country's glorious labours vain.*] For (as *Agamemnon* said in the fourth book upon *Menelaus's* being wounded) if he were slain, the war would be at an end, and the *Greeks* think only of returning to their country. *Spondanus*.

First *Pylæmenes*, great in battle, bled, 705
Who sheath'd in brass the *Paphlagonians* led.

Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood ;
Fix'd in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.

The faithful *Mydon*, as he turn'd from fight
His flying courfers, sunk to endless night : 710

A broken rock by *Nestor's* son was thrown ;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone,

From his numb'd hand the iv'ry-studded reins,
Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains :

Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound ; 715
He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to

ground :

Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air,

'Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet :

The youthful victor mounts his empty seat, 720

And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet. }

Great *Hector* saw, and raging at the view
Pours on the *Greeks* ; the *Trojan* troops pursue :

He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the Furies of the skies. 725

Mars, stern destroyer! and *Bellona* dread,
 Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
 This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
 That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light.
 Where *Hector* march'd, the God of battles
 shin'd, 730

Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydidēs paus'd amidst his full career;
 Then first the Hero's manly breast knew fear.
 As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
 And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes;
 If chance a swelling brook his passage stay, 736
 And foam impervious cross the wand'rer's way,
 Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
 Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd, returns at last.
 Amaz'd no less the great *Tydidēs* stands; 740
 He stay'd, and turning, thus address'd his bands.

γ. 726. *Mars*, stern destroyer, &c.] There is a great nobleness in this passage. With what pomp is *Hector* introduced into the battle, where *Mars* and *Bellona* are his attendants? The retreat of *Diomed* is no less beautiful; *Minerva* had removed the mist from his eyes, and he immediately discovers *Mars* assisting *Hector*. His surprise on this occasion is finely imaged by that of the traveller on the sudden sight of the river.

No wonder, *Greeks!* that all to *Heëtor* yield,
Secure of fav'ring Gods, he takes the field;
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
Behold where *Mars* in mortal arms appears! 745
Retire then warriors, but sedate and slow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Trust not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with *Troy*, but with the Gods ye fight.

Now near the *Greeks*, the black battalions drew;
And first two Leaders valiant *Heëtor* flew: 751
His force *Anchialus* and *Mnesthes* found,
In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd;
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united dy'd. 755
Struck at the sight, the mighty *Ajax* glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Thro' *Amphius'* belt and heaving belly went:
Amphius Apæsus' happy foil possess'd, 760
With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd;
But Fate resistless from his country led
The Chief, to perish at his people's head.

Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,
 And fierce, to seize it, conqu'ring *Ajax* sprung;
 Around his head an iron tempest rain'd; 766
 A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;
 Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he prest,
 And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast:
 He could no more; the show'ring darts deny'd 770
 To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plummy pride.
 Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
 With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
 'Till in the steely circle straighten'd round,
 Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the
 ground. 775

While thus they strive, *Tlepolemus* the great,
 Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
 Burns with desire *Sarpedon's* strength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the son of *Jove*.
 Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse Chief
 came on, 780

Jove's great descendant, and his greater son,
 Prepar'd for combat, e'er the lance he toft,
 The daring *Rhodian* vents his haughty boast.

What brings this *Lycian* Counsellor so far,
 To tremble at our arms, not mix in war? 785
 Know thy vain self, nor let their flatt'ry move,
 Who style thee son of cloud-compelling *Jove*.
 How far unlike those Chiefs of race divine,
 How vast the diff'rence of their deeds and thine?
Jove got such Heroes as my Sire, whose Soul 790
 No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon' proud ramparts stand
 Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
 With six small ships, and but a slender train,
 He left the town a wide deserted plain. 795
 But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,
 While unreveng'd thy *Lycians* bite the ground:

‡, 784. *What brings this Lycian Counsellor so far.*] There is a particular Sarcastm in *Tlepolemus's* calling *Sarpedon* in this place Λυκίων Βαδισφόρε, *Lycian Counsellor*, one better skilled in oratory than war; as he was the Governor of a people who had long been in peace, and probably (if we may guess from his character in *Homer*) remarkable for his speeches. This is rightly observed by *Spondanus*, though not taken notice of by *M. Dacier*.

‡. 792. *Troy felt his arm.*] He alludes to the history of the first destruction of *Troy* by *Hercules*, occasioned by *Laomedon's* refusing that Hero the horses, which were the reward promised him for the delivery of his daughter *Hesione*,

Small aid to *Troy* thy feeble force can be,
 But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
 Pierc'd by my spear to endless darkness go! 800
 I make this present to the shades below.

The son of *Hercules*, the *Rhodian* guide,
 Thus haughty spoke. The *Lycian* King reply'd.

Thy Sire, O Prince! o'erturn'd the *Trojan*
 state,

Whose perjur'd Monarch well deserv'd his fate; 805

Those heav'nly steeds the Hero fought so far,

False he detain'd, the just reward of war.

Nor so content, the gen'rous Chief defy'd,

With base reproaches and unmanly pride.

But you, unworthy the high race you boast, 810

Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:

Now meet thy fate, and by *Sarpedon* slain,

Add one more ghost to *Pluto's* gloomy reign.

γ. 809. *With base reproaches and unmanly pride.*] Methinks these words *καὶ ἄνθρωπος μὴδός*, include the chief sting of *Sarpedon's* answer to *Tlepolemus*, which no Commentator that I remember has remarked. He tells him *Laomedon* deserved his misfortune, not only for his perfidy, but for injuring a brave man with unmanly and scandalous reproaches; alluding to those which *Tlepolemus* had just before cast upon him.

He said: both jav'lins at an instant flew;
 Both struck, both wounded, but *Sarpedon's* flew:
 Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood, 816
 Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
 The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
 And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, *Tlepolemus*, was thrown 820
 Thy angry lance; which piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
 But *Jove* was present, and forbade the death,
 Borne from the conflict by his *Lycian* throng,
 The wounded Hero dragg'd the lance along. 825
 (His friends, each busy'd in his sev'ral part,
 Thro' haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
 The *Greeks* with slain *Tlepolemus* retir'd;
 Whose fall *Ulysses* view'd, with fury fir'd;
 Doubtful if *Jove's* great son he should pursue, 830
 Or pour his vengeance on the *Lycian* crew.
 But heav'n and fate the first design withstand,
 Nor this great death must grace *Ulysses'* hand.
Minerva drives him on the *Lycian* train;
Alastor, *Cromius*, *Halius*, strow'd the plain, 835

Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:

And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,
 But *Hector* saw; and furious at the sight,
 Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
 With joy *Sarpedon* view'd the wish'd relief, 840
 And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the Chief.

Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
 My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey;
 If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
 My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore,
 Yet let me die in *Ilion's* sacred wall; 846
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor *Hector* to the Chief replies,
 But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;

†. 848. *Nor Hector to the Chief replies.*] *Homer* is in nothing more admirable than in the excellent use he makes of the *silence* of the persons he introduces. It would be endless to collect all the instances of this truth throughout his poem; yet I cannot but put together those that have already occurred in the course of this work, and leave to the reader the pleasure of observing it in what remains. The silence of the two Heralds, when they were to take *Briseis* from *Achilles*, in *lib. i.* of which see *note, p. 45.* In the third book, when *Iris* tells *Helen* the two rivals were to fight in her quarrel, and that all *Troy* were standing spectators; that guilty Princess makes no answer, but casts a veil over her face and drops a tear; and when she comes just after into the presence of

Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scatt'ring foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes. 851

Beneath a beech, *Jove's* consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine *Sarpedon* laid :

Priam, she speaks not, till after he has in a particular manner encouraged and commanded her. *Paris* and *Menelaus* being just upon the point to encounter, the latter declares his wishes and hopes of conquest to Heaven; the former being engaged in an unjust cause, says not a word. In the fourth book, when *Jupiter* has expressed his desire to favour *Troy*, *Juno* declaims against him, but the *Goddeſs of Wiſdom*, though much concerned, holds her peace. When *Agamemnon* too rashly reproves *Diomed*, that Hero remains ſilent, and in the true character of a rough warrior, leaves it to his actions to ſpeak for him. In the preſent book, when *Sarpedon* has reproached *Hector* in an open and generous manner, *Hector* preſerving the ſame warlike character, returns no answer, but immediately haſtens to the buſineſs of the field; as he alſo does in this place, where he inſtantly brings off *Sarpedon*, without ſo much as telling him he will endeavour his reſcue. *Chapman* was not ſenſible of the beauty of this, when he imagined *Hector's* ſilence here proceeded from the pique he had conceived at *Sarpedon* for his late reproof of him. That tranſlator has not ſcrupled to inſert this opinion of his in a groundleſs interpolation altogether foreign to the author. But indeed it is a liberty he frequently takes, to draw any paſſage to ſome new, far-fetched conceit of his own invention; inſomuch, that very often before he tranſlates any ſpeech, to the ſenſe or deſign of which he gives ſome fanciful turn of his own, he prepares it by ſeveral additional lines purpoſely to prepoſſeſs the reader of that meaning. Thoſe who will take the trouble may ſee examples of this in what he ſets before the ſpeeches of *Hector*, *Paris*, and *Helena*, in the ſixth book, and innumerable other places.

Brave *Pelagon*, his fav'rite Chief, was nigh,
 Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his finewy thigh.
 The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight, 856
 And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night;
 But *Boreas* rising fresh, with gentle breath,
 Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The gen'rous *Greeks* recede with tardy pace, 860
 Tho' *Mars* and *Heclor* thunder in their face;
 None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
 Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.

†, 858. *But Boreas rising fresh.*] *Sarpedon's* fainting at the extraction of the dart, and reviving by the free air, shews the great judgment of our author in these matters. But how poetically has he told this truth, in raising the God *Boreas* to his Hero's assistance, and making a little machine of but one line? This manner of representing common things in figure and person, was perhaps the effect of *Homer's Egyptian* education.

†, 860. *The gen'rous Greeks, &c.*] This slow and orderly retreat of the *Greeks*, with their front constantly turned to the enemy, is a fine encomium both of their courage and discipline. This manner of retreat was in use among the ancient *Lacedæmonians*, as were many other martial customs described by *Homer*. This practice took its rise among that brave people, from the apprehensions of being slain with a wound received in their backs. Such a misfortune was not only attended with the highest infamy, but they had found a way to punish them who suffered thus even after their death, by denying them (as *Eustathius* informs us) the rites of burial,

Who first, who last, by *Mars* and *Hector's* hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?

Teuthras the great, *Orestes* the renown'd 866

For manag'd steeds, and *Trechus* press'd the ground;

Next *Oenomaus*, and *Oenops'* offspring dy'd;

Oresbius last fell groaning at their side:

Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay, 870

In fat *Bæotia* held his wealthy sway,

Where lakes surround low *Hyle's* watry plain;

A Prince and People studious of their gain.

The carnage *Juno* from the skies survey'd,

And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-ey'd maid,

Oh fight accurst! Shall faithless *Troy* prevail, 876

And shall our promise to our people fail?

§. 864. *Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?*]

This manner of breaking into an interrogation, amidst the description of a battle, is what serves very much to awaken the reader. It is here an invocation to the Muse that prepares us for something uncommon; and the Muse is supposed immediately to answer, *Teuthras the great, &c.* *Virgil*, I think, has improved the strength of this figure by addressing the apostrophe to the person whose exploits he is celebrating, as to *Camilla* in the eleventh book.

“Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo,

“Dejicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?”

How vain the word to *Menelaüs* giv'n
 By *Jove's* great daughter and the Queen of Heav'n,
 Beneath his arms that *Priam's* tow'rs should fall;
 If warring Gods for ever guard the wall? 881
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
 Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!

She spoke; *Minerva* burns to meet the war:
 And now Heav'n's Empress calls her blazing car.
 At her command rush forth the steeds divine; 886
 Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
 Bright *Hebè* waits; by *Hebè*, ever young,
 The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
 On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel 890
 Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
 Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
 The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
 Such as the Heav'ns produce: and round the gold
 Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd. 895

†. 885. *And now Heav'n's Empress calls her blazing car, &c.]*
Homer seems never more delighted than he has some occasion
 of displaying his skill in *mechanicks*. The detail he gives us
 of this chariot is a beautiful example of it, where he takes
 occasion to describe every different part with a happiness rarely
 to be found in descriptions of this nature.

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 of this chariot is a beautiful example of it, where he takes
 occasion to describe every different part with a happiness rarely
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The bossy naves of solid silver shone ;
 Braces of gold suspend the moving throne :
 The car, behind, an arching figure bore ;
 The bending concave form'd an arch before.
 Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold, 900
 And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.
 Herself, impatient, to the ready car
 The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.
Pallas disrobes ; her radiant veil unty'd,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversify'd, 905

§. 904. *Pallas disrobes.*] This fiction of *Pallas* arraying herself with the arms of *Jupiter*, finely intimates (says *Eustathius*) that she is nothing else but the wisdom of the Almighty. The same author tells us, that the ancients marked this place with a star, to distinguish it as one of those that were perfectly admirable. Indeed there is a greatness and sublimity in the whole passage, which is astonishing, and superiour to any imagination but that of *Homer* ; nor is there any that might better give occasion for that celebrated saying, That he was the only man who had seen the forms of the Gods, or the only man who had shewn them. With what nobleness he describes the chariot of *Juno*, the armour of *Minerva*, the *Ægis* of *Jupiter*, filled with the figures of *Horror*, *Affright*, *Discord*, and all the terrors of war, the effects of his wrath against men ; and that spear with which his power and wisdom overturns whole armies, and humbles the pride of the Kings who offend him ? But we shall not wonder at the unusual majesty of all these ideas, if we consider that they have a near resemblance to some descriptions of the same kind in the sacred writings, where the Almighty is represented armed with terror, and

(The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove)
 Flows on the pavement of the court of *Jove*.
 Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
 Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field, 910
 O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
 Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
 A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:
 Here all the terrors of grim war appear, 914
 Here rages Force, here trembles Flight and Fear,

descending in majesty to be avenged on his enemies: the *chariot*, the *bow*, and the *shield of God*, are expressions frequent in the *Psalms*.

† 913. *A fringe of Serpents.*] Our author does not particularly describe this fringe of the *Ægis*, as consisting of serpents; but that it did so, may be learned from *Herodotus* in his fourth book. "The *Greeks* (says he) borrowed the vest " and shield of *Minerva* from the *Lybians*, only with this difference, that the *Lybian* shield was fringed with thongs of " leather, the *Grecian* with serpents." And *Virgil's* description of the same *Ægis* agrees with this, *Æn.* viii. † 435.

" *Ægidaque horrifera, turbatae Palladis arma,*
 " *Certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant,*
 " *Connexosque angues*" —

This note is taken from *Spondanus*, as is also *Ogilby's* on this place, but he has translated the passage of *Herodotus* wrong, and made the *Lybian* shield have the serpents which were peculiar to the *Grecian*. By the way I must observe, that *Ogilby's* notes are for the most part a transcription of *Spondanus's*.

Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous *Gorgon* crown'd.

The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'erflading
plumes ;

So vast, the broad circumference contains 920
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.

The Goddess thus th' imperial car ascends ;
Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
Pond'rous and huge ; that when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'er-
turns. 925

Swift at the scourge th' ethereal courfers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.

ψ. 920. *So vast, the broad circumference contains A hundred armies.*] The words in the original are *ἑκατὸν πόλεων περιέσσο' ἀραρυῖαν*, which are capable of two meanings ; either that this helmet of *Jupiter* was sufficient to have covered the armies of an hundred cities, or that the armies of an hundred cities were engraved upon it. It is here translated in such a manner that it may be taken either way, though the Learned are most inclined to the former sense, as that idea is greater and more extraordinary, indeed more agreeable to *Homer's* bold manner, and not extravagant if we call in the allegory to our assistance, and imagine it (with *M. Dacier*) an allusion to the providence of God that extends over all the universe.

Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;

§. 928. *Heav'n's gates spontaneous open.*] This marvellous circumstance of the gates of heaven opening themselves of their own accord to the divinities that pass through them, is copied by *Milton, lib. v.*

— — — — — At the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.

And again, in the seventh book,

— — — — — Heav'n open'd wide
Her everduring gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving ———

As the fiction that the hours are the guards of those gates, gave him the hint of that beautiful passage in the beginning of his sixth,

— — — — — The morn
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light, &c.

This expression of *the gates of Heaven* is in the *Eastern* manner, where they said the *gates* of Heaven, or of Earth, for the *entrance* or *extremities* of Heaven or Earth; a phrase usual in the scriptures, as is observed by *Dacier*.

§. 929. *Heav'n's golden gates kept by the winged hours.*] By the *hours* here are meant the *seasons*; and so *Hobbes* translates it, but spoils the sense by what he adds,

Tho' to the seasons *Jove* the power gave
Alone to judge of early and of late;

Which is utterly unintelligible, and nothing like *Homer's* thought. *Natalis Comes* explains it thus, *lib. iv. c. 5. Homerus*

Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 930
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
 Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.

The sounding hinges ring : on either side 934
 The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.
 The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies
 Confus'd, *Olympus*' hundred heads arise ;
 Where far apart the Thund'rer fills his throne ;
 O'er all the Gods superiour and alone. 939

There with her snowy hand the Queen restrains
 The fiery steeds, and thus to *Jove* complains.

O Sire ! can no resentment touch thy soul ?
 Can *Mars* rebel, and does no thunder roll ?
 What lawless rage on yon' forbidden plain,
 What rash destruction ! and what heroes slain ?
Venus, and *Phæbus* with the dreadful bow, 946
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
 Mad, furious pow'r ! whose unrelenting mind
 No God can govern, and no justice bind.

*libro quinto Iliadis non solum has, portas cæli servare, sed etiam
 nubes inducere & serenum facere, cum libuerit ; quippe cum aper-
 tum cælum, serenum nominent poetæ, at clausum, tectum nubibus.*

Say, mighty father ! shall we scourge his pride, 950
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide ?

To whom assenting, thus the Thund'rer said :
Go ! and the great *Minerva* be thy aid.

To tame the Monster-god *Minerva* knows,
And oft' afflicts his brutal breast with woes. 955

He said ; *Saturnia*, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along th' aërial way.

Swift down the steep of heav'n the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.

Far as a shepherd, from some point on high, 960
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye ;

§. 954. *To tame the Monster-god Minerva knows.*] For it is only wisdom that can master strength. It is worth while here to observe the conduct of *Homer*. He makes *Minerva*, and not *Juno*, to fight with *Mars* ; because a combat between *Mars* and *Juno* could not be supported by any allegory to have authorised the fable : whereas the allegory of a battle between *Mars* and *Minerva* is very open and intelligible. *Eustathius*.

§. 960. *Far as a shepherd, &c.*] *Longinus* citing these verses as a noble instance of the sublime, speaks to this effect : “ In what a wonderful manner does *Homer* exalt his Deities ; measuring the leaps of their very horses by the whole breadth of the horizon ? Who is there that considering the magnificence of this hyperbole, would not cry out with reason, That if these heavenly steeds were to make a second leap, the world would want room for a third ? ” This puts me in mind of that passage in *Hesiod's Theogony*, where he describes

Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
At ev'ry leap th' immortal courfers bound :

Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks
divine

Where silver *Simois* and *Scamander* join. 965

There *Juno* stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloos'd)

Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd :

For these, impregnate with celestial dew

On *Simois'* brink ambrosial herbage grew.

Thence to relieve the fainting *Argive* throng, 970

Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.

the height of the Heavens, by saying a smith's anvil would be nine days in falling from thence to earth.

§. 971. *Smooth as the sailing doves.*] This simile is intended to express the lightness and smoothness of the motion of these Goddesses. The doves to which *Homer* compares them, are said by the ancient scholiast to leave no impression of their steps. The word *βάρυν* in the original may be rendered *ascenderunt* as well as *incederunt*; so may imply (as *M. Dacier* translates it) moving without touching the earth, which *Milton* finely calls *smooth-sliding without step*. *Virgil* describes the gliding of one of these birds by an image parallel to that in this verse :

“ — — — — Mox aëre lapsa quieto,

“ Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.”

This kind of movement was appropriated to the Gods by the *Egyptians*, as we see in *Heliodorus*, lib. iii. *Homer* might possibly have taken this notion from them. And *Virgil* in

The best and bravest of the Grecian band
 (A warlike circle) round *Tydid* stand :
 Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
 Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood. 975
 Heaven's Empress mingles with the mortal croud,
 And shouts, in *Stentor*'s sounding voice, aloud :
Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs,
 Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

that passage where *Aeneas* discovers *Venus* by her gait, *Et vera incessu patuit Dea*, seems to allude to some manner of moving that distinguished divinities from mortals. This opinion is likewise hinted at by him in the fifth *Aeneid*, where he so beautifully and briefly enumerates the distinguishing marks of a Deity :

“ — — — — Divina signa decoris,
 “ Ardentisque notate oculos : qui spiritus illi,
 “ Qui vultus, vocisque sonus, vel gressus eunti !”

This passage likewise strengthens what is said in the notes on the first book, §. 268.

§. 978. *Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs.*] There was a necessity for cryers whose voices were stronger than ordinary, in those ancient times, before the use of trumpets was known in their armies. And that they were in esteem afterwards, may be seen from *Herodotus*, where he takes notice that *Darius* had in his train an *Aegyptian*, whose voice was louder and stronger than any man's of his age. There is a farther propriety in *Homer*'s attributing this voice to *Juno* ; because *Juno* is no other than the *Air*, and because the *Air* is the cause of *Sound*. *Eustathius*, *Spondanus*.

Inglorious *Argives* ! to your race a shame, 980
And only men in figure and in name !

Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,
While fierce in war divine *Achilles* rag'd ;
Now issuing fearless they possess the plain, 984
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd ;
While near *Tydidēs* stood th' *Athenian* maid ;
The King beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground :
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart, 990
(The wound inflicted by the *Lycian* dart)
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,
Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,
Whose ample belt that o'er his shoulder lay,
He eas'd ; and wash'd the clotted gore away. 995
The Goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beside his courfers, thus her silence broke.

Degen'rate Prince ! and not of *Tydeus*' kind,
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind ;

γ. 928. *Degen'rate Prince ! &c.*] This speech of *Minerva* to *Diomed* derives its whole force and efficacy from the offensive comparison she makes between *Tydeus* and his son.

Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share, 1000
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.

Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go

And feast, encircled by the *Theban* foe;

There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy
Knight;

Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.

Thou too no less hast been my constant care; 1006

Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:

But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;

No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The Chief thus answer'd mild. Immortal maid!

I own thy presence, and confess thy aid. 1011

Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the
plains,

Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:

Tydeus when he was single in the city of his enemy, fought and overcame the *Thebans*, even though *Minerva* forbade him; *Diomed* in the midst of his army, and with enemies inferiour in number, declines the fight, though *Minerva* commands him. *Tydeus* disobey's her, to engage in the battle; *Diomed* disobey's her, to avoid engaging; and that too after he had upon many occasions experienced the assistance of the Goddess. Madam *Dacier* should have acknowledged this remark to belong to *Eustathius*.

From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my
spear,

And *Venus* only found resistance here. 1015

Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high commands,

Loth I gave way, and warn'd our *Argive* bands:

For *Mars*, the homicide, these eyes beheld,

With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

Then thus *Minerva*. Brave *Tydid*es, hear! 1020

Not *Mars* himself, nor ought immortal fear.

Full on the God impel thy foaming horse:

Pallas commands, and *Pallas* lends thee force.

Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,

And ev'ry side of wav'ring combat tries; 1025

Large promise makes, and breaks the promise
made;

Now gives the *Grecians*, now the *Trojans* aid.

†. 1024. *Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies.*] *Minerva* in this place very well paints the manners of *Mars*, whose business was always to fortify the weaker side, in order to keep up the broil. I think the passage includes a fine allegory of the nature of war. *Mars* is called *inconstant*, and a *breaker of his promises*, because the chance of war is wavering, and uncertain victory is perpetually changing sides. This latent meaning of the Epithet ἄλλοπρόσαλλος, is taken notice of by *Eustathius*,

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
 Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.
 The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends, 1030
 Fierce for revenge; and *Diomed* attends.
 The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
 So great a Hero, and so great a God.
 She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her
 force,
 And full on *Mars* impell'd the foaming horse: 1035
 But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
 Black *Orcus*' helmet o'er her radiant head.

‡. 1033. *So great a God.*] The translation has ventured to call a Goddess so; in imitation of the *Greek*, which uses the word *Θεός*; promiscuously for either gender. Some of the *Latin* Poets have not scrupled to do the same. *Statius*, *Thebaid* iv. (speaking of *Diana*)

“Nec caret umbra Deo.”

And *Virgil*, *Æneid* li. where *Æneas* is conducted by *Venus* through the dangers of the fire and the enemy;

“Descendo, ac ducente Deo, flammam inter & hostes

“Expedior” —

‡. 1037. *Black Orcus' helmet.*] As every thing that goes into the dark empire of *Pluto*, or *Orcus*, disappears and is seen no more; the *Greeks* from thence borrowed this figurative expression, to put on *Pluto's helmet*, that is to say, to become invisible. *Plato* uses this proverb in the tenth book of his *Republick*, and *Aristophanes* in *Acharnens*. *Eustathius*,

Just then gigantick *Periphas* lay slain,
 The strongest warrior of th' *Ætolian* train;
 The God who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
 Stretch'd where he fell, and at *Tydidēs* flies. 1041
 Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
 The daring *Greek*; the dreadful God of war!
 Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
 From *Mars's* arm th' enormous weapon fled: 1045
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance
 Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
 Then threw the force of *Tydeus's* warlike son;
 The jav'lin hiss'd; the Goddess urg'd it on: 1049
 Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
 It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
 From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
 The smoking steel. *Mars* bellows with the pain:
 Loud, as the roar encount'ring armies yield, 1054
 When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field.

y. 1054. Loud as the roar encount'ring armies yield.] This
hyperbole to express the roaring of *Mars*, so strong as it is,
 yet is not extravagant. It wants not a qualifying circum-
 stance or two; the voice is not human, but that of a Deity;
 and the comparison being taken from an army, renders
 it more natural with respect to the God of War. It is less

Both armies start, and trembling gaze around ;
 And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.
 As vapours blown by *Auster's* fultry breath,
 Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of
 death,
 Beneath the rage of burning *Sirius* rise, 1060
 Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies ;

daring to say, that a God could send forth a voice as loud as the shout of two armies, than that *Camilla*, a *Latian* nymph, could run so swiftly over the corn as not to bend an ear of it. Or, to alledge a nearer instance, that *Polyphemus*, a meer mortal, shook all the island of *Sicily*, and made the deepest caverns of *Ætna* roar with his cries. Yet *Virgil* generally escapes the censure of those moderns who are shocked with the bold flights of *Homer*. It is usual with those who are slaves to common opinion, to overlook or praise the same things in one, that they blame in another. They think to depreciate *Homer* in extolling the judgment of *Virgil*, who never showed it more than when he followed him in these boldnesses. And indeed they who would take boldness from poetry, must leave dulness in the room of it,

y. 1058. *As vapours blown, &c.*] *Mars* after a sharp engagement, amidst the rout of the *Trojans*, wrapt in a whirlwind of dust, which was raised by so many thousand combatants, flies towards *Olympus*. *Homer* compares him in this estate, to those black clouds, which during a scorching southern wind in the dog-days, are sometimes borne towards Heaven ; for the wind at that time gathering the dust together, forms a dark cloud of it. The heat of the fight, the precipitation of the *Trojans*, together with the clouds of dust that flew above the army, and took *Mars* from the sight of his enemy, supplied *Homer* with this noble image. *Dacier*,

In such a cloud the God from combat driv'n,
 High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.
 Wild with his pain, he fought the bright abodes,
 There sullen sat beneath the Sire of Gods, 1065
 Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
 Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne,

Can *Jove*, supine, flagitious facts survey,
 And brook the furies of this daring day?
 For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage, 1070
 And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
 From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
 And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
 Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
 Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right. 1075
 All heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,
 Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:

ψ. 1074. *Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light, Pernicious, wild, &c.*] It is very artful in *Homer*, to make *Mars* accuse *Minerva* of all those faults and enormities he was himself so eminently guilty of. Those people who are the most unjust and violent, accuse others, even the best, of the same crimes: every irrational man is a distorted rule, tries every thing by that wrong measure, and forms his judgment accordingly. *Eustathius*,

'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending share
 Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:
 So boundless she, and thou so partial grown, 1080
 Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.
 Now frantic *Diomed*, at her command,
 Against th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:
 The heav'nly *Venus* first his fury found,
 Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound; 1085
 Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I the God of fight,
 From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
 Else had'st thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
 Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!
 Or pierc'd with *Grecian* darts, for ages lie, 1090
 Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.

ψ. 1091. *Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.*] Those are mistaken who imagine our author represents his Gods as mortal. He only represents the inferiour or corporeal Deities as capable of pains and punishments, during the will of *Jupiter*, which is not inconsistent with true theology. If *Mars* is said in *Dione's* speech to *Venus* to have been near perishing by *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, it means no more than lasting misery, such as *Jupiter* threatens him with when he speaks of precipitating him into *Tartarus*. *Homer* takes care to tell us both of this God and of *Pluto*, when *Pæon* cured them, that they were not mortal:

Οὐ μὲν γὰρ τι καλῶντ' ἔστιν ἄνθρωποι.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
 The Lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke:
 To me, perfidious ! this lamenting strain ?
 Of lawless force shall lawless *Mars* complain ? 1095
 Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes !
 Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
 The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.

†. 1096. *Of all the Gods — Thou most unjust, most odious, &c.*]
Jupiter's reprimand of *Mars* is worthy the justice and goodness
 of the great Governour of the world, and seems to be no
 more than was necessary in this place. *Homer* hereby ad-
 mirably distinguishes between *Minerva* and *Mars*, that is to
 say, between *Wisdom* and ungoverned *Fury*; the former is
 produced from *Jupiter* without a mother, to show that it pro-
 ceeds from God alone; (and *Homer's* alluding to that fable
 in the preceding speech shows that he was not unacquainted
 with this opinion.) The latter is born of *Jupiter* and *Juno*,
 because, as *Plato* explains it, whatever is created by the mi-
 nistry of second causes, and the concurrence of matter, par-
 takes of that original spirit of division which reigned in the
chaos, and is of a corrupt and rebellious nature. The reader
 will find this allegory pursued with great beauty in these two
 speeches; especially where *Jupiter* concludes with saying he
 will not destroy *Mars*, because he comes from himself; God
 will not annihilate *Passion*, which he created to be of use to
Reason: “ *Wisdom* (says *Eustathius* upon this place) has oc-
 “ casion for *passion*, in the same manner as Princes have need
 “ of guards. Therefore reason and wisdom correct and keep
 “ *passion* in subjection, but do not intirely destroy and
 “ ruin it.”

No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells, 1100

And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.

In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use ;

She gives th' example, and her son pursues.

Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,

Sprung since thou art from *Jove*, and heav'nly

born. 1105

Else, sing'd with light'ning, had'st thou hence

been thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the *Titans* groan.

†. 1101. *And all thy mother in thy soul rebels, &c.*] *Jupiter* says of *Juno*, that she has a temper which is insupportable, and knows not how to submit, though he is perpetually chastising her with his reproofs. *Homer* says no more than this, but *M. Dacier* adds, *Si je ne la retenois par la severite des mes loix, il n'est rien qu'elle ne bouleversast dans l'Olympe & sous l'Olympe*. Upon which she makes a remark to this effect, "That if it were not for the laws of providence, the whole world would be nothing but confusion." This practice of refining and adding to *Homer's* thought in the text, and then applauding the author for it in the notes, is pretty usual with the more florid modern translators. In the third *Iliad*, in *Helen's* speech to *Priam*, †. 175. she wishes she had rather died than followed *Paris* to *Troy*. To this is added in the *French*, *Mais je n'eus ni assez de courage ni assez de vertu*, for which there is not the least hint in *Homer*. I mention this particular instance in pure justice, because in the treatise *de la corruption du gout exam. de Liv. iii.* she triumphs over *M. de la Motte*, as if he had omitted the sense and moral of *Homer* in that place, when in truth he only left out her own interpolation.

Thus he who shakes *Olympus* with his nod ;
 Then gave to *Pæon's* care the bleeding God.
 With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around, 1110
 And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.
 As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,
 To curds coagulates the liquid stream,

§. 1112. *As when the fig's prest juice, &c.*] The sudden operation of the remedy administered by *Pæon*, is well expressed by this similitude. It is necessary just to take notice, that they anciently made use of the juice or sap of a fig for runnet, to cause their milk to coagulate. It may not be amiss to observe, that *Homer* is not very delicate in the choice of his allusions. He often borrowed his similes from low life, and provided they illustrated his thoughts in a just and lively manner, it was all he had regard to.

THE allegory of this whole book lies so open, is carried on with such closeness, and wound up with so much fulness and strength, that it is a wonder how it could enter into the imagination of any critick, that these actions of *Diomed* were only a daring and extravagant fiction in *Homer*, as if he affected the *marvellous* at any rate. The great moral of it is, that a brave man should not contend against Heaven, but resist only *Venus* and *Mars*, Incontinence and ungoverned Fury. *Diomed* is proposed as an example of a great and enterprising nature, which would perpetually be venturing too far, and committing extravagancies or impieties, did it not suffer itself to be checked and guided by *Minerva* or Prudence: for it is this *Wisdom* (as we are told in the very first lines of the book) that raises a Hero above all others. Nothing is more observable than the particular care *Homer* has taken to shew he designed this moral. He never omits any occasion throughout the book, to put it in express terms into the mouths of

Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
 Such, and so soon, th' æth'ial texture join'd. 1115
 Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair *Hebè* drest
 His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
 Glorious he sat, in majesty restor'd,
 Fast by the throne of heav'n's superiour Lord.
Juno and *Pallas* mount the blest abodes, 1120
 Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

the Gods, or persons of the greatest weight. *Minerva*, at the beginning of the battle, is made to give this precept to *Diomed*; *Fight not against the Gods, but give way to them, and resist only Venus*. The same Goddess opens his eyes, and enlightens him so far as to perceive when it is heaven that acts immediately against him, or when it is man only that opposes him. The hero himself, as soon as he has performed her dictates in driving away *Venus*, cries out, not as to the Goddess, but as to the *Passion*, *Thou hast no business with warriors, is it not enough that thou deceivest weak women?* Even the mother of *Venus*, while she comforts her daughter, bears testimony to the moral: *That man (says she) is not long-lived who contends with the Gods*. And when *Diomed*, transported by his nature, proceeds but a step too far, *Apollo* discovers himself in the most solemn manner, and declares this truth in his own voice, as it were by direct revelation: *Mortal, forbear! consider, and know the vast difference there is between the Gods and thee. They are immortal and divine, but man a miserable reptile of the dust,*

THE HISTORY OF THE

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BY

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THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.



THE ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of *Glaucus* and *Diomed*, and of
Hector and *Andromache*.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. *Helenus*, the chief augur of *Troy*, commands *Hector* to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the Queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of *Minerva*, to entreat her to remove *Diomed* from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of *Hector*, *Glaucus* and *Diomed* have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. *Hector* having performed the orders of *Helenus*, prevailed upon *Paris* to return to the battle; and taken a tender leave of his wife *Andromache*, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river *Simois* and *Scamander*, and then changes to *Troy*.



THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

Now heav'n forfakes the fight: th' im-
mortals yield

To human force and human skill, the field:

Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;

Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;

While *Troy's* fam'd * streams, that bound the
deathful plain,

5

On either side run purple to the main.

* *Scamander and Simois.*

Great *Ajax* first to conquest led the way,
 Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
 The *Thracian Acamas* his falchion found,
 And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground; 10
 His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke imprest
 Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
 Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
 And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
 Next *Teuthras*' son distain'd the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich and good: 16

ŷ. 7. *Ajax first.*] *Ajax* performs his exploits immediately upon the departure of the Gods from the battle. It is observed that this hero is never assisted by the Deities, as most of the rest are; see his character in the notes on the seventh book. The expression of the *Greek* is, that he brought light to his troops, which *M. Dacier* takes to be metaphorical; I do not see but it may be literal; he broke the thick squadrons of the enemy, and opened a passage for the light.

ŷ. 9. *The Thracian Acamas.*] This *Thracian Prince* is the same in whose likeness *Mars* appears in the preceding book, rallying the *Trojans*, and forcing the *Greeks* to retire. In the present description of his strength and size, we see with what propriety this personage was selected by the Poet, as fit to be assumed by the God of war.

ŷ. 16. *Axylus, hospitable.*] This beautiful character of *Axylus* has not been able to escape the misunderstanding of some of the commentators, who thought *Homer* designed it as a reproof of an undistinguished generosity. It is evidently a panegyrick on that virtue, and not improbably on the memory of some excellent, but unfortunate man in that country,

In fair *Arisbe's* walls (his native place)
He held his feat ; a friend to human race.

whom the Poet honours with the noble title of *A friend to mankind*. It is indeed a severe reproof of the ingratitude of men, and a kind of satire on human race, while he represents this lover of his species miserably perishing without assistance from any of those numbers he had obliged. This death is very moving, and the circumstance of a faithful servant's dying by his side, well imagined, and natural to such a character. His manner of keeping house near a frequented highway, and relieving all travellers, is agreeable to that ancient hospitality which we now only read of. There is abundance of this spirit every where in the *Odyssey*. The Patriarchs in the Old Testament sit at their gates to see those who pass by, and intreat them to enter into their houses : this cordial manner of invitation is particularly described in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of *Genesis*. The *Eastern* nations seem to have had a peculiar disposition to these exercises of humanity, which continues in a great measure to this day. It is yet a piece of charity frequent with the *Turks*, to erect *Caravanferahs*, or inns for the reception of travellers. Since I am upon this head, I must mention one or two extraordinary examples of ancient hospitality. *Diodorus Siculus* writes of *Gallias* of *Agrigentum*, that having built several inns for the relief of strangers, he appointed persons at the gates to invite all who travelled to make use of them ; and that this example was followed by many others who were inclined, after the ancient manner, to live in a humane and beneficent correspondence with mankind. That this *Gallias* entertained and cloathed at one time no less than five hundred horsemen ; and that there were in his cellars three hundred vessels, each of which contained an hundred hogheads of wine. The same Author tells us of another *Agrigentine*, that at the marriage of his daughter feasted all the people of his city, who at that time were above twenty thousand.

Fast by the road, his ever-open door

Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor. 20

Herodotus in his seventh book has a story of this kind, which is prodigious, being of a private man so immensely rich as to entertain *Xerxes* and his whole army. I shall transcribe the passage as I find it translated to my hands.

“ *Pythius* the son of *Atys*, a *Lydian*, then residing in *Cælene*,
 “ entertained the King and all his army with great magnifi-
 “ cence, and offered him his treasures towards the expence
 “ of the war; which liberality *Xerxes* communicating to the
 “ *Persians* about him, and asking who this *Pythius* was, and
 “ what riches he might have, to enable him to make such
 “ an offer; received this answer: *Pythius*, said they, is the
 “ person who presented your father *Darius* with a plane-tree
 “ and vine of gold; and after you, is the richest man we
 “ know in the world. *Xerxes* surpris'd with these last words,
 “ asked him to what sum his treasures might amount. I shall
 “ conceal nothing from you, said *Pythius*, nor pretend to be
 “ ignorant of my own wealth; but being perfectly informed
 “ of the state of my accounts, shall tell you the truth with
 “ sincerity. When I heard you was ready to begin the march
 “ towards the *Grecian* sea, I resolv'd to present you with a
 “ sum of money towards the charge of the war; and to that
 “ end having taken an account of my riches, I found by
 “ computation that I had two thousand talents of silver, and
 “ three millions nine hundred ninety-three thousand pieces
 “ of gold, bearing the stamp of *Darius*. These treasures I
 “ freely give you, because I shall be sufficiently furnished with
 “ whatever is necessary to live by the labour of my servants
 “ and husbandmen.

“ *Xerxes* heard these words with pleasure, and in answer
 “ to *Pythius* said; My *Lydian* host, since I parted from *Susa*
 “ I have not found a man beside yourself, who has offered
 “ to entertain my army, or voluntarily to contribute his trea-
 “ sures to promote the present expedition. You alone have
 “ treated my army magnificently, and readily offered me im-

To stern *Tydidēs* now he falls a prey,
 No friend to guard him in the dreadful day !
 Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
 His faithful servant, old *Calestus* dy'd.

By great *Euryalus* was *Dresus* slain, 25
 And next he lay'd *Opheltius* on the plain.
 Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
 From a fair *Naiad* and *Bucolion* sprung :
 (*Laomedon's* white flocks *Bucolion* fed,
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ; 30
 In secret woods he won the *Naiad's* grace,
 And two fair Infants crown'd his strong embrace.)

“ menſe riches : therefore, in return of your kindneſs, I
 “ make you my hoſt ; and that you may be maſter of the
 “ intire ſum of four millions of gold, I will give you ſeven
 “ thouſand *Darian* pieces out of my own treaſure. Keep
 “ then all the riches you now poſſeſs ; and if you know how
 “ to continue always in the ſame good diſpoſition, you ſhall
 “ never have reaſon to repent of your affection to me, either
 “ now or in future time.”

The ſum here offered by *Pythius* amounts, by *Brerewood's* computation, to three millions three hundred ſeventy-five thouſand pounds Sterling, according to the leſſer valuation of talents. I make no apology for inserting ſo remarkable a paſſage at length, but ſhall only add, that it was at laſt the fate of this *Pythius* (like our *Axylus*) to experience the ingratitude of man ; his eldeſt ſon being afterwards cut in pieces by the ſame *Xerxes*.

Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms ;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Astyalus by *Polypætes* fell ; 35

Ulysses' spear *Pidytes* sent to hell ;

By *Teucer's* shaft brave *Aretaön* bled,

And *Nestor's* son laid stern *Ablerus* dead ;

Great *Agamemnon*, leader of the brave,

The mortal wound of rich *Elatus* gave, 40

Who held in *Pedafus* his proud abode,

And till'd the banks where silver *Satnio* flow'd.

Melantbius by *Eurypylus* was slain ;

And *Phylacus* from *Leitus* flies in vain.

Unblest *Adrastus* next at mercy lies 45

Beneath the *Spartan* spear, a living prize.

Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,

His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,

Rush'd on a *Tamarisk's* strong trunk, and broke

The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke ; 50

Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,

For *Troy* they fly, and leave their lord behind,

Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel :

Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel ;

The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd 55

The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd.

Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.

¶, 57. *Oh spare my youth, &c.*] This passage, where *Agamemnon* takes away that *Trojan's* life whom *Menelaus* had pardoned, and is not blamed by *Homer* for so doing, must be ascribed to the uncivilized manners of those times, when mankind was not united by the bonds of a rational Society, and is not therefore to be imputed to the Poet, who followed nature as it was in his days. The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies.

Virgil had this part of *Homer* in his view, when he described the death of *Magus* in the tenth *Æneid*. Those lines of his prayer, where he offers a ransom, are translated from this of *Adrastus*, but both the prayer and the answer *Æneas* makes when he refuses him mercy, are very much heightened and improved. They also receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occasion on which he inserts them: young *Pallas* is just killed, and *Æneas* seeking to be revenged upon *Turnus*, meets this *Magus*. Nothing can be a more artful piece of Address than the first lines of that supplication, if we consider the character of *Æneas*, to whom it is made.

“ Per patrios manes, per spes furgentis Iuli,

“ Te precor, hanc animam serves natoque, patrique.”

And what can exceed the closeness and fulness of that reply to it:

“ — — — — Belli commercia Turnus

“ Sustulit ista prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.

“ Hoc patris Anchisæ manes, hoc sentit Iulus.”

When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,
 Thy hollow ships his captive son detain; 60
 Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
 He stood, suspended, with the lifted dart:
 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65
 Stern *Agamemnon* swift to vengeance flies,
 And furious, thus. Oh impotent of mind!
 Shall these, shall these *Atrides'* mercy find?
 Well hast thou known proud *Troy's* perfidious land,
 And well her natives merit at thy hand! 70
 Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
 Shall save a *Trojan* from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
 Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.

This removes the imputation of cruelty from *Aeneas*, which had less agreed with his character than it does with *Agamemnon's*; whose reproof to *Menelaus* in this place is not unlike that of *Samuel* to *Saul*, for not killing *Agag*.

§. 74. *Her infants at the breast, shall fall.*] Or, her infants yet in the womb, for it will bear either sense. But I think *Madam Dacier* in the right, in her affirmation that the *Greeks* were not arrived to that pitch of cruelty to rip up the wombs of women with child. *Homer* (says she) to remove all equivocal

BOOK VI. HOMER'S ILIAD. 237

A dreadful lesson of exampled fate, 75

To warn the nations, and to curb the great !

The monarch spoke ; the words, with warmth
addrest,

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.

Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust ;

The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust. 80

Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,

Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart,

Old *Nestor* saw, and rous'd the warriour's rage ;

Thus, heroes ! thus the vig'rous combat wage !

No son of *Mars* descend, for servile gains, 85

To touch the booty, while a foe remains.

Behold yon' glitt'ring host, your future spoil !

First gain the conquest, then reward the toil,

meaning from this phrase, adds the words *νεῖρον ἰόντα*, *juvenem puerulum existentem*, which would be ridiculous, were it said of a child yet unborn. Besides, he would never have represented one of his first heroes capable of so barbarous a crime ; or at least would not have commended him (as he does just after) for such a wicked exhortation,

γ. 88. *First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.*] This important maxim of war is very naturally introduced, upon *Nestor's* having seen *Menelaus* ready to spare an enemy for the sake of a ransom. It was for such lessons as these (says *M. Dacier*) that *Alexander* so much esteemed *Homer*, and studied

And now had *Greece* eternal fame acquir'd,
 And frighted *Troy* within her walls retir'd ; 90
 Had not sage *Helenus* her state redrest,
 Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast.
 Where *Hector* stood, with great *Aeneas* join'd,
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous chiefs ! on whom th' immortals lay
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day ; 96
 On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend ;
 Wise to consult, and active to defend !
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight ; 100
 E'er yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.

his poem. He made his use of this precept in the battle of *Arbela*, when *Parmenio* being in danger of weakening the main body to defend the baggage, he sent this message to him : Leave the baggage there ; for if we gain the victory, we shall not only recover what is our own, but be masters of all that is the enemy's. Histories ancient and modern are filled with examples of enterprises that have miscarried, and battles that have been lost, by the greediness of soldiers for pillage.

ÿ. 98. *Wise to consult, and active to defend !*] This is a two-fold branch of praise, expressing the excellence of these Princes both in council and in battle. I think *Madam Dacier's* translation does not come up to the sense of the original. *Les plus hardis & les plus experimentez des nos capitans.*

When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
 Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous
 stand ;

Prefs'd as we are, and fore of former fight, 105
 These straits demand our last remains of might.
 Meanwhile, thou *Hector* to the town retire,
 And teach our mother what the Gods require :

§. 107. *Thou Hector to the town.*] It has been a modern objection to *Homer's* conduct, that *Hector* upon whom the whole fate of the day depended, is made to retire from the battle, only to carry a message to *Troy* concerning a sacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it absurd in *Helenus* to advise this, and in *Hector* to comply with it. What occasioned this false criticism, was, that they imagined it to be a piece of *advice*, and not a *command*. *Helenus* was a priest and augur of the highest rank, he enjoins it as a point of religion, and *Hector* obeys him as one inspired from heaven. The *Trojan* army was in the utmost distress, occasioned by the prodigious slaughter made by *Diomed*: there was therefore more reason and necessity to propitiate *Minerva* who assisted that hero; which *Helenus* might know, though *Hector* would have chosen to have staid and trusted to the arm of flesh. Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their characters, *Hector* goes, as he was obliged in religion; but not before he has animated the troops, re-established the combat, repulsed the *Greeks* to some distance, received a promise from *Helenus* that they would make a stand at the gates, and given one himself to the army that he would soon return to the fight: all which *Homer* has been careful to specify, to save the honour, and preserve the character, of this hero. As to *Helenus's* part; he saw the straits his countrymen were reduced to, he knew his authority as a priest,

Direct the Queen to lead th' assembled train
 Of *Troy's* chief matrons to *Minerva's* fane ; 110
 Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r
 With offer'd vows, in *Ilion's* topmost tow'r.
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread ; 115
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led :

and designed to revive the courage of the troops by a promise of divine assistance. Nothing adds more courage to the minds of men, than superstition ; and perhaps it was the only expedient then left ; much like a modern practice in the army, to enjoin a *fast* when they wanted provisions. *Helenus* could no way have made his promise more credible, than by sending away *Hector* ; which looked like an assurance that nothing could prejudice them during his absence on such a religious account. No leader of less authority than *Hector* could so properly have enjoined this solemn act of religion ; and lastly, no other whose valour was less known than his, could have left the army in this juncture without a taint upon his honour. *Homer* makes this piety succeed ; *Paris* is brought back to the fight, the *Trojans* afterwards prevail, and *Jupiter* appears openly in their favour, l. viii. Though after all, I cannot dissemble my opinion, that the Poet's chief intention in this, was to introduce that fine episode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*. This change of the scene to *Troy* furnishes him with a great number of beauties. By this means (says *Eustathius*) his poem is for a time divested of the fierceness and violence of battles, and being as it were washed from slaughter and blood, becomes calm and smiling by the beauty of these various episodes,

If so the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert *Tydidēs'* wasteful ire,
 That mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire.
 Not thus *Achilles* taught our hosts to dread, 121
 Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
 Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
 In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.

§. 117. *If so the pow'r, aton'd, &c.*] The Poet here plainly supposes *Helenus*, by his skill in augury or some other divine inspiration, well informed that the might of *Diomed*, which wrought such great destruction among the *Trojans*, was the gift of *Pallas* incensed against them. The prophet therefore directs prayers, offerings and sacrifices to be made, to appease the anger of this offended Goddess; not to invoke the mercy of any propitious Deity. This is conformable to the whole system of *Pagan* superstition, the worship whereof being grounded, not on love but fear, seems directed rather to avert the malice and anger of a wrathful and mischievous Dæmon, than to implore the assistance and protection of a benevolent being. In this strain of religion this same prophet is introduced by *Virgil*, in the third *Æneid*, giving particular direction to *Æneas* to appease the indignation of *Juno*, as the only means which could bring his labours to a prosperous end.

“ Unum illud tibi, nate Deâ, præque omnibus unum
 “ Prædicam, & repetens iterumque iterumque monebo :
 “ Junonis magnæ primum prece numen adora ;
 “ Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem
 “ Supplicibus supera donis.” —

Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound, 125
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
 Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids the thunder of the battle rise.

With rage recruited the bold *Trojans* glow,
 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe: 130
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazling spears:
 All *Greece* recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears;
 Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
 Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless *Dardans* hear!
 And you whom distant nations send to war! 136
 Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
 Be still yourselves, and *Hector* asks no more.
 One hour demands me in the *Trojan* wall,
 To bid our altars flame, and victims fall: 140
 Nor shall, I trust, the matrons holy train
 And rev'rend elders, seek the Gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past;
 The shields large orb behind his shoulder cast,
 His neck o'er shading, to his ankle hung; 145
 And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (Godlike *Hector* gone)
When daring *Glaucus* and great *Tydeus'* son

§. 147. *The interview of Glaucus and Diomed.*] No passage in our Author has been the subject of more severe and groundless criticisms than this, where these two heroes enter into a long conversation (as they will have it) in the heat of a battle. Monsieur *Dacier's* answer in defence of *Homer* is so full, that I cannot do better than to translate it from his remarks on the twenty-sixth chapter of *Aristotle's Poetic*. There can be nothing more unjust than the criticisms cast upon things that are the effect of custom. It was usual in ancient times for soldiers to talk together before they encountered. *Homer* is full of examples of this sort, and he very well deserves we should be so just as to believe, he had never done it so often, but that it was agreeable to the manners of his age. But this is not only a thing of custom, but founded on reason itself. The ties of hospitality in those times were held more sacred than those of blood; and it is on that account *Diomed* gives so long an audience to *Glaucus*, whom he acknowledges to be his guest, with whom it was not lawful to engage in combat. *Homer* makes an admirable use of this conjuncture, to introduce an entertaining history after so many battles as he has been describing, and to unbend the mind of his reader by a recital of so much variety as the story of the family of *Sisyphus*. It may be farther observed, with what address and management he places this long conversation; it is not during the heat of an obstinate battle, which had been too unseasonable to be excused by any custom whatever; but he brings it in after he has made *Hector* retire into *Troy*, when the absence of so powerful an enemy had given *Diomed* that leisure which he could not have had otherwise. One need only read the judicious remark of *Eustathius* upon this place. *The Poet* (says he) *after having caused Hector to go out of the fight, interrupts the violence of wars, and gives some relaxation to the reader, in causing him to pass from the confusion and disorder of the action to the tranquillity and security of an historical narration. For by*

Between both armies met : the chiefs from far
 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150

means of the happy episode of Glaucus, he casts a thousand pleasing wonders into his poem ; as fables, that include beautiful allegories, histories, genealogies, sentences, ancient customs, and several other graces that tend to the diversifying of his work, and which by breaking (as one may say) the monotony of it, agreeably instruct the reader. Let us observe, in how fine a manner Homer has hereby praised both Diomed and Hector. For he makes us know, that as long as Hector is in the field, the Greeks have not the least leisure to take breath ; and that as soon as he quits it, all the Trojans, however they had regained all their advantages, were not able to employ Diomed so far as to prevent his entertaining himself with Glaucus without any danger to his party. Some may think after all, that though we may justify Homer, yet we cannot excuse the manners of his time ; it not being natural for men with swords in their hands, to dialogue together in cold blood just before they engage. But not to alledge, that these very manners yet remain in those countries, which have not been corrupted by the commerce of other nations (which is a great sign of their being natural) what reason can be offered, that it is more natural to fall on at first sight with rage and fierceness, than to speak to an enemy before the encounter ? Thus far Monsieur Dacier ; and St. Evremont asks humorously, if it might not be as proper in that country for men to harangue before they fought, as it is in England to make speeches before they are hanged ?

That Homer is not in general apt to make unseasonable harangues (as these censurers would represent) may appear from that remarkable care he has shewn in many places to avoid them : as when in the fifth book *Aeneas*, being cured on a sudden in the middle of the fight, is seen with surprise by his soldiers ; he specifies with particular caution, that they ask him no questions how he became cured, in a time of so much business and action. Again, when there is a necessity in the

Near as they drew, *Tydidēs* thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?

same book that *Minerva* should have a conference with *Diomed*, in order to engage him against *Mars* (after her prohibition to him to fight with the Gods) *Homer* chuses a time for that speech, just when the hero is retired behind his chariot to take breath, which was the only moment that could be spared during the hurry of that whole engagement. One might produce many instances of the same kind.

The discourse of *Glaucus* to *Diomed* is severely censured, not only on account of the circumstance of time and place, but likewise on the score of the subject, which is taxed as improper, and foreign to the end and design of the poem. But the Criticks who have made this objection, seem neither to comprehend the design of the Poet in general, nor the particular aim of this discourse. Many passages in the best ancient Poets appear unassuming at present, which probably gave the greatest delight to their first readers, because they were nearly interested in what was there related. It is very plain that *Homer* designed this poem as a monument to the honour of the *Greeks*, who, though consisting of several independent societies, were yet very national in point of glory, being strongly affected with every thing that seemed to advance the honour of their common country, and resentful of any indignity offered to it. This disposition was the ground of that grand alliance which is the subject of this poem. To men so fond of their country's glory, what could be more agreeable than to read a history filled with wonders of a noble family transplanted from *Greece* into *Asia*? They might here learn with pleasure that the *Grecian* virtues did not degenerate by removing into distant climes: but especially they must be affected with uncommon delight to find that *Sarpedon* and *Glaucus*, the bravest of the *Trojan* auxiliaries, were originally *Greeks*.

Tasso in this manner has introduced an agreeable episode, which shews *Clorinda* the offspring of *Christian* parents, though engaged in the service of the *Infidels*, Cant. xii.

Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
 Where fame is reap'd amid the embattl'd field;
 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
 Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,
 Who tempt our fury when *Minerva* fires!
 But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend;
 Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160

§. 149. *Between both armies met, &c.*] It is usual with *Homer*, before he introduces a hero, to make as it were a halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the attention and expectation of the reader, than this circumstance at the first meeting of *Diomed* and *Glaucus*. Just at the time when the mind begins to be weary with the battle, it is diverted with the prospect of a single combat, which of a sudden turns to an interview of friendship, and an unexpected scene of sociable virtue. The whole air of the conversation between these two heroes has something heroically solemn in it.

§. 159. *But if from heav'n, &c.*] A quick change of mind from the greatest impiety to as great superstition, is frequently observable in men who having been guilty of the most heinous crimes without any remorse, on the sudden are filled with doubts and scruples about the most lawful or indifferent actions. This seems the present case of *Diomed*, who having knowingly wounded and insulted the Deities, is now afraid to engage the first man he meets, lest perhaps a God might be concealed in that shape. This disposition of *Diomed* produces the question he puts to *Glaucus*, which without this consideration will appear impertinent; and so, naturally occasions that agreeable episode of *Bellerophon*, which *Glaucus* relates in answer to *Diomed*.

Not long *Lycurgus* view'd the golden light,
 That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight.
Bacchus, and *Bacchus'* votaries, he drove,
 With brandish'd steel from *Nyssa's* sacred grove :
 Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165
 With curling vines and twist'd ivy bound ;
 While *Bacchus* headlong fought the briny flood,
 And *Thetis'* arm receiv'd the trembling God.
 Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,
 (Th' immortals blest with endless ease above) 170

†. 161. *Not long Lycurgus, &c.*] What *Diomed* here says is the effect of remorse, as if he had exceeded the commission of *Pallas* in encountering with the Gods, and dreaded the consequences of proceeding too far. At least he had no such commission now, and besides, was no longer capable of distinguishing them from men (a faculty she had given him in the foregoing book :) he therefore mentions this story of *Lycurgus* as an example that sufficed to terrify him from so rash an undertaking. The ground of the fable they say is this : *Lycurgus* caused most of the vines of his country to be rooted up, so that his subjects were obliged to mix it with water, when it was less plentiful : hence it was feigned that *Thetis* received *Bacchus* into her bosom.

†. 170. *Immortals blest with endless ease.*] Though *Dacier's* and most of the versions take no notice of the epithets used in this place, *Θεοὶ εὖ καὶ βέλους*, *Dii facili seu beatè viventes* ; the translator thought it a beauty which he could not but endeavour to preserve. *Milton* seems to have had this in his eye in his second book :

Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,
 Chearless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom :
 Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
 A wretch accurst, and hated by the Gods !
 I brave not heav'n : but if the fruits of earth 175
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth ;
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,
 (Reply'd the chief) can *Tydeus'* son enquire ? 180
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground ;

— — — Thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The Gods who live at ease —

ψ. 178. *Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.*] This haughty air which *Homer* gives his heroes was doubtless a copy of the manners and hyperbolical speeches of those times. Thus *Goliath* to *David*, 1 Sam. ch. xvii. *Approach, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.* The Orientals speak the same language to this day.

ψ. 181. *Like leaves on trees.*] There is a noble gravity in the beginning of this speech of *Glaucus*, according to the true style of antiquity, *Few and evil are our days.* This beautiful thought of our Author, whereby the race of men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by *Simonides* in a fine fragment extant in *Stobæus*. The same thought may be found in *Ecclesiasticus*, ch. xiv. ψ. 18, almost in the same words ;

Another race the following spring supplies;

They fall successive, and successive rise :

So generations in their course decay; 185

So flourish these, when those are past away.

But if thou still persist to search my birth,

Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on *Argos*' utmost bound,
(*Argos* the fair for warlike steeds renown'd) 190

*As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow ;
so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and
another is born.*

The reader, who has seen so many passages imitated from *Homer* by succeeding Poets, will no doubt be pleased to see one of an ancient Poet which *Homer* has here imitated : this is a fragment of *Musæus* preserved by *Clemens Alexandrinus* in his *Stromata*, lib. vi.

Ὡς δ' αὐτως καὶ φύλλα φέει ζῆδ' ἀνθρώπων ἄνθρωποι,

Ἄλλα μὲν ἐν μάλιστα ἀποφθίνουσιν, ἄλλα δὲ φέει,

Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων γένος καὶ φύλλον ἰσίσσιν.

Though this comparison be justly admired for its beauty in this obvious application to the morality and succession of human life, it seems however designed by the Poet, in this place, as a proper emblem of the transitory state, not of men, but of families ; which being by their misfortunes or follies fallen and decayed, do again in a happier season revive and flourish in the same and virtue of their posterity : in this sense it is a direct answer to what *Diomed* had asked, as well as a proper preface to what *Glaucus* relates of his own family, which having been extinct in *Corinth*, had recovered new life in *Lycia*.

Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
 In ancient time the happy wall possess'd,
 Then call'd *Ephyre* : *Glaucus* was his son ;
 Great *Glaucus*, father of *Bellerophon*,
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd, 195
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
 Then mighty *Prætus Argos'* sceptres sway'd,
 Whose hard commands *Bellerophon* obey'd.
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd, 199
 And the brave Prince in num'rous toils engag'd.
 For him *Antea* burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of
 fame :

†. 193. *Then call'd Ephyre.*] It was the same which was afterwards called *Corinth*, and had that name in *Homer's* time, as appears from this catalogue, †. 77.

†. 196. *Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.*] This distinction of true valour, which has the good of mankind for its end, in opposition to the valour of tyrants or oppressors, is beautifully hinted by *Homer* in the epithet *ἡσυχία*, *amiable valour*. Such was that of *Bellerophon*, who freed the land from monsters, and creatures destructive to his species. It is applied to this young hero with particular judgment and propriety, if we consider the innocence and gentleness of his manners appearing from the following story, which every one will observe has a great resemblance with that of *Joseph* in the scriptures,

In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
 Fir'd at his scorn the Queen to *Prætus* fled, 203
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed :
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate ;
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate :
 To *Lycia* the devoted youth he sent,
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent. 210
 Now blest by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
 The chief arriv'd at *Xanthus*' silver flood :
 There *Lycia*'s monarch paid him honours due,
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he flew. 214
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :

†. 216. *The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd.*]
Plutarch much commends the virtue of *Bellerophon*, who faithfully carried those letters he might so justly suspect of ill consequence to him : the passage is in his discourse of *curiosity*, and worth transcribing. “ A man of curiosity is void of all
 “ faith, and it is better to trust letters or any important se-
 “ crets to servants, than to friends and familiars of an in-
 “ quisitive temper. *Bellerophon*, when he carried letters that
 “ ordered his own destruction, did not unseal them, but for-
 “ bore touching the King's dispatches with the same conti-
 “ nence, as he had refrained from injuring his bed : for cu-
 “ riosity is an incontinence as well as adultery.”

The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the King reveal'd.
 First, dire *Chimæra*'s conquest was enjoin'd :
 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind ; 220
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies) 226
 Then met in arms the *Solymæan* crew,
 (Fiercest of Men) and those the warrior slew.

†. 219. *First dire Chimæra.*] *Chimæra* was feigned to have the head of a lion breathing flames, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon ; because the mountain of that name in *Lycia* had a *vulcano* on its top, and nourished lions ; the middle part afforded pasture for goats, and the bottom was infested with serpents. *Bellerophon* destroying these, and rendering the mountain habitable, was said to have conquered *Chimæra*. He calls this monster *Θαῖον γένος*, in the manner of the *Hebrews*, who gave to any thing vast or extraordinary the appellative of *Divine*. So the *Psalmist* says, *The mountains of God, &c.*

†. 227. *The Solymæan crew.*] These *Solymi* were an ancient nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of *Asia Minor*, between *Lycia* and *Pisidia*. *Pliny* mentions them as an instance of a people so entirely destroyed, that no footsteps of

Next the bold *Amazon's* whole force defy'd ;
And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side. 230

Nor ended here his toils : his *Lycian* foes
At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore ;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

At length the monarch with repentant grief 235
Confess'd the Gods, and God-descended chief ;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign :
The *Lycians* grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests
crown'd. 240

them remained in his time. Some authors both ancient and modern, from a resemblance in sound to the *Latin* name of *Jerusalem*, have confounded them with the *Jews*. *Tacitus*, speaking of the various opinions concerning the origin of the *Jewish* nation, has these words : *Clara alii tradunt Judæorum initia, Solymos carminibus Homeri celebratam gentem, conditæ urbi Hierosolymam nomen è suo fecisse.* Hist. lib. vi.

¶. 239. *The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground.*] It was usual in the ancient times, upon any signal piece of service performed by the Kings or great men, to have a portion of land decreed by the publick as a reward to them. Thus when *Sarpedon* in the twelfth book incites *Glaucus* to behave himself valiantly, he puts him in mind of these possessions granted by his countrymen.

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter blest'd;
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful Love
 Crown'd with *Sarpedon's* birth th' embrace of *Jove*)
 But when at last, distracted in his mind, 245
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,

Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῦν τιμήμισθα μάλιτ'α — &c.
 Καὶ Τίμων· νιμάμισθα μέγα Πάνδοιο παρ' ὄχθους,
 Καλὸν, Φυτάληος καὶ Ἀρήρης πυροφόρου.

In the same manner in the ninth book of *Virgil*, *Nisus* is promised by *Ascanius* the fields which were possessed by *Latinus*, as a reward for the service he undertook.

“ — — Campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.”

Chapman has an interpolation in this place, to tell us that this field was afterwards called by the *Lycians*, *The field of wanderings*, from the wanderings and distractions of *Bellerophon* in the latter part of his life. But they were not these fields that were called 'Αλῆιαι, but those upon which he fell from the horse *Pegasus*, when he endeavoured (as the fable has it) to mount to heaven.

γ. 245. *But when at last, &c.*] The same Criticks who have taxed *Homer* for being too tedious in this story of *Bellerophon*, have censured him for omitting to relate the particular offence which had raised the anger of the Gods against a man formerly so highly favoured by them: but this relation coming from the mouth of his grandson, it is with great decorum and propriety he passes over in silence those crimes of his ancestor, which had provoked the divine Vengeance against him. *Milton* has interwoven his story with what *Homer* here relates of *Bellerophon*:

Wide o'er th' *Aleian* field he chose to stray,
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way !
 Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart ;
 His beauteous daughter fell by *Phæbe's* dart ; 250
 His eldest-born by raging *Mars* was slain,
 In combat on the *Solymæan* plain.
Hippolochus surviv'd ; from him I came,
 The honour'd author of my birth and name ;
 By his decree I fought the *Trojan* town, 255
 By his instructions learn to win renown,
 To stand the first in worth as in command,
 To add new honours to my native land,
 Before my eyes my mighty fires to place,
 And emulate the glories of our race. 260

Lest from this flying steed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
 Dismounted on the *Aleian* field I fall,
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.

Parad. Lost, B. vii.

Tully in his third book of *Tusculan Questions*, having observed that persons oppress'd with woe naturally seek solitude, instances this example of *Bellerophon*, and gives us his translation of two of these lines.

“ Qui miser in campis mœrens errabat Aleis,
 “ Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.”

He spoke, and transport fill'd *Tydidēs*' heart ;
 In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
 Then friendly, thus, the *Lycian* Prince addrest :
 Welcome, my brave hereditary guest !
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, 265
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandfires have been guests of old ;
Oeneus the strong, *Bellerophon* the bold :

§. 267. *Our grandfires have been guests of old.*] The laws of hospitality were anciently held in great veneration. The friendship contracted hereby was so sacred, that they preferred it to all the bands of consanguinity and alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth generation. We have seen in the foregoing story of *Bellerophon*, that *Præ-tus*, a Prince under the supposition of being injured in the highest degree, is yet afraid to revenge himself upon the criminal on this account : he is forced to send him into *Lycia* rather than be guilty of a breach of this law in his own country. And the King of *Lycia* having entertained the stranger before he unsealed the letters, puts him upon expeditions abroad, in which he might be destroyed, rather than at his court. We here see *Diomed* and *Glaucus* agreeing not to be enemies during the whole course of a war, only because their grandfathers had been mutual guests. And we afterwards find *Teucer* engaged with the *Greeks* on this account against the *Trojans*, though he himself was of *Trojan* extraction, the nephew of *Priam* by the mother's side, and cousin german of *Hector*, whose life he pursues with the utmost violence. They preserved in their families the presents which had been made on these occasions ; as obliged to transmit to their children the memorials of this right of hospitality. *Eusebius*.

Our ancient feat his honour'd presence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270

The parting heroes mutual presents left ;

A golden goblet was thy grandfire's gift ;

Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,

That rich with *Tyrian* dye refulgent glow'd. 274

(This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd

Among my treasures, still adorns my board :

For *Tydeus* left me young, when *Thebe's* wall

Beheld the sons of *Greece* untimely fall.)

Mindful of this, in friendship let us join ;

If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline, 280

My guest in *Argos* thou, and I in *Lycia* thine. }

Enough of *Trojans* to this lance shall yield,

In the full harvest of yon' ample field ;

Enough of *Greeks* shall dye thy spear with gore ;

But thou and *Diomed* be foes no more. 285

Now change we arms, and prove to either host

We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,

Their hands they join, their mutual faith they

plight ;

289

Brave *Glaucus* then each narrow thought resign'd,
 (*Jove* warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind :)
 For *Diomed's* brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price ;)
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought, 294
 A hundred Beeves the shining purchase bought.

ÿ. 291. *Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind.*] The words in the original are *ἔθετο σπένος*, which may equally be interpreted, *he took away his sense*, or *he elevated his mind*. The former being a reflection upon *Glaucus's* prudence, for making so unequal an exchange, the latter a praise of the magnanimity and generosity which induced him to it. *Perphyry* contends for its being understood in this last way, and *Eustathius*, Monsieur and Madam *Dacier* are of the same opinion. Notwithstanding it is certain that *Homer* uses the same words in the contrary sense in the seventeenth Iliad, ÿ. 470. of the original, and in the nineteenth, ÿ. 137. And it is an obvious remark, that the interpretation of *Perphyry* as much dishonours *Diomed* who proposed this exchange, as it does honour to *Glaucus* for consenting to it. However, I have followed it, if not as the juster, as the most heroic sense, and as it has the nobler air in poetry.

ÿ. 295. *A hundred Beeves.*] I wonder the curious have not remarked from this place, that the proportion of the value of gold to brass in the time of the Trojan war, was but as an hundred to nine ; allowing these armours of equal weight : which as they belonged to men of equal strength, is a reasonable supposition. As to this manner of computing the value of the armour by *beeves* or *oxen*, it might be either because the money was anciently stamped with those figures, or, (which is most probable in this place) because in those times they generally purchased by exchange of commodities, as we see by a passage near the end of the seventh book.

Meantime the guardian of the *Trojan* state,
 Great *Hector*, enter'd at the *Scaean* gate,
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The *Trojan* matrons and the *Trojan* maids 299
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
 For Husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the Gods, t' avert th' impending
 woe.

And now to *Priam's* stately courts he came, 304
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where *Priam's* daughters sat:
 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses
 shone, 310

Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
 Hither great *Hector* pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal *Hecuba*, his mother Queen.
 (With her *Laodice*, whose beauteous face 314
 Surpass'd the nymphs of *Troy's* illustrious race)

Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

O *Hector* ! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when *Greece* surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r, 320
With lifted hands from *Ilion's* lofty tow'r?

Stay, till I bring the cup with *Bacchus* crown'd,
In *Jove's* high name, to sprinkle on the ground, }
And pay due vows to all the Gods around. 324 }
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be *Bacchus's* gifts (the chief rejoin'd:) }
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330 }
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind. }

γ. 329. *Far hence be Bacchus's gifts—Inflaming wine.*] This maxim of *Hector's* concerning wine, has a great deal of truth in it. It is a vulgar mistake to imagine the use of wine either raises the spirits, or encreases strength. The best Physicians agree with *Homer* in this point; whatever our modern soldiers may object to this old heroic regimen. One may take notice that *Sampson* as well as *Hector* was a water-drinker; for he was a *Nazarite* by vow, and as such was forbid the use of wine. To which *Milton* alludes in his *Sampson Agonistes*:

Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.

By me that holy office were profan'd;

Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, 335

To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,

Or offer heav'n's great Sire polluted praise.

You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,

And burn rich odours in *Minerva's* fane.

Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch æthereal of heav'n's fiery rod;
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

§. 335. *Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, &c.*] The custom which prohibits persons polluted with blood to perform any offices of divine worship before they were purified, is so ancient and universal, that it may in some sort be esteemed a precept of natural religion, tending to inspire an uncommon dread and religious horror of bloodshed. There is a fine passage in *Euripides*, where *Iphigenia* argues how impossible it is that human sacrifices should be acceptable to the Gods, since they do not permit any defiled with blood, or even polluted with the touch of a dead body, to come near their altars. *Iphig. in Tauris*, §. 380. *Virgil* makes his *Aeneas* say the same thing *Hector* does here:

“ Me bello è tanto digressum & cæde recenti

“ Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo

“ Abluero.”——

The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.

So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, 345
 And far avert *Tydidēs'* wastful ire,

Who mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire,
 Be this, O mother, your religious care;

I go to rouse soft *Paris* to the war;

If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350

The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.

Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of *Troy*, that ruin of our race!

Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,

Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end. 355

This heard, she gave command; and sum-
 mon'd came,

Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.

The *Phrygian* Queen to her rich wardrobe
 went,

Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent,

BOOK VI. HOMER'S ILIAD. 263

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
 Whom from soft *Sidon* youthful *Paris* bore,
 With *Helen* touching on the *Tyrian* shore.
 Here as the Queen revolv'd with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes, 365
 She chose a veil that shone superiour far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to *Ilion's* topmost tow'r they come, 370
 And awful reach the high *Palladian* dome,
Antenor's consort, fair *Theano*, waits
 As *Pallas'* priestess, and unbars the gates.

‡. 361. *Sidonian maids.*] *Diety's Cretensis lib. i.* acquaints us that *Paris* returned not directly to *Troy* after the rape of *Helen*, but fetched a compass, probably to avoid pursuit. He touched at *Sidon*, where he surpris'd the King of *Phœnici* by night, and carried off many of his treasures and captives, among which probably were these *Sidonian* women. The author of the ancient poem of the *Cypriacks* say, he sail'd from *Sparta* to *Troy* in the space of three days : from which passage *Herodotus* concludes that poem was not *Homer's*. We find in the scriptures, that *Tyre* and *Sidon* were famous for works in gold, embroidery, &c. and for whatever regarded magnificence and luxury.

With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375

The Priestess then the shining veil displays,
Plac'd on *Minerva's* knees, and thus she prays.

Oh awful Goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd *Pallas*, aid!

†. 374. *With hands uplifted.*] The only gesture described by *Homer*, as used by the ancients in the invocation of the Gods, is the lifting up of their hands to heaven. *Virgil* frequently alludes to this practice; particularly in the second book there is a passage, the beauty of which is much raised by this consideration;

“ Ecce trahebatur passis Priameïa virgo
“ Crinibus, à templo, *Cassandra*, adytisque *Minervæ*,
“ Ad cælum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,
“ *Lumina!* nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.”

†. 378. *Oh awful Goddess! &c.*] This procession of the *Trojan* matrons to the temple of *Minerva*, with their offering, and the ceremonies; though it be a passage some moderns have criticised upon, seems to have particularly pleased *Virgil*. For he has not only introduced it among the figures in the picture at *Carthage*, *Æn.* i. †. 483.

“ Interea ad templum non æquæ Palladis ibant
“ Crinibus *Iliades* passis, peplumque ferebant
“ Suppliciter tristes; & tunsis pectora palmis,
“ *Diva* solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat.”

But he has again copied it in the eleventh book, where the *Latian* dames make the same procession upon the approach

Break thou *Tyrides'* spear, and let him fall 380

Prone on the dust before the *Trojan* wall.

So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,

Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.

But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,

Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare! 385

So pray'd the Priestesses in her holy fane ;

So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

of *Aeneas* to their city. The prayer to the Goddess is translated almost word for word: *γ. 483.*

“ Armipotens belli præses Tritonia virgo,

“ Frange manu telum Phrygii prædonis, & ipsum

“ Pronum sterne solo, portisque effunde sub altis,”

This prayer in the *Latin* Poet seems introduced with less propriety, since *Pallas* appears no where interested in the conduct of affairs through the whole *Aeneid*. The first line of the *Greek* here is translated more literally than the former versions; *ἱερὸν ἱερὸν, δὴν δῖαν*. I take the first Epithet to allude to *Minerva's* being particular protectress of *Troy* by means of the *Palladium*, and not (as Mr. *Hobbes* understands it) the protectress of all cities in general.

γ. 387. But they vow'd in vain.] For *Helenus* only ordered that prayers should be made to *Minerva* to drive *Diomed* from before the walls. But *Theano* prays that *Diomed* may perish, and perish flying, which is included in his falling forward. Madam *Dacier* is so free as to observe here, that women are seldom moderate in the prayers they make against their enemies, and therefore are seldom heard.

While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
Hector to *Paris*' lofty dome repairs.

Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part 390
 Assembling architects of matchless art.

§. 390. *Himself the mansion raised*] I must own myself not so great an enemy to *Paris* as some of the commentators. His blind passion is the unfortunate occasion of the ruin of his country, and he has the ill fate to have all his fine qualities swallowed up in that. And indeed I cannot say he endeavours much to be a better man than his nature made him. But as to his parts and turn of mind, I see nothing that is either weak, or wicked, the general manners of those times considered. On the contrary, a gentle soul, patient of good advice, though indolent enough to forget it; and liable only to that frailty of love, which methinks might in his case, as well as *Helen's*, be charged upon the *Stars*, and the *Gods*, So very amorous a constitution, and so incomparable a beauty to provoke it, might be temptation enough even to a wise man, and in some degree make him deserve compassion, if not pardon. It is remarkable, that *Homer* does not paint him and *Helen* (as some other Poets would have done) like monsters, odious to Gods and Men, but allows their characters such estimable qualifications as could consist, and in truth generally do, with tender frailties. He gives *Paris* several polite accomplishments, and in particular a turn to those sciences that are the result of a fine imagination. He makes him have a taste and addiction to *curious works* of all sorts, which caused him to transport *Sidonian* artists to *Troy*, and employ himself, at home, in adorning and finishing his armour: and now we are told that he assembled the most skilful builders from all parts of the country, to render his palace a compleat piece of *Architecture*. This, together with what *Homer* has said elsewhere of his skill in the *Harp*, which in those days included both *Musick* and *Poetry*, may I think establish him a *Bell Esprit* and a *fine genius*.

Near *Priam's* court and *Hector's* palace stands
 The pompous structure, and the town commands,
 A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength,
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length, 395
 The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
 Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
 Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
 His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show, 400
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
 Beside him *Helen* with her virgins stands,
 Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands,
 Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
 The Prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke. 405
 Thy hate to *Troy*, is this the time to show?
 (Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)

y. 406. *Thy hate to Troy, &c.*] All the commentators observe this speech of *Hector* to be a piece of artifice; he seems to imagine that the retirement of *Paris* proceeds only from his resentment against the *Trojans*, and not from his indolence, luxury, or any other cause. *Plutarch* thus discourses upon it. "As a discreet physician rather chuses to cure his patient by diet or rest, than by castoreum or scammony, so a good friend, a good master, or a good father, are always better pleased to make use of commendation than

Paris and *Greece* against us, both conspire ;
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.

For thee great *Ilion's* guardian heroes fall 410

'Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall ;

For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.

Ungrateful man ! deserves not this thy care, 414

Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share ?

Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
And all the *Phrygian* glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth :

“ reproof, for the reformation of manners : for nothing so
“ much assists a man who reprehends with frankness and li-
“ berty, nothing renders him less offensive, or better pro-
“ motes his good design, than to reprove with calmness, af-
“ fection, and temper. He ought not therefore to urge them
“ too severely if they deny the fact, nor forestall their justi-
“ fication of themselves, but rather try to help them out,
“ and furnish them artificially with honest and colourable pre-
“ tences to excuse them ; and though he sees that their fault
“ proceeded from a more shameful cause, he should yet impute
“ it to something less criminal. Thus *Hector* deals with *Pa-*
“ *ris*, when he tells him, *This is not the time to manifest your*
“ *anger against the Trojans* : as if his retreat from the bat-
“ tle had not been absolutely a flight, but merely the effect
“ of resentment and indignation.” Plut. *Of knowing a flat-*
terer from a friend.

ψ. 418. Brother, 'tis just, &c.] *Paris* readily lays hold of
the pretext *Hector* had furnished him with, and confesses he

Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief! 420
 On hate to *Troy*, than conscious shame and grief:
 Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,
 And mourn'd in secret, his, and *Ilion's* fate.
 'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
 And beauteous *Helen* calls her chief to arms. 425
 Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
 'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
 But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
 Or go, and *Paris* shall not lag behind.

He said, nor answer'd *Priam's* warlike son; 430
 When *Helen* thus with lowly grace begun.

Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
 That caus'd these woes, deserve a sister's name!

has partly touched upon the true reason of his retreat, but that it was also partly occasioned by the concern he felt at the victory of his rival. Next he professes his readiness for the fight: but nothing can be a finer trait (if we consider his character) than what *Homer* puts into his mouth just in this place, that *he is now exhorted to it by Helen*: which shews that not the danger of his country and parents, neither private shame, nor publick hatred, could so much prevail upon him, as the commands of his mistress, to go and recover his honour.

†. 432. *Helen's speech.*] The repentance of *Helena* (which we have before observed *Homer* never loses an opportunity of manifesting) is finely touched again here. Upon the whole,

Wou'd heav'n, e'er all these dreadful deeds were
done,

The day, that shou'd me to the golden fun, 435
Had seen my death ! Why did not whirlwinds
bear

The fatal infant to the fowls of air ?

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midst the roarings of the waters dy'd ?

Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440
Bore all, and *Paris* of those ills the worst.

Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,

Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame !

Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for *Paris*' sake and mine :

The Gods have link'd our miserable doom, 446
Our present woe, and infamy to come :

Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,
Example sad ! and theme of future song.

we see the Gods are always concerned in what befalls an unfortunate beauty : her stars foredoomed all the mischief, and Heaven was to blame in suffering her to live : then she fairly gets quit of the infamy of her lover, and shews she has higher sentiments of honour than he. How very natural is all this in the like characters to this day ?

The chief reply'd : This time forbids to rest :
 The *Trojan* bands by hostile fury prest, 451
 Demand their *Hector*, and his arm require ;
 The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
 Urge thou thy Knight to march where glory calls,
 And timely join me, e'er I leave the walls. 455
 E'er yet I mingle in the direful fray,
 My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay ;
 This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
 Demands a parting word, a tender tear :
 This day, some God who hates our *Trojan* land 460
 May vanquish *Hector* by a *Grecian* hand.

He said, and past with sad presaging heart
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;

§. 462. *The Episode of Hector and Andromache.*] *Homer* undoubtedly shines most upon the great subjects, in raising our admiration or terrour : pity, and the softer passions, are not so much of the nature of his Poem, which is formed upon anger and the violence of ambition. But we have cause to think his genius was no less capable of touching the heart with tenderness, than of firing it with glory, from the few sketches he has left us of his excellence in that way too. In the present Episode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, he has assembled all that love, grief, and compassion could inspire. The greatest censurers of *Homer* have acknowledged themselves charmed with this part ; even *Monsieur Perault* translated it into *French* verse as a kind of peniten-

At home he fought her, but he fought in vain :
 She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465
 Had thence retir'd ; and with her second joy,
 The young *Astyanax*, the hope of *Troy*,
 Pensive she stood on *Ilion's* tow'ry height,
 Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight ;

tial sacrifice for the sacrileges he had committed against this author.

This Episode tends very much to raise the character of *Hector*, and endear him to every reader. This hero, though doubtful if he should ever see *Troy* again, yet goes not to his wife and child, till after he has taken care for the sacrifice, exhorted *Paris* to the fight, and discharged every duty to the Gods, and to his country ; his love of which, as we formerly remarked, makes his chief character. What a beautiful contrast has *Homer* made between the manners of *Paris* and those of *Hector*, as he here shews them one after the other in this domestick light, and in their regards to the fair sex ? What a difference between the characters and behaviour of *Helen* and of *Andromache* ? And what an amiable picture of conjugal love, opposed to that of unlawful passion ?

I must not forget, that Mr. *Dryden* has formerly translated this admirable Episode, and with so much success, as to leave me at least no hopes of improving or equalling it. The utmost I can pretend is to have avoided a few modern phrases and deviations from the original, which have escaped that great man. I am unwilling to remark upon an author to whom every *English* Poet owes so much ; and shall therefore only take notice of a criticism of his, which I must be obliged to answer in its place, as it is an accusation of *Homer* himself.

†. 468. *Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height.*] It is a fine imagination to represent the tenderness of *Andromache* for *Hector*, by her standing upon the tower of *Troy*, and watch-

There her sad eyes in vain her Lord explore, 476
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she
bent

Her parting step? If to the fane she went, 475
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or fought her sisters in the *Trojan* court?

Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to *Minerva's* fane:

To *Ilion's* steepy tow'r she bent her way, 480
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.

Troy fled, she heard, before the *Grecian* sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent Lord:

Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye. 485

ing all his motions in the field; even the religious procession to *Minerva's* temple could not draw her from this place, at a time when she thought her husband in danger.

‡. 473. *Whose virtue charm'd him, &c.*] *Homer* in this verse particularizes the virtue of *Andromache* in the epithet ἀμύμονα; blameless, or without a fault. I have used it literally in another part of this Episode.

The nurse attended with her infant boy,

The young *Astyanax*, the hope of *Troy*.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;

Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,

Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state; 490

And met the mourner at the *Scæan* gate.

With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,

His blameless wife, *Aëtion's* wealthy heir:

(*Cilician Thebè* great *Aëtion* sway'd,

And *Hippoplacus'* wide-extended shade) 495

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest

His only hope hung smiling at her breast,

Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,

Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.

†. 488. *Hector, this heard, return'd.*] *Hector* does not stay to seek his wife on the tower of *Ilion*, but hastens where the business of the field calls him. *Homer* is never wanting in point of honour and decency, and while he constantly obeys the strictest rules, finds a way to make them contribute to the beauty of his poem. Here for instance he has managed it so, that this observance of *Hector's* is the cause of a very pleasing surprise to the reader; for at first he is not a little disappointed to find that *Hector* does not meet *Andromache*, and is no less pleased afterwards to see them encounter by chance, which gives him a satisfaction he thought he had lost. *Dacier*.

BOOK VI. HOMER'S ILIAD. 275

To this lov'd infant *Hector* gave the name 500
Scamandrius, from *Scamander's* honour'd stream ;
Astyanax the *Trojans* call'd the boy,
 From his great father, the defence of *Troy*.
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind : 505
 His beauteous Princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring Prince ! ah whither dost thou run ?
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son ! 511
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515

γ. 501. *Scamandrius*, from *Scamander's* honour'd stream, &c.] This manner of giving proper names to children, derived from any place, accident, or quality belonging to them or their parents, is very ancient, and was customary among the *Hebrews*. The *Trojans* called the son of *Hector*, *Astyanax*, because (as it is said here and at the end of the twenty-second book) his father defended the city. There are many instances of the same kind in the thirtieth chapter of *Genesis*, where the names given to *Jacob's* children, and the reasons of those names, are enumerated.

Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
 Oh grant me, Gods ! e'er *Hector* meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb !

So shall my days in one sad tenour run, 520
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 No parent now remains my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our walls in fire,
 Laid *Thebè* waste, and slew my warlike Sire ! 525

§. 524. *The fierce Achilles, &c.*] Mr. Dryden, in the preface to the third volume of *Miscellany Poems*, has passed a judgement upon part of this speech, which is altogether unworthy of him. “ *Andromache* (says he) in the midst of
 “ her concernment and fright for *Hector*, runs off her bias,
 “ to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable
 “ death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers.
 “ The Devil was in *Hector*, if he knew not all this matter,
 “ as well as she who told it him ; for she had been his bed-
 “ fellow for many years together : and if he knew it, it must
 “ then be confessed, that *Homer* in this long digression, has
 “ rather given us his own character, than that of the fair
 “ Lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators,
 “ who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by
 “ making the present sorrow of *Andromache* to occasion the
 “ remembrance of all the past : but others think that she had
 “ enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her,
 “ without running for assistance to her family.” But may
 not it be answered, That nothing was more natural in *An-*
dromache, than to recollect her past calamities, in order to

His fate compassion in the victor bred ;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile ;

represent her present distress to *Hector* in a stronger light, and shew her utter desertion if he should perish? What could more effectually work upon a generous and tender mind, like that of *Hector*? What could therefore be more proper to each of their characters? If *Hector* be induced to refrain from the field, it proceeds from compassion to *Andromache*: if *Andromache* endeavour to persuade him, it proceeds from her fear for the life of *Hector*. *Homer* had yet a farther view in this recapitulation; it tends to raise his chief hero *Achilles*, and acquaints us with those great achievements of his which preceded the opening of the Poem. Since there was a necessity that hero should be absent from the action during a great part of the *Iliad*, the Poet has shewn his art in nothing more, than in the methods he takes from time to time to keep up our great idea of him, and to awaken our expectation of what he is to perform in the progress of the work. His greatest enemies cannot upbraid, or complain of him, but at the same time they confess his glory, and describe his victories. When *Apollo* encourages the *Trojans* to fight, it is by telling them *Achilles* fights no more. When *Juno* animates the *Greeks*, it is by putting them in mind that they have to do with enemies who durst not appear out of their walls while *Achilles* engaged. When *Andromache* trembles for *Hector*, it is with remembrance of the resistless force of *Achilles*. And when *Agamemnon* would bribe him to a reconciliation, it is partly with those very treasures and spoils which had been won by *Achilles* himself.

§. 528. *His arms preserv'd from hostile spoil.*] This circumstance of *Achilles*'s being burned with his arms, will not appear trivial in this relation, when we reflect with what

Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were
burn'd : 539

The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's filvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell ;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell : 535
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed ;
Amid their fields the hapless Heroes bled !
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The Queen of *Hippoplacia's* filvan lands :
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,

eager passion these ancient heroes fought to spoil and carry off the armour of a vanquished enemy ; and therefore this action of *Achilles* is mentioned as an instance of uncommon favour and generosity. Thus *Aeneas* in *Virgil* having slain *Lausus*, and being moved with compassion for this unhappy youth, gives him a promise of the like favour :

“ Arma, quibus lætatus, habe tua : teque parentum

“ Manibus, & cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.”

†. 532. Jove's filvan daughters bade their elms bestow A barren shade, &c.] It was the custom to plant about tombs only such trees as elms, alders, &c. that bear no fruit, as being most suitable to the dead. This passage alludes to that piece of antiquity.

When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to *Diana's* bow.

Yet while my *Hector* still survives; I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee: 545
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my *Hector* fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful *Greeks* annoy, 550
Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of *Troy*:

†. 543. *A victim to Diana's bow.*] The *Greeks* ascribed all sudden deaths of women to *Diana*. So *Ulysses*, in *Odyss.* xi. asks *Anticlea*, among the shades, if she died by the darts of *Diana*? And in the present book, *Laodame*, daughter of *Bel-lerophon*, is said to have perished young by the arrows of this Goddess. Or perhaps it may allude to some disease fatal to women, such as *Macrobius* speaks of, *Sat.* i. 17. *Fæminis certis afflictas morbis Σεινοβόλητος; κ; Ἀφροδισιότης; vocant.*

†. 550. *That quarter most — Where yon' wild fig-trees.*] The artifice *Andromache* here uses to detain *Hector* in *Troy*, is very beautifully imagined. She takes occasion from the three attacks that had been made by the enemy upon this place, to give him an honourable pretence for staying at that rampart to defend it. If we consider that those attempts must have been known to all in the city, we shall not think she talks like a soldier, but like a woman, who naturally enough makes use of any incident that offers, to persuade her lover to what she desires. The ignorance too which she expresses, of the reasons that moved the *Greeks* to attack this particular place, was what I doubt not *Homer* intended, to reconcile it the more to a female character.

Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post ;
 There *Agamemnon* points his dreadful host,
 That pass *Tydidēs*, *Ajax*, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful *Spartan* fires his train. 555
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n,
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.

The chief reply'd : That post shall be my care,
 Not that alone, but all the works of war. 561
 How would the sons of *Troy*, in arms renown'd,
 And *Troy's* proud dames, whose garments sweep
 the ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
 Should *Hector* basely quit the field of fame? 565
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains :
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates ; 570
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue re-
 lates !)

The day when thou, imperial *Troy*! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575
 Not *Priam*'s hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
 As thine, *Andromache*! thy griefs I dread;
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
 In *Argive* looms our battles to design, 580
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from *Hyperia*'s spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, Behold the mighty *Hector*'s wife! 585
 Some haughty *Greek*, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!

†. 583. *Hyperia's spring.*] Drawing water was the office
 of the meanest slaves. This appears by the holy scripture,
 where the *Gibeonites* who had deceived *Joshua* are made slaves,
 and [subjected to draw water. *Joshua* pronounces the curse
 against them in these words: *Now therefore ye are cursed, and*
there shall none of you be freed from being bondmen, and hewers of
wood, and drawers of water. Josh. ch. ix. †. 23. *Dacier,*

May I lie cold before that dreadful day, 590

Press'd with a load of monumental clay!

Thy *Hector*, wrapt in everlasting sleep.

Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of *Troy*
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. 595

¶ 595. *Stretch'd his fond arms.*] There never was a finer piece of painting than this. *Hector* extends his arms to embrace his child; the child affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the shaking of the plume, shrinks backward to the breast of his nurse; *Hector* unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the Gods; then returns him to the mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a smile of pleasure, but at the same instant the fears for her husband make her burst into tears. All these are but small circumstances, but so artfully chosen, that every reader immediately feels the force of them, and represents the whole in the utmost liveliness to his imagination. This alone might be a confutation of that false criticism some have fall into, who affirm that a poet ought only to collect the great and noble particulars in his paintings. But it is in the images of things as in the characters of persons; where a small action, or even a small circumstance of an action, lets us more into the knowledge and comprehension of them, than the material and principal parts themselves. As we find this in a history, so we do in a picture, where sometimes a small motion or turn of a finger will express the character and action of the figure more than all the other parts of the design. *Longinus* indeed blames an author's insisting too much on trivial circumstances; but in the same place extols *Homer* as "the poet who best knew how to make use of important and beautiful circumstances, and to avoid the mean and su-

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the dazling helm, and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And *Hector* hasted to relieve his child, 599
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou ! whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,
 And all ye deathless pow'rs ! protect my son ! 605

“ perfluous ones.” There is a vast difference betwixt a *small* circumstance and a *trivial* one, and the smallest become important if they are well chosen, and not confused.

ÿ. 604. *Hector's prayer for his son.*] It may be asked how *Hector's* prayer, that his son might protect the *Trojans*, could be consistent with what he had said just before, that he certainly knew *Troy* and his parents would perish. We ought to reflect that this is only a prayer : *Hector* in the excess of a tender emotion for his son, entreats the Gods to preserve *Troy*, and permit *Astyanax* to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beseech heaven to appease its anger, and change its decrees ; and we are taught that prayers can alter destiny. *Dacier*. Besides, it cannot be inferred from hence, that *Hector* had any divine foreknowledge of his own fate, and the approaching ruin of his country ; since in many following passages we find him possessed with strong hopes and firm assurances to raise the siege, by the flight or destruction of the *Greeks*. So that these forebodings of his fate were only the apprehensions and misgivings of a soul dejected with sorrow and compassion, by considering the great dangers to which he saw all that was dear to him exposed.

Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the *Hector* of the future age!
 So when triumphant from successful toils 610
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame:
 While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of *Troy*,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy. 615

γ. 613. *Transcends his father's fame.*] The commendation *Hector* here gives himself, is not only agreeable to the openness of a brave man, but very becoming on such a solemn occasion; and a natural effect from the testimony of his own heart to his honour; at this time especially, when he knew not but he was speaking his last words. *Virgil* has not scrupled it, in what he makes *Aeneas* say to *Ascanius* at his parting for the battle:

"Et pater *Aeneas* & avunculus excitet *Hector*,
 "Disce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
 "Fortunam ex aliis." ————— *Æn.* xii.

I believe he had this of *Homer* in his eye, though the pathetic mention of *Fortune* in the last line seems an imitation of that prayer of *Sophocles*, copied also from hence, where *Ajax* wishes his son may be like him in all things but in his misfortunes.

γ. 615. *His mother's conscious heart.*] Though the chief beauty of this prayer consists in the paternal piety shewn by *Hector*, yet it wants not a fine stroke at the end, to continue him in the character of a tender lover of his wife, when he

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms ;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chafis'd by Fear, 620
 She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ? 625
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 'Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth ;
 And such the hard condition of our birth,

makes one of the motives of his wish, to be the joy she shall receive on hearing her son applauded.

y. 628. *Fix'd is the term.*] The reason which *Hector* here urges to allay the affliction of his wife, is grounded on a very ancient and common opinion, that the fatal period of life is appointed to all men at the time of their birth ; which as no precaution can avoid, so no danger can hasten. This sentiment is as proper to give comfort to the distressed, as to inspire courage into the desponding ; since nothing is so fit to quiet and strengthen our minds in times of difficulty, as a firm assurance that our lives are exposed to no real hazards, in the greatest appearances of danger.

No force can then resist, no flight can save, 630

All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

No more — but hasten to thy tasks at home,

There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :

Me glory summons to the martial scene,

The field of combat is the sphere for men. 635

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,

The first in danger as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes

His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.

His princess parts with a prophetick sigh, 640

Unwilling parts, and oft' reverts her eye

That stream'd at every look : then moving slow,

Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.

There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,

Thro' all her train the soft infection ran, 645

The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,

And mourn the living *Hector*, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,

Forth issues *Paris* from the palace wall.

‡. 649. *Forth issues Paris.*] *Paris* stung by the reproaches of *Hector*, goes to the battle. It is a just remark of *Eustathius*, that all the reproofs and remonstrances in *Homer* have

In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, 650
Swift thro' the town the warriour bends his way.
The wanton courser thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling
ground;

constantly their effect. The poet by this shews the great use of reprehensions when properly applied, and finely intimates that every worthy mind will be the better for them.

§. 652. *The wanton courser thus, &c.*] This beautiful comparison being translated by *Virgil* in the eleventh *Æneid*; I shall transcribe the originals, that the reader may have the pleasure of comparing them:

ὣς δ' ὅτε τις γατὸς ἵππου ἀκοήσας ἐνὶ φάτῃ,
Δισμὸν ἀπορρήξας θύει πεδίοιο κραίνων,
Εἰαθὼς λίσσεται ἐν ῥέεϊος ποταμοῖο,
Κυδῖάων, ἐλὲ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
Ὀμοῖς αἰσσομένοισι· ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐῃσι πεποιθὼς,
Ῥίμφα ἰ γύναι φέρι μῦθ' ἢ θύει καὶ νομὸν ἵππων.

- “ Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinclis
- “ Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
- “ Aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum :
- “ Aut assuetus aquæ, perfundi flumine noto
- “ Emicat, ærectisque fremit cervicibus altè
- “ Luxurians : luduntque jubæ per colla, per artus.”

Though nothing can be better translated than this is by *Virgil*, yet in *Homer* the simile seems more perfect, and the place more proper. *Paris* had been indulging his ease within the walls of his palace, as the horse in his stable; which was not the case of *Turnus*. The beauty and wantonness of the steed agrees more exactly with the character of *Paris* than with the

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining
fides;

His head now freed, he tosses to the skies; 656

His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;

He snuffs the females in the distant plain,

And springs, exulting, to his fields again.

With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay,

In arms refulgent as the God of day, 661

The son of *Priam*, glorying in his might,

Rush'd forth with *Hector* to the fields of fight.

other: and the insinuation of his love of the mares has yet a nearer resemblance. The languishing flow of that verse,

Εἰωθὼς λίσσθαι ἐν ῥέειοις ποταμοῖς,

finely corresponds with the ease and luxuriancy of the pampered courser bathing in the flood; a beauty which *Scaliger* did not consider, when he criticised particularly upon that line. *Tasso* has also imitated this simile, *cant.* ix.

“ Come destrier, che de la regie stalle

“ Ove a l' uso de l' arme si referba,

“ Fugge, e libero alfin per largo calle .

“ Và trà gl' armenti, ò al fiume usato, ò a l' erba ;

“ Scherza sù 'l collo i crini, e sù le spalle,

“ Si scote la service alta, e superba ;

“ Suonano i piè nel corso, e par, ch' auvampi,

“ Di sonori nitriti empiendo i campi.”

And now the warriours passing on the way,
 The graceful *Paris* first excus'd his stay. 665
 To whom the noble *Hector* thus reply'd :
 O Chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
 Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest;
 Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest.
 What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave, 670
 Or godlike *Paris* live a Woman's slave!
 My heart weeps blood at what the *Trojans* say,
 And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
 Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
 For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war. 675

‡. 665. *Paris excus'd his stay.*] Here, in the original, is a short speech of *Paris* containing only these words: *Brother, I have detained you too long, and should have come sooner, as you desired me.* This, and some few others of the same nature in the *Iliad*, the translator has ventured to omit, expressing only the sense of them. A living author (whom future times will quote, and therefore I shall not scruple to do it) says that these short speeches, though they may be natural in other languages, cannot appear so well in ours, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course.

‡. 669. *Known is thy courage, &c.*] *Hector* here confesses the natural valour of *Paris*, but observes it to be overcome by the indolence of his temper and the love of pleasure. An ingenious *French* writer very well remarks, that the true cha-

These ills shall cease, when'er by *Jove's* decree
 We crown the bowl to *Heav'n* and *Liberty*:
 While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
 And *Greece* indignant thro' her seas returns.

rafter of this hero has a great resemblance with that of *Marc Anthony*. See the notes on the third book, *γ.* 37, and 86.

γ. 677. *We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty.*] The Greek is, *κρατήρα ἐλευθερον*, the free bowl, in which they made libations to *Jupiter* after the recovery of their liberty. The expression is observed by *M. Dacier* to resemble those of the *Hebrews*; *The cup of salvation, the cup of sorrow, the cup of benediction, &c.* *Athenæus* mentions those cups which the *Greeks* called *κραμύαλινα ἐκπώματα*, and were consecrated to the Gods in memory of some success. He gives us the inscription of one of this sort, which was ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ.





THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.



THE ARGUMENT.

The single combat of *Hector* and *Ajax*.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of *Hector*, *Minerva* is under apprehensions for the Greeks. *Apollo* seeing her descend from *Olympus*, joins her near the *Scæan* gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite *Hector* to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the Princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon *Ajax*. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, *Antenor* proposes the delivery of *Helen* to the Greeks, to which *Paris* will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. *Priam* sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by *Agamemnon*. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of *Nestor*, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. *Neptune* testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from *Jupiter*. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but *Jupiter* disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of *Hector* and *Ajax*: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.



THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

So spoke the guardian of the *Trojan* state,
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the *Scaean* gate.
Him *Paris* follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.

§. 2. *Thro' the Scaean gate.*] This gate is not here particularised by *Homer*, but it appears by the 491st verse of the sixth book that it could be no other. *Eustathius* takes notice of the difference of the words *ἰσχυρῶς* and *εὐφροδῶς*, the one applied to *Hector*, the other to *Paris*: by which the motion of the former is described as an impetuous sallying forth, agreeable to the violence of a warrior; and that of the latter as a calmer movement, correspondent to the gentler character of a lover. But perhaps this remark is too refined, since *Homer*

As when to sailors lab'ring thro' the main, 5
 That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain.
 Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise ;
 The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies :
 So welcome these to *Troy's* desiring train ;
 The bands are chear'd, the war awakes again. 10
 Bold *Paris* first the work of death begun
 On great *Menestheus*, *Areithous'* son :
 Sprung from the fair *Philomeda's* embrace,
 The pleasing *Arne* was his native place.
 Then sunk *Eioneus* to the shades below, 15
 Beneath his steely calque he felt the blow
 Full on his neck, from *Hector's* weighty hand ;
 And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
 By *Glaucus'* spear the bold *Iphinous* bleeds,
 Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds ; 20
 Headlong he tumbles : his slack nerves unbound,
 Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

plainly gives *Paris* a character of bravery in what immediately precedes and follows this verse.

y. 5. *As when to sailors, &c.*] This simile makes it plain that the battle had relaxed during the absence of *Hector* in *Troy* ; and consequently that the conversation of *Diomed* and *Glaucus* in the former book, was not (as *Homer's* censurers would have it) in the heat of the engagement.

When now *Minerva* saw her *Argives* slain,
 From vast *Olympus* to the gleaming plain
 Fierce she descends: *Apollo* mark'd her flight, 25
 Nor shot less swift from *Ilion's* tow'ry height:
 Radiant they met, beneath the Beechen shade;
 When thus *Apollo* to the blue-ey'd maid.

§. 23. *When now Minerva, &c.*] This machine of the two Deities meeting to part the two armies is very noble. *Eustathius* tells us it is an allegorical *Minerva* and *Apollo*: *Minerva* represents the prudent valour of the *Greeks*, and *Apollo* who stood for the *Trojans*, the power of destiny: so that the meaning of the allegory may be, that the valour and wisdom of the *Greeks* had now conquered *Troy*, had not destiny withstood. *Minerva* therefore complies with *Apollo*, an Intimation that wisdom can never oppose fate. But if you take them in the literal sense as a real God and Goddess, it may be asked what necessity there was for the introduction of two such Deities? To this *Eustathius* answers, That the last book was the only one in which both armies were destitute of the aid of the Gods: in consequence of which there is no gallant action achieved, nothing extraordinary done, especially after the retreat of *Hector*; but here the Gods are again introduced to usher in a new scene of great actions. The same author offers this other solution: *Hector* finding the *Trojan* army over-powered, considers how to stop the fury of the present battle; this he thinks may best be done by the proposal of a single combat: thus *Minerva* by a very easy and natural fiction may signify that wisdom or courage (she being the Goddess of both) which suggests the necessity of diverting the war: and *Apollo* that seasonable stratagem by which he effected it.

What cause, O daughter of almighty *Jove* !
 Thus wings thy progress from the realms above ;
 Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way, 31
 To give to *Greece* the long-divided day ?
 Too much has *Troy* already felt thy hate,
 Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern
 debate :

This day, the business of the field suspend ; 35
 War soon shall kindle, and great *Ilium* bend ;
 Since vengeful Goddesses confed'rate join
 To raze her walls, tho' built by hands divine.

To whom the progeny of *Jove* replies :
 I left, for this, the council of the skies : 40
 But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
 What art shall calm the furious sons of war ?
 To her the God : Great *Hector*'s soul incite
 To dare the boldest *Greek* to single fight,
 'Till *Greece*, provok'd, from all her numbers
 show, 45

A warrior worthy to be *Hector*'s foe.

†. 37. *Vengeful Goddesses.*] ἑκατάφυλον in this place must signify *Minerva* and *Juno*, the word being of the feminine gender. *Eustathius*.

At this agreed, the heav'nly powers withdrew ;
 Sage *Helenus* their secret counsels knew :
Hector, inspir'd he sought : to him address,
 Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast. 50
 O son of *Priam* ! let thy faithful ear
 Receive my words ; thy friend and brother hear !
 Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
 The warring nations to suspend their rage ;
 Then dare the boldest of the hostile train 55
 To mortal combat on the list'd plain.
 For not this day shall end thy glorious date ;
 The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.

‡. 48. *Sage Helenus their sacred counsels knew.*] *Helenus* was the priest of *Apollo*, and might therefore be supposed to be informed of this by his God, or taught by an oracle that such was his will. Or else being an *Augur*, he might learn it from the flight of those birds, into which the Deities are here feigned to transform themselves (perhaps for that reason, as it would be a very poetical manner of expressing it.) The fiction of these divinities sitting on the beech-tree in the shape of *Vultures*, is imitated by *Milton* in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, where *Satan* leaping over the boundaries of *Eden*, sits in the form of a cormorant upon the tree of life.

‡. 57. *For not this day shall end thy glorious date.*] *Eustathius* justly observes, that *Homer* here takes from the greatness of *Hector's* intrepidity, by making him foreknow that he should not fall in this combat ; whereas *Ajax* encounters him without any such encouragement. It may perhaps be difficult to

He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of *Troy*, 60
 Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
 The squadrons part; th' expecting *Trojans* stand:
 Great *Agamemnon* bids the *Greeks* forbear;
 They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
 Th' *Athenian* Maid, and glorious God of day, 65
 With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
 In form of vultures, on the beech's height
 They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
 Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.

give a reason for this management of the Poet, unless we ascribe it to that commendable prejudice, and honourable partiality he bears his countrymen, which makes him give a superiority of courage to the heroes of his own nation.

y. 60. *Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, Held by the midst athwart.* —] The remark of *Eustathius* here is observable: he tells us that the warriors of those times (having no trumpets, and because the voice of the loudest herald would be drowned in the noise of a battle) addressed themselves to the eyes, and that grasping the middle of the spear denoted a request that the fight might a while be suspended, the holding the spear in that position not being the posture of a warrior; and thus *Agamemnon* understands it without any farther explication. But however it be, we have a lively picture of a general who stretches his spear across, and presses back the advanced soldiers of his army.

As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main, 71
 (Soft *Zephyr* curling the wide wat'ry plain)
 The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,
 And a still horror saddens all the deeps :
 Thus in thick orders settling wide around, 75
 At length compos'd they sit, and shade the ground.
 Great *Hector* first amidst both armies broke
 The solemn silence, and their pow'rs bespoke.

Hear all ye *Trojan*, all ye *Grecian* bands,
 What my soul prompts, and what some God
 commands. 80

†. 71. *As when a gen'ral darkness, &c.*] The thick ranks of the troops composing themselves, in order to sit and hear what *Hector* was about to propose, are compared to the waves of the sea just stirred by the *West* wind; the simile partly consisting in the *darkness* and *stillness*. This is plainly different from those images of the sea, given us on other occasions, where the armies in their engagement and confusion are compared to the waves in their *agitation* and *tumult*: and that the contrary is the drift of this simile appears particularly from *Homer's* using the word *ἠέλο*, *sedebant*, twice in the application of it. All the other versions seem to be mistaken here: what caused the difficulty was the expression *ὁπρὸς αὐτοὺς ἔνεμνε*, which may signify the *West* wind *blowing on a sudden*, as well as *first-rising*. But the design of *Homer* was to convey an image both of the gentle motion that arose over the field from the helmets and spears before their armies were quite settled; and of the repose and awe which ensued, when *Hector* began to speak.

†. 79. *Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands.*] The appearance of *Hector*, his formal challenge, and the affright of

Great Jove, averſe our warfare to compoſe,
 O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
 War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
 'Till *Ilium* falls, or 'till yon' navy burns.
 You then, O Princes of the *Greeks*! appear; 85
 'Tis *Hector* ſpeaks, and calls the Gods to hear:

the *Greeks* upon it; have a near reſemblance to the deſcription of the challenge of *Goliath* in the firſt book of *Samuel*, ch. xvii. *And he ſtood and cried to the armies of Iſrael! — Chufe you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your ſervants: but if I prevail againſt him, and kill him, then ſhall ye be our ſervants. — When Saul and all Iſrael heard the words of the Philiftine, they were greatly diſmayed, and greatly afraid, &c.*

There is a fine air of gallantry and bravery in this challenge of *Hector*. If he ſeems to ſpeak too vainly, we ſhould conſider him under the character of a challenger, whoſe buſineſs it is to defy the enemy. Yet at the ſame time we find a decent modeſty in his manner of expreſſing the conditions of the combat: he ſays ſimply, *If my enemy kills me*; but of himſelf, *If Apollo grant me victory*. It was an imagination equally agreeable to a man of generoſity, and a lover of glory, to mention the monument to be erected over his vanquiſhed enemy; though we ſee he conſiders it not ſo much an honour paid to the conquered, as a trophy to the conqueror. It was natural too to dwell moſt upon the thought that pleaſed him beſt; for he takes no notice of any monument that ſhould be erected over himſelf, if he ſhould fall unfortunately. He no ſooner allows himſelf to expatiate, but the proſpect of glory carries him away thus far beyond his firſt intention, which was only to allow the enemy to interr their champion with decency.

From all your troops select the boldest knight,
 And him, the boldest, *Heclor* dares to Fight.
 Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
 Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain; 99
 But let my body, to my friends return'd,
 By *Trojan* hands and *Trojan* flames be burn'd.
 And if *Apollo*, in whose aid I trust,
 Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust;
 If mine the glory to despoil the foe; 95
 On *Phœbus'* temple I'll his arms bestow;
 The breathless carcass to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;

y. 96. On *Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow.*] It was the manner of the ancients to dedicate trophies of this kind to the temples of the Gods. The particular reason for consecrating the arms in this place to *Apollo*, is not only as he was the constant protector of *Troy*, but as this thought of the challenge was inspired by him.

y. 98. *Greece on the shore shall raise a monument.*] *Homer* took the hint of this from several tombs of the ancient heroes who had fought at *Troy*, remaining in his time upon the shore of the *Hellepont*. He gives that sea the epithet *broad*, to distinguish the particular place of those tombs, which was on the *Rhætean* or *Sigæan* coast, where the *Hellepont* (which in other parts is narrow) opens itself to the *Ægean* sea. *Strabo* gives an account of the monument of *Ajax* near *Rhætum*, and of *Achilles* at the promontory of *Sigæum*. This is one among a thousand proofs of our author's exact knowledge in Geography

Which when some future mariner surveys,
 Wash'd by broad *Hellefpont's* resounding seas, 100
 Thus shall he say, " A valiant *Greek* lies there,
 " By *Hector* slain, the mighty man of war."
 The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's
 name,

And distant ages learn the victor's fame.

This fierce defiance *Greece* astonish'd heard, 105
 Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.

and Antiquities. Time (says *Eustathius*) has destroyed those tombs which were to have preserved *Hector's* glory; but *Homer's* poetry, more lasting than monuments, and proof against ages, will for ever support and convey it to the latest posterity.

†. 105. *Greece astonish'd heard.*] It seems natural to enquire, why the *Greeks*, before they accepted *Hector's* challenge, did not demand reparation for the former treachery of *Pandarus*, and insist upon the delivering up the author of it; which had been the shortest way for the *Trojans* to have wiped off that stain: it was very reasonable for the *Greeks* to reply to this challenge, that they could not venture a second single combat, for fear of such another insidious attempt upon their champion. And indeed I wonder that *Nestor* did not think of this excuse for his countrymen, when they were so backward to engage. One may make some sort of answer to this, if we consider the clearness of *Hector's* character; and his words at the beginning of the foregoing speech, where he first complains of the revival of the war as a misfortune common to them both (which is at once very artful and decent) and lays the blame of it upon *Jupiter*. Though, by the way, his charging the *Trojan* breach of faith upon the Deity, looks

Stern *Menelaüs* first the silence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.

Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace. 110
How great the shame, when ev'ry age shall know
That not a *Grecian* met this noble foe!

Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye
grew,

A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!

Be what ye seem, unanimated clay! 115

Myself will dare the danger of the day.

'Tis Man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,

But in the hands of God is victory.

a little like the reasoning of some modern saints in the doctrine of absolute reprobation, making God the author of sin, and may serve for some instance of the antiquity of that false tenet.

§. 109. *Women of Greece!* &c.] There is a great deal of fire in this speech of *Menelaus*, which very well agrees with his character and circumstances. Methinks while he speaks one sees him in a posture of emotion, pointing with contempt at the commanders about him. He upbraids their cowardice, and wishes they may become (according to the literal words) *earth and water*: that is, be resolved into those principles they sprung from, or die. Thus *Eustathius* explains it very exactly from a verse he cites of *Zenophanes*:

Πάντες γὰρ γαῖα καὶ ὕδωρ ἐκτελέμεσθαι.

These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,

His manly limbs in azure arms he drest: 120

That day, *Atrides*! a superiour hand

Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand;

But all at once, thy fury to compose,

The Kings of *Greece*, an awful band, arose:

Ev'n he their Chief, great *Agamemnon*, press'd 125

Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd.

Whither, O *Menelaüs*! would'st thou run,

And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?

Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the rash design;

Great *Hector*'s arm is mightier far than thine. 130

Ev'n fierce *Achilles* learn'd its force to fear,

And trembling met this dreadful son of war.

§. 131. *Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd his force to fear.*] The Poet every where takes occasion to set the brotherly love of *Agamemnon* toward *Menelaus* in the most agreeable light: when *Menelaus* is wounded, *Agamemnon* is more concerned than he; and here dissuades him from a danger, which he offers immediately after to undertake himself. He makes use of *Hector*'s superiour courage to bring him to a compliance; and tells him that even *Achilles* dares not engage with *Hector*. This (says *Eustathius*) is not true, but only the affection for his brother thus breaks out into a kind extravagance. *Agamemnon* likewise consults the honour of *Menelaus*; for it will

Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some pow'rful hand.
 The mightiest warrior of th' *Achaian* name, 135
 Tho' bold, and burning with desire of fame,

be no disgrace to him to decline encountering a man whom *Achilles* himself is afraid of. Thus heartfully provides for his safety and honour at the same time.

γ. 135. *The mightiest warrior, &c.*] It cannot with certainty be concluded from the words of *Homer*, who the person is to whom *Agamemnon* applies the last lines of this speech: the interpreters leave it as undetermined in their translations as it is in the original. Some would have it understood of *Hector*, that the *Greeks* would send such an antagonist against him, from whose hands *Hector* might be glad to escape. But this interpretation seems contrary to the plain design of *Agamemnon's* discourse, which only aims to deter his brother from so rash an undertaking as engaging with *Hector*. So that instead of dropping any expression which might depreciate the power or courage of this hero, he endeavours rather to represent him as the most formidable of men, and dreadful even to *Achilles*. This passage therefore will be most consistent with *Agamemnon's* design, if it be considered as an argument offered to *Menelaus*, at once to dissuade him from the engagement, and to comfort him under the appearance of so great a disgrace as refusing the challenge; by telling him that any warrior, how bold and intrepid soever, might be content to sit still and rejoice that he is not exposed to so hazardous an Engagement. The words αἶψα φύγῃσι Διὶς ἐκ πολέμου, signify not to escape out of the combat (as the translators take it) but to avoid entering into it.

The phrase of γόνυ κάμψαι, which is literally to bend the knee, means (according to *Eustathius*) to rest, to sit down, καθίσθηναι, and is used so by *Æschylus* in *Prometheo*. Those interpreters were greatly mistaken who imagined it signified to

Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd, 140
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave *Nestor*, then, in graceful act arose.

Thus to the Kings he spoke. What grief, what
shame

145

Attend on *Greece*, and all the *Grecian* name?

kneel down, to thank the Gods for escaping from such a combat; whereas the custom of kneeling in prayer (as we before observed) was not in use among these nations.

§. 145. *The speech of Nestor.* This speech, if we consider the occasion of it, could be made by no person but *Nestor*. No young warrior could with decency exhort others to undertake a combat which he himself declined. Nothing could be more in his character than to represent to the *Greeks* how much they would suffer in the opinion of another old man like himself. In naming *Peleus* he sets before their eyes the expectations of all their fathers, and the shame that must afflict them in their old age, if their sons behaved themselves unworthily. The account he gives of the conversations he had formerly held with that King, and his jealousy for the glory of *Greece*, is a very natural picture of the warm dialogues of two old warriors upon the commencement of a new war. Upon the whole, *Nestor* never more displays his oratory than in this place: you see him rising with a sigh,

How shall, alas ! her hoary heroes mourn

Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn ?

What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,

Oh *Peleus*, old in arms, in wisdom old ! 150

expressing a pathetick sorrow, and wishing again for his youth, that he might wipe away this disgrace from his country. The humour of story-telling, so natural to old men, is almost always marked by *Homer* in the speeches of *Nestor* : the apprehension that their age makes them contemptible, puts them upon repeating the brave deeds of their youth. *Plutarch* justifies the praises *Nestor* here gives himself, and the vaunts of his valour, which on this occasion were only exhortations to those he addressed them to : by these he restores courage to the *Greeks*, who were astonished at the bold challenge of *Hector*, and causes nine of the princes to rise and accept it. If any man had a right to commend himself, it was this venerable prince, who in relating his own actions did no more than propose examples of virtue to the young. *Virgil*, without any such softening qualification, makes his hero say of himself,

“ Sum plus *Aeneas*, famâ super æthæra notus.”

And comfort a dying warrior with these words,

“ *Aeneas* magni dextrâ cadis.

The same author also intimates the wish of *Nestor* for a return of his youth, where *Evander* cries out,

“ O mihi præteritos referat si *Jupiter* annos !

“ Qualis eram, cum primam aciem *Præneste* sub ipsâ

“ Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos,

“ Et regem hæc *Herilum* dextra sub *Tartara* misi.”

As for the narration of the *Arcadian* war introduced here, it is a part of the true history of those times, as we are informed by *Pausanias*.

Once with what joy the gen'rous Prince would hear
 Of ev'ry chief who fought this glorious war,
 Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire
 Each name, each action, and each hero's fire?
 Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
 And trembling all before one hostile hand; 156
 How would he lift his aged arms on high,
 Lament inglorious *Greece*, and beg to die!
 Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Minerva, *Phæbus*, and almighty *Jove*! 160
 Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
 And give this arm the spring which once it knew:
 When fierce in war, where *Jordan's* waters fall
 I led my troops to *Phea's* trembling wall,
 And with th' *Arcadian* spears my prowess try'd, 165
 Where *Celadon* rolls down his rapid tide.
 There *Ereuthalion* brav'd us in the field,
 Proud, *Areithous'* dreadful arms to wield;
 Great *Areithous*, known from shore to shore
 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore; 170
 No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
 But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.

Him not by manly force *Lycurgus* slew,
 Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,
 Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd, 175
 Nor aught the warriour's thund'ring mace avail'd.
 Supine he fell : those arms which *Mars* before
 Had giv'n the vanquish'd, now the victor bore :
 But when old age had dimm'd *Lycurgus*' eyes,
 To *Ereuthalion* he consign'd the prize. 180
 Furious with this, he crush'd our levell'd bands,
 And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands ;
 Nor cou'd the strongest hands his fury stay ;
 All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
 'Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd, 185
 And youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
 I fought the chief : my arms *Minerva* crown'd :
 Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground.

†. 177. *Those arms which Mars before had giv'n.*] *Homer* has the peculiar happiness of being able to raise the obscurest circumstance into the strongest point of light. *Areithous* had taken these arms in battle, and this gives occasion to our Author to say they were the present of *Mars*, *Eustathius*.

†. 188. *Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground.*] *Neslor's* insisting upon this circumstance of the fall of *Ereuthalion*, which paints his vast body lying extended on the earth, has a particular beauty in it, and recalls into the old man's mind

What then he was, Oh were your *Nestor* now !
 Not *Hector*'s self should want an equal foe. 190
 But warriours, you, that youthful vigour boast,
 The flow'r of *Greece*, th' examples of our host,
 Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers
 fway,

Can you stand trembling, and desert the day ?

His warm reproofs the list'ning Kings inflame;
 And nine, the noblest of the *Grecian* name, 196
 Up-started fierce : but far before the rest
 The King of Men advanc'd his dauntless breast ;
 Then bold *Tydidēs*, great in arms, appear'd ;
 And next his bulk gigantick *Ajax* rear'd. : 200

the joy he felt on the sight of his enemy after he was slain, These are the fine and natural strokes that give life to the descriptions of poetry.

§. 196. *And nine, the noblest, &c.*] In this catalogue of the nine warriours, who offer themselves as champions for *Greece*, one may take notice of the first and the last who rises up, *Agamemnon* advanced foremost, as it best became the General, and *Ulysses* with his usual caution took time to deliberate till seven more had offered themselves. *Homer* gives a great encomium of the eloquence of *Nestor*, in making it produce so sudden an effect ; especially when *Agamemnon*, who did not proffer himself before, even to save his brother, is now the first that steps forth : one would fancy this particular circumstance was contrived to shew, that eloquence has a greater power than even nature itself.

Oileus follow'd; *Idomen* was there,
 And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of war :
 With these *Eurypylus* and *Thoas* stand,
 And wise *Ulysses* clos'd the daring band.
 All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage. 205
 Demand the fight. To whom the *Pylian* sage :
 Left thirst of glory your brave souls divide ;
 What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
 Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to
 raise

His country's fame, his own immortal praise. 210

†. 208. *Let the lots decide.*] This was a very prudent piece of conduct in *Nestor* : he does not chuse any of these nine himself, but leaves the determination entirely to chance. Had he named the hero, the rest might have been grieved to have seen another preferred before them; and he well knew that the lot could not fall upon a wrong Person, where all were valiant. *Eustathius*.

†. 209. *Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise
 His country's fame, his own immortal praise.*]

The original of this passage is somewhat confused; the interpreters render it thus: "Cast the lots, and he who shall be chosen, if he escapes from this dangerous combat will do an eminent service to the *Greeks*, and also have cause to be greatly satisfied himself." But the sense will appear more distinct and rational, if the words *ἥρως* and *αἰὼς* be not understood of the same person: and the meaning of *Nestor* will then be, "He who is chosen for the engagement by the lot, will do his country great service: and he likewise who is not

The lots produc'd, each Hero signs his own;
Then in the Gen'ral's helm the fates are
thrown.

The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands.
Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the *Grecian* state. 216
This task let *Ajax* or *Tydidēs* prove,
Or he, the King of Kings, belov'd by *Jove*.

Old *Nestor* shook the casque. By heav'n inspir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry *Greek* desir'd. 220

“ will have reason to rejoice for escaping so dangerous a
“ combat.” The expression αἶψα φύγῃσι Διὶς ἐκ πολέμοιο, is the
same *Homer* uses in *yl.* 118, 119, of this book, which we
explained in the same sense in the note on *yl.* 135.

yl. 213. *The people pray.*] *Homer*, who supposes every thing
on earth to proceed from the immediate disposition of heaven,
allows not even the lots to come up by chance, but places
them in the hands of God. The people pray to him for the
disposal of them, and beg that *Ajax*, *Diomed* or *Agamemnon*
may be the person. In which the Poet seems to make the
army give his own sentiments, concerning the preference of
valour in his heroes, to avoid an odious comparison in down-
right terms, which might have been inconsistent with his de-
sign of complimenting the *Grecian* families. They afterwards
offer up their prayers again, just as the combat is beginning,
that if *Ajax* does not conquer, at least he may divide the glory
with *Hector*; in which the Commentators observe *Homer* pre-
pares the readers for what is to happen in the sequel.

This from the right to left the herald bears,
 Held out in order to the *Grecian* peers ;
 Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
 'Till Godlike *Ajax* finds the lot his own ;
 Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes, 225
 Then casts before him, and with transport cries :
 Warriors ! I claim the lot, and arm with joy ;
 Be mine the conquest of this chief of *Troy*.

‡. 225. *Surveys th' inscription.*] There is no necessity to suppose that they put any letters upon these lots, at least not their names, because the herald could not tell to whom the lot of *Ajax* belonged, till he claimed it himself. It is more probable that they made some private mark or signet each upon his own lot. The lot was only a piece of wood, a shell, or any thing that lay at hand. *Eustathius*.

‡. 227. *Warriors ! I claim the lot.*] This is the first speech of *Ajax* in the *Iliad*. He is no Orator, but always expresses himself in short ; generally bragging or threatening ; and very positive. The appellation of ἄρκος Ἀχαιῶν, the *Bulwark of the Greeks*, which *Homer* almost constantly gives him, is extremely proper to the bulk, strength, and immobility of this heavy hero, who on all occasions is made to stand to the business, and support the brunt. These qualifications are given him, that he may last out, when the rest of the chief heroes are wounded : this makes him of excellent use in *Iliad* xiii, &c. He there puts a stop to the whole force of the enemy, and a long time prevents the firing of the ships. It is particularly observable, that he is never assisted by any Deity, as the others are. Yet one would think *Mars* had been no improper patron for him, there being some resemblance in the boisterous character of that God and this hero. However it be, this consideration may partly account for a particular, which else may very well raise a question : why *Ajax*, who is in this

Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
 To *Saturn's* son be all your vows address: 230
 But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
 And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.
 Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,
 In such a voice as fills the earth and air. 234
 Lives there a chief whom *Ajax* ought to dread,
Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?
 From warlike *Salamis* I drew my birth,
 And born to combats, fear no force on earth.

He said. The troops with elevated eyes,
 Implore the God whose thunder rends the skies,
 O Father of mankind, superiour lord! 241
 On lofty *Ida's* holy hill ador'd;
 Who in the highest heav'n has fix'd thy throne,
 Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:

book superiour in strength to *Hector*, should afterward in the *Iliad* thun to meet him, and appear his inferiour? We see the Gods make this difference: *Hector* is not only assisted by them in his own person, but his men second him, whereas those of *Ajax* are dispirited by heaven: to which one may add another which is a natural reason, *Hector* in this book expressly tells *Ajax*, "he will now make use of no skill or art in fighting with him." The *Greek* in bare brutal strength proved too hard for *Hector*, and therefore he might be supposed afterwards to have exerted his dexterity against him.

Grant thou, that *Telamon* may bear away 245

The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;

Or if illustrious *Hector* be thy care,

That both may claim it, and that both may share.

Now *Ajax* brac'd his dazling armour on;

Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warriour shone;

He moves to combat with majestick pace; 251

So stalks in arms the grizly God of *Thrace*,

When *Jove* to punish faithless men prepares,

And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.

Thus march'd the Chief, tremendous as a

God;

255

Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode;

His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,

He stood, the bulwark of the *Grecian* band.

*. 251. *He moves to combat.*] This description is full of the sublime imagery so peculiar to our author. The *Grecian* champion is drawn in all that terrible glory with which he equals his Heroes to the Gods: he is no less dreadful than *Mars* moving to battle, to execute the decrees of *Jove* upon mankind, and determine the fate of nations. His march, his posture, his countenance, his bulk, his tower-like shield; in a word, his whole figure, strikes our eyes in all the strongest colours of Poetry. We look upon him as a Deity, and are not astonished at those emotions which *Hector* feels at the sight of him.

Thro' ev'ry *Argive* heart new transport ran;
 All *Troy* stood trembling at the mighty man: 260
 Ev'n *Hector* paus'd; and with new doubt oppress'd,
 Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
 'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
 Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.

Stern *Telamon* behind his ample shield, - 265
 As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlook'd the field.
 Huge was its orb, with sev'n thick folds o'ercaft,
 Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.
 (The work of *Tychius*, who in *Hyle* dwell'd,
 And all in arts of armoury excell'd.) 270

§. 269. *The work of Tychius.*] I shall ask leave to transcribe here a story of this *Tychius*, as we have it in the ancient *Life of Homer*, attributed to *Herodotus*. “ *Homer* falling into
 “ poverty, determined to go to *Cuma*, and as he pass'd through
 “ the plain of *Hermus*, came to a place called *the new wall*,
 “ which was a colony of the *Cumæans*. Here (after he had
 “ recited five verses in celebration of *Cuma*) he was received by
 “ a leather-dresser, whose name was *Tychius*, into his house,
 “ where he shew'd to his host and his company, a poem on
 “ the expedition of *Amphiaraus*, and his hymns. The admi-
 “ ration he there obtained, procur'd him a present subsistence.
 “ They shew to this day with great veneration the place where
 “ he sat when he recited his verses, and a poplar which they
 “ affirm to have grown there in his time.” If there be any
 thing in this story, we have reason to be pleas'd with the
 grateful temper of our Poet, who took this occasion of im-

This *Ajax* bore before his manly breast,
And threat'ning, thus his adverse chief addrest.

Hector ! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the *Grecian* foe.
Achilles shuns the fight ; yet some there are, 275
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war :
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more ;
Whole troops of heroes *Greece* has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host. 280
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might ;
No more——be sudden, and begin the fight.

mortalizing the name of an ordinary tradesman, who had obliged him. The same account of his life takes notice of several other instances of his gratitude in the same kind.

ψ. 270. *In arts of armoury.*] I have called *Tychius* an armourer, rather than a leather-dresser or currier ; his making the shield of *Ajax* authorises one expression as well as the other ; and though that which *Homer* uses had no lowness or vulgarity in the *Greek*, it is not to be admitted into *English* heroick verse.

ψ. 273. *Hector, approach my arm, &c.*] I think it needless to observe how exactly this speech of *Ajax* corresponds with his blunt and soldier-like character. The same propriety, in regard to this hero, is maintained throughout the *Iliad*. The business he is about is all that employs his head, and he speaks of nothing but fighting. The last line is an image of his mind at all times ;

No more——be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of *Telamon*, thy country's pride !
 (To *Ajax* thus the *Trojan* Prince reply'd)
 Me, as a boy or woman would'st thou fright, 285
 New to the field, and trembling at the fight ?
 Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
 To combat born, and bred amidst alarms :
 I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
 Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war ; 290
 To right, to left, the dext'rous lance I wield,
 And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
 But open be our fight, and bold each blow ;
 I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said, and rising, high above the field 295
 Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfold shield.

ψ. 285. *Me, as a boy or woman would'st thou fright.*] This reply of *Hector* seems rather to allude to some gesture *Ajax* had used in his approach to him, as *shaking his spear*, or the like, than to any thing he had said in his speech. For what he had told him amounts to no more, than that there were several in the *Grecian* army who had courted the honour of this combat as well as himself. I think one must observe many things of this kind in *Homer*, that allude to the particular attitude or action, in which the author supposes the person to be at that time.

ψ. 290. *Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war.*] The *Greek* is, *To move my feet to the sound of Mars*, which seems to shew that those military dances were in use even in *Homer's* time, which were afterwards practised in *Greece*.

Full on the brass descending from above
 Thro' six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
 'Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then *Ajax* threw ;
 Thro' *Hector's* shield the forceful jav'lin flew, 300
 His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
 And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
 The wary *Trojan* shrinks, and bending low
 Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
 From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins
 drew, 305

Then close impetuous, and the charge renew :
 Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
 Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
 At *Ajax*, *Hector* his long lance extends ; 309
 The blunted point against the buckler bends :
 But *Ajax* watchful as his foe drew near,
 Drove thro' the *Trojan* targe the knotty spear ;

y. 305. *From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew.*] *Homer* in this combat makes his heroes perform all their exercises with all sorts of weapons ; first darting lances at a distance, then advancing closer and pushing with spears, then casting stones, and lastly attacking with swords ; in every one of which the Poet gives the superiority to his countryman. It is farther observable, (as *Eustathius* remarks) that *Ajax* allows *Hector* an advantage in throwing the first spear.

It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength im-
pell'd ;

Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.

Yet ceas'd not *Hector* thus ; but, stooping down,

In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone, 316

Black, craggy, vast : to this his force he bends ;

Full on the brazen boss the stone descends ;

The hollow brass resounded with the shock.

Then *Ajax* seiz'd the fragment of a rock, 320

Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,

With force tempestuous let the ruin fly :

'The huge stone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke ;

His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke ;

Great *Hector* falls extended on the field, 325

His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield :

Nor wanted heav'nly aid : *Apollo's* might

Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.

†. 327. *Apollo's might.*] In the beginning of this book we left *Apollo* perched upon a tree, in the shape of a vulture, to behold the combat : he comes now very opportunely to save his favourite *Hector*. *Eustathius* says that *Apollo* is the same with *Destiny*, so that when *Homer* says *Apollo* saved him, he means no more than that it was not his fate yet to die, as *Helenus* had foretold him.

And now both heroes their broad faulchions
drew :

In flaming circles round their heads they flew ; 330

But then by Heralds voice the word was giv'n,

The sacred ministers of earth and heaven :

Divine *Talthybius* whom the *Greeks* employ,

And sage *Idæus* on the part of *Troy*,

Between the swords, their peaceful sceptres rear'd ;

And first *Idæus'* awful voice was heard. 336

†. 331. *Heralds, the sacred ministers.*] The heralds of old were sacred persons, accounted the delegates of *Mercury*, and inviolable by the law of nations. The ancient histories have many examples of the severity exercised against those who committed any outrage upon them. Their office was to assist in the sacrifices and councils, to proclaim war or peace, to command silence at ceremonies or single combats, to part the combatants, and to declare the conqueror, &c.

†. 333. *Divine Talthybius, &c.*] This interposition of the two heralds to part the combatants, on the approach of the night, is applied by *Tasso* to the single combat of *Tancred* and *Argantes*, in the sixth book of his *Jerusalem*. The herald's speech, and particularly that remarkable injunction to *obey the night*, are translated literally by that author. The combatants there also part not without a promise of meeting again in battle, on some more favourable opportunity.

†. 336. *And first Idæus'.*] *Homer* observes a just decorum in making *Idæus* the *Trojan* herald speak first, to end the combat wherein *Hector* had the disadvantage. *Ajax* is very sensible of this difference, when in his reply he requires that *Hector* should first ask for a cessation, as he was the challenger. *Eustathius*.

Forbear, my sons ! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of *Jove*.

To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
But now the Night extends her awful shade; 341
The Goddess parts you : be the Night obey'd.

To whom great *Ajax* his high soul express'd.
O sage ! to *Hector* be these words address'd.
Let him, who first provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the sanction of the night ; 346
If first he ask it, I content obey,
And cease the strife when *Hector* shows the way.

Oh first of *Greeks* ! (his noble foe rejoind) }
Whom heav'n adorns, superiour to thy kind, 350 }
With strength of body, and with worth of mind ! }

γ. 349. *Oh first of Greeks, &c.*] *Hector*, how hardly soever he is prest by his present circumstance, says nothing to obtain a truce that is not strictly consistent with his honour. When he praises *Ajax*, it lessens his own disadvantage, and he is careful to extol him only above the *Greeks*, without acknowledging him more valiant than himself or the *Trojans* : *Hector* is always jealous of the honour of his country. In what follows we see he keeps himself on a level with his adversary ; *Hereafter we shall meet.*—Go thou, and give the same joy to thy Grecians for thy escape, as I shall to my *Trojans*. The point of honour in all this is very nicely preserved.

Now martial law commands us to forbear;
 Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
 Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
 And let the Gods decide of death or life! 355
 Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
 And heav'n enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
 Return, brave *Ajax*, to thy *Grecian* friends,
 And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
 As I shall glad each chief, and *Trojan* wife, 360
 Who wearies heav'n with vows for *Hector's* life.
 But let us, on this memorable day,
 Exchange some gift; that *Greece* and *Troy* may say,

γ. 361. *Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life.*] *Eustathius* give many solutions of the difficulty in these words, *Θεῶν ἀγῶνα*: they mean either that the *Trojan* Ladies will pray to the Gods for him (*ἀγῶνας*, or *certatim*) with the utmost zeal and transport; or that they will go in procession to the temples for him (*εἰς Θεῶν ἀγῶνα*, *cœtum Deorum*;) or that they will pray to him as to a God, *ὅσα Θεῶν τιμὴν εὐχόμεσθα*.

γ. 363. *Exchange some gift.*] There is nothing that gives us a greater pleasure in reading an heroick Poem; than the generosity which one brave enemy shews to another. The proposal made here by *Hector*, and so readily embraced by *Ajax*, makes the parting of these two heroes more glorious to them than the continuance of the combat could have been. A *French* critick is shocked at *Hector's* making proposals to *Ajax* with an air of equality; he says a man that is vanquished, instead of talking of presents, ought to retire with shame

"Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
 "And each brave foe was in his soul a friend." 365

With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
 The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
 He gave the *Greek*. The gen'rous *Greek* bestow'd
 A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
 Then with majestick grace they quit the plain; 370
 This seeks the *Grecian*, that the *Phrygian* train.

The *Trojan* bands, returning *Hector* wait,
 And hail with joy the champion of their state:
 Escap'd great *Ajax*, they survey'd him round,
 Alive, unharmd', and vig'rous from his wound. 375
 To *Troy's* high gates the god-like man they bear,
 Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But *Ajax*, glorying in his hardy deed,
 The well-arm'd *Greeks* to *Agamemnon* lead.

from his conqueror. But that *Hector* was vanquished, is by no means to be allowed; *Homer* had told us that his strength was restored by *Apollo*, and that the two combatants were engaging again upon equal terms with their swords. So that this criticism falls to nothing. For the rest, it is said that this exchange of presents between *Hector* and *Ajax* gave birth to a proverb, That the presents of enemies are generally fatal. For *Ajax* with this sword afterwards killed himself, and *Hector* was dragged by this belt at the chariot of *Achilles*.

A steer for sacrifice the King design'd, 380

Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.

The victim falls; they strip the smoaking hide,

The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;

Then spread the tables, the repast prepare, 384

Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.

The King himself (an honorary sign)

Before great *Ajax* plac'd the mighty chine.

§. 387. *Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.*] This is one of those passages that will naturally fall under the ridicule of a true modern critick. But what *Agamemnon* here bestows on *Ajax* was in former times a great mark of respect and honour: not only as it was customary to distinguish the quality of their guests by the largeness of the portions assigned them at their tables, but as this part of the victim peculiarly belonged to the King himself. It is worth remarking on this occasion, that the simplicity of those times allowed the eating of no other flesh but beef, mutton, or kid: this is the food of the heroes of *Homer*, and the Patriarchs and Warriours of the Old Testament. Fishing and fowling were the arts of more luxurious nations, and came much later into *Greece* and *Israel*.

One cannot read this passage without being pleas'd with the wonderful simplicity of the old heroick ages. We have here a gallant warrior returning victorious (for that he thought himself so, appears from these words *νεχαριότα νίκη*) from a single combat with the bravest of his enemies; and he is no otherwise rewarded, than with a larger portion of the sacrifice at supper. Thus an upper seat, or a more capacious bowl, was a recompence for the greatest actions; and thus the only reward in the *Olympick* games was a pine-

When now the rage of hunger was remov'd;
Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd, 389
 The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,
 In words like these his prudent thought exprest.

How dear, O Kings! this fatal day has cost,
 What *Greeks* are perish'd! what a people lost!
 What tides of blood have drench'd *Scamander's*
 shore?

What crouds of Heroes sunk, to rise no more? 395
 Then hear me, Chief! nor let the morrow's light
 Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:
 Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
 While we to flames our slaughter'd friends be-
 queathe.

branch, or a chaplet of parsley or wild olive. The latter part of this note belongs to *Eustathius*.

γ, 399. *While we to flames, &c.*] There is a great deal of artifice in this counsel of *Nestor*, of burning the dead, and raising a fortification; for though piety was the specious pretext, their security was the real aim of the truce, which they made use of to finish their works. Their doing this at the same time they erected the funeral piles, made the imposition easy upon the enemy, who might naturally mistake one work for the other. And this also obviates a plain objection, viz. Why the *Trojans* did not interrupt them in this work? The truce determined no exact time, but as much as was needful for discharging the rites of the dead.

From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear, 400
And nigh the fleet a fun'ral structure rear ;

I fancy it may not be unwelcome to the reader to enlarge a little upon the way of *disposing the dead* among the ancients. It may be proved from innumerable instances, that the *Hebrews* interred their dead ; thus *Abraham's* burying-place is frequently mentioned in scripture : and that the *Egyptians* did the same, is plain from their embalming them. Some have been of opinion, that the usage of burning the dead was originally to prevent any outrage to the bodies from their enemies ; which imagination is rendered not improbable by that passage in the first book of *Samuel*, where the *Israelites* burn the bodies of *Saul* and his sons, after they had been misused by the *Philistines*, even though their common custom was to bury their dead : and so *Sylla* among the *Romans* was the first of his family who ordered his body to be burnt, for fear the barbarities he had exercised on that of *Marius* might be retaliated upon his own. Tully, *de legibus*, lib. ii. *Proculdubio cremandi ritus à Græcis venit, nam sepultum legimus Numam ad Anienis fontem ; totique genti Corneliæ solenne fuisse sepulchrum, usque ad Syllam, qui primus ex eâ gente crematus est.* The *Greeks* used both ways, of interring and burning ; *Patroclus* was burned, and *Ajax* laid in the ground, as appears from *Sophocles's Ajax*, lin. 1185.

Σπύσσον κούλην κάπετόν τιν' ἰδίῳ

Τῷ δὲ τάφον. —

Hasten (says the chorus) *to prepare a hollow hole, a grave, for this man.*

Thucydides, in his second book mentions *λάβανακας κυπαρισσίνας* : coffins or chests made of cypress wood, in which the *Athenians* kept the bones of their friends that died in the wars.

The *Romans* derived from the *Greeks* both these customs of burning and burying : *In urbe neve SEPELITO neve URITO*, says the law of the twelve tables. The place where they buried the dead was set apart for this religious use, and called

So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
 And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
 Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
 High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd ; 405
 Next, to secure our camp, and naval pow'rs,
 Raise an embattl'd wall, with lofty tow'rs ;
 From space to space be ample gates around,
 For passing chariots ; and a trench profound.
 So *Greece* to combat shall in safety go, 410
 Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe,
 'Twas thus the Sage his wholesome counsel mov'd ;
 The sceptred Kings of *Greece* his words approv'd.
 Meanwhile, conven'd at *Priam's* palace-gate,
 The *Trojan* Peers in nightly council sat : 415

Glebe ; from which practice the name is yet applied to all the grounds belonging to the church.

Plutarch observes, that *Homer* is the first who mentions one general tomb for a number of dead persons. Here is a *Tumulus* built round the *Pyre*, not to bury their bodies, for they were to be burned ; nor to receive the bones, for those were to be carried to *Greece* ; but perhaps to interr their ashes, (which custom may be gathered from a passage in *Iliad* xxiii. §. 255.) or it might be only a *Cenotaph* in remembrance of the dead.

§. 415. *The Trojan Peers in nightly council sat.*] There is a great beauty in the two Epithets *Homer* gives to this council, *δυσή, νιληνχυσία, timida, turbulenta*. The unjust side is always fearful and discordant. I think *M. Dacier* has not entirely

A senate void of order, as of choice;
 Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their
 voice.

Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:
 Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliars hear!
 'Tis heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires, 420
 And I but move what ev'ry God requires:
 Let *Sparta's* treasures be this hour restor'd,
 And *Argive Helen* own her ancient Lord.
 The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
 Our impious battles the just Gods provoke. 425
 As this advice ye practice, or reject,
 So hope success, or dread the dire effect.

The senior spoke, and sat. To whom reply'd
 The graceful husband of the *Spartan* bride.

done justice to this thought in her translation. *Horace* seems to have accounted this an useful and necessary part that contained the great moral of the *Iliad*, as may be seen from his selecting it in particular from the rest, in his epistle to *Lollius*.

- " Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem,
- " Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
- " Stultorum regum & populorum continet æstus.
- " Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.
- " Quid Paris? Ut salvus regnet, vivatque beatus,
- " Cogi posse negat."

Cold counsels, *Trojan*, may become thy years, 430

But sound ungrateful in a warriour's ears :

Old man, if void of fallacy or art.

Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,

Thou, in thy time, more sound advice has
given;

But wisdom has its date, assign'd by heav'n. 435

Then hear me, Princes of the *Trojan* name !

Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame ;

My treasures too, for peace, I will resign ;

But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,

Slow from his seat the rev'rend *Priam* rose : 441

His god-like aspect deep attention drew :

He paus'd, and these pacifick words ensue.

§. 441. *The rev'rend Priam rose.*] *Priam* rejects the wholesome advice of *Antenor*, and complies with his son. This is indeed extremely natural to the indulgent character and easy nature of the old King, of which the whole *Trojan* war is a proof ; but I could wish *Homer* had not just in this place celebrated his wisdom in calling him *Θεόφιν μήτωρ ἀτάλας*. *Spondanus* refers this blindness of *Priam* to the power of fate, the time now approaching when *Troy* was to be punished for its injustice. Something like this weak fondness of a father is described in the scripture, in the story of *David* and *Abalom*.

Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliar bands !
 Now take refreshment as the hour demands : 445
 Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
 'Till the new sun restore the chearful light :
 Then shall our herald to th' *Atrides* sent,
 Before their ships proclaim my son's intent. 449
 Next let a truce be ask'd, that *Troy* may burn
 Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn ;
 That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
 And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide !

The monarch spoke : the warriors snatch'd
 with haste

(Each at his post in arms) a short repast. 455

§. 450. *Next let a truce be ask'd.*] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is remarkable : he makes *Priam* propose in council to send to the *Greeks* to ask a truce to bury the dead. This the *Greeks* themselves had before determined to propose : but it being more honourable to his country, the poet makes the *Trojan* herald prevent any proposition that could be made by the *Greeks*. Thus they are requested to do what they themselves were about to request, and have the honour to comply with a proposal which they themselves would otherwise have taken as a favour. *Eustathius*.

§. 455. (*Each at his post in arms.*)] We have here the manner of the *Trojans* taking their repast : not promiscuously, but each at his post. *Homer* was sensible that military men ought not to remit their guard, even while they refresh themselves, but in every action display the soldier. *Eustathius*.

Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
 To the black ships *Idæus* bent his way;
 There, to the sons of *Mars*, in council found,
 He rais'd his voice: the host stood list'ning round.

Ye sons of *Atreus*, and ye *Greeks*, give ear! 460
 The words of *Troy*, and *Troy's* great Monarch
 hear.

Pleas'd may ye hear (so heav'n succeed my pray'rs)
 What *Paris*, author of the war, declares.

The spoils and treasures he to *Ilium* bore, 464
 (Oh had he perish'd e'er they touch'd our shore)

★. 460. *The speech of Idæus.*] The proposition of restoring the treasures, and not *Helen*, is sent as from *Paris* only; in which his father seems to permit him to treat by himself as a sovereign Prince, and the sole author of the war. But the herald seems to exceed his commission in what he tells the *Greeks*. *Paris* only offered to restore the treasures he took from *Greece*, not including those he brought from *Sidon* and other coasts, where he touched in his voyage; but *Idæus* here proffers all that he had brought to *Troy*. He adds, as from himself, a wish that *Paris* had perished in that voyage. Some ancient expositors suppose those words to be spoken aside, or in a low voice, as it is usual in Dramatick Poetry. But without that *Salvo*, a generous love for the welfare of his country might transport *Idæus* into some warm expressions against the author of its woes. He lays aside the Herald to act the Patriot, and speaks with indignation against *Paris*, that he may influence the *Græcian* captains to give a favourable answer. *Eustathius*.

He proffers injur'd *Greece* ; with large encrease
Of added *Trojan* wealth to buy the peace.
But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This *Greece* demands, and *Troy* requests in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs ! we ask a truce to burn 470
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide !

The *Greeks* gave ear, but none the silence broke ;
At length *Tydid*es rose, and rising spoke. 475
Oh, take not, friends ! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the *Spartan* dame.

§. 474. *The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke.*] This silence of the *Greeks* might naturally proceed from an opinion, that however desirous they were to put an end to this long war, *Menelaus* would never consent to relinquish *Helen*, which was the thing insisted upon by *Paris*. *Eustathius* accounts for it in another manner, and it is from him *M. Dacier* has taken her remark. The Princes (says he) were silent, because it was the part of *Agamemnon* to determine in this nature ; and *Agamemnon* is silent, being willing to hear the inclinations of the Princes. By this means he avoided the imputation of exposing the *Greeks* to dangers for his advantage and glory ; since he only gave the answer which was put into his mouth by the Princes, with a general applause of the army.

§. 476. *Oh take not, Greeks, &c.*] There is a peculiar decorum in making *Diomed* the author of this advice, to re-

334 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book vii.

Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their wall,
And *Troy* already totters to her fall. 479

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the *Grecian* name,
With gen'ral shouts return'd him loud acclaim.

Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of *Greece*.

For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed
With heroes corpse: I war not with the dead: 485

Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the *Manes* of the slain.

Be witness, *Jove*, whose thunder rolls on high!
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred *Troy*, where all her Princes lay 490
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.

He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.

Straight to their sev'ral cares the *Trojans* move,
Some search the plains, some fell the founding

grove: 495

jest even *Helen* if she were offered; this had not agreed with an amorous husband like *Menelaus*, nor with a cunning politician like *Ulysses*, nor with a wise old man like *Nestor*. But it is proper to *Diomed*, not only as a young fearless warrior, but as he is in particular an enemy to the interests of *Venus*.

Nor less the *Greeks*, descending on the shore,
 Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
 And now from forth the chambers of the main,
 To shed his sacred light on earth again,
 Arose the golden chariot of the day, 500
 And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
 In mingled throngs the *Greek* and *Trojan* train
 Thro' heaps of carnage search'd the mournful
 plain.

Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend ex-
 plore,

With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
 The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they
 shed, 506

And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.

ψ. 507. *And, laid along their cars.*] These probably were not chariots, but carriages; for *Homer* makes *Nestor* say in ψ. 332 of the *orig.* that this was to be done with mules and oxen, which were not commonly joined to chariots, and the word *καλῆσμαι* there, may be applied to any vehicle that runs on wheels. *Ἀμαξα* signifies indifferently *plaustrum* and *currus*; and our *English* word *car* implies either. But if they did use chariots in bearing their dead, it is at least evident, that those chariots were drawn by mules and oxen at funeral solemnities. *Homer's* using the word *ἄμαξα* and not *δίφρος*, confirms this opinion.

336 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book vii.

Sage *Priam* check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd :

With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd ;
And sadly slow, to sacred *Troy* return'd. 511

Nor less the *Greeks* their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose the dead ;

The cold remains consume with equal care ;
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair. 515

Now, e'er the morn had streak'd with red'ning
light

The doubtful confines of the day and night ;
About the dying flames the *Greeks* appear'd,

And round the pile a gen'ral tomb they rear'd.
Then, to secure the camp and naval pow'rs, 520

They rais'd embattl'd walls with lofty tow'rs :

†. 520. *Then, to secure the camp, &c.]* *Homer* has been accused of an offence against probability, in causing this fortification to be made so late as in the last year of the war. *M. Dacier* answers to this objection, That the *Greeks* had no occasion for it till the departure of *Achilles* : he alone was a greater defence to them ; and *Homer* had told the reader in a preceding book, that the *Trojans* never durst venture out of the walls of *Troy* while *Achilles* fought : these intrenchments therefore serve to raise the glory of his principal hero, since they become necessary as soon as he withdraws his aid. She might have added, that *Achilles* himself says all this, and makes

From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below, 525
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the *Greeks*: meanwhile the Gods above
In shining circle round their father *Jove*,

Homer's apology in the ninth book, §. 460. The same author, speaking of this fortification, seems to doubt whether the use of intrenching camps was known in the *Trojan* war, and is rather inclined to think *Homer* borrowed it from what was practised in his own time. But I believe (if we consider the caution with which he has been observed, in some instances already given, to preserve the manners of the age he writes of, in contradistinction to what was practised in his own;) we may reasonably conclude the art of fortification was in use even so long before him, and in the degree of perfection that he here describes it. If it was not, and if *Homer* was fond of describing an improvement in this art made in his own days; nothing could be better contrived than his feigning *Nestor* to be the author of it, whose wisdom and experience in war rendered it probable that he might carry his projects farther than the rest of his contemporaries. We have here a fortification as perfect as any in the modern times: a strong wall is thrown up, towers are built upon it from space to space, gates are made to issue out at, and a ditch sunk, deep, wide and long, to all which palisades are added to complete it.

§. 527. — — — *meanwhile the Gods* — —] The fiction of this wall raised by the *Greeks*, has given no little advantage to *Homer's* Poem, in furnishing him with an opportunity of changing the scene, and in a great degree the subject and accidents of his battles; so that the following descriptions of war are totally different from all the foregoing. He takes

Amaz'd beheld the wond'rous works of man : 529

Then he, whose trident shakes th' earth, began.

What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,

care at the first mention of it to fix in us a great idea of this work, by making the Gods immediately concerned about it. We see *Neptune* jealous lest the glory of his own work, the walls of *Troy*, should be effaced by it ; and *Jupiter* comforting him with a prophecy that it shall be totally destroyed in a short time. *Homer* was sensible that as this was a building of his imagination only, and not founded (like many other of his descriptions) upon some antiquities or traditions of the country, so posterity might convict him of a falsity, when no remains of any such wall should be seen on the coast. Therefore (as *Aristotle* observes) he has found this way to elude the censure of an improbable fiction : the word of *Jove* was fulfilled, the hands of the Gods, the force of the rivers, and the waves of the sea, demolished it. In the twelfth book he digresses from the subject of his poem, to describe the execution of this prophecy. The verses there are very noble, and have given the hint to *Milton* for those in which he accounts, after the same poetical manner, for the vanishing of the terrestrial paradise.

— — — — All fountains of the deep
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, 'till inundation rise
Above the highest hills : then shall this mount
Of *Paradise* by might of waves be mov'd
Out of its place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all its verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals and orcs, and sea-mews clang.

If the proud *Grecians* thus successful boast
 Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
 See the long walls extending to the main, 535
 No God consulted, and no victim slain!
 Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
 Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends.
 While old *Laomedon's* divine abodes,
 Those radiant structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,
 Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep. 541
 Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' Almighty Thund'rer with a frown replies,
 That clouds the world, and blackens half the
 skies.

Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make
 The solid earth's eternal basis shake! 546
 What cause of fear from mortal works cou'd
 move

The meanest subject of our realms above?
 Where e'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
 Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame shall last. 550
 But yon' proud work no future age shall view,
 No trace remain where once the glory grew.

The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge
wall :

Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore ;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more. 556

Thus they in heav'n : while, o'er the *Grecian*
train,

The rolling fun descending to the main
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they flew :
Black from the tents the sav'ry vapours flew. 560
And now the fleet, arriv'd from *Lemnos*' strands,
With *Bacchus*' blessings chear'd the gen'rous
bands.

Of fragrant wines the rich *Eunæus* sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent.

§. 561. *And now the fleet, &c.*] The verses from hence to the end of the book, afford us the knowledge of some points of history and antiquity. As that *Jason* had a son by *Hypsipyle*, who succeeded his mother in the kingdom of *Lemnos* : that the isle of *Lemnos* was anciently famous for its wines, and drove a traffick in them ; and that coined money was not in use in the time of the *Trojan* war, but the trade of countries carried on by exchange in gross brags, oxen, slaves, &c. I must not forget the particular term used here for slave, ἀνδράποδον, which is literally the same with our modern word *footman*.

BOOK VII. HOMER'S I L I A D. 341

(*Eunæus*, whom *Hyppisyle* of yore 565

To *Jason*, shepherd of his people, bore)

The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,

And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host :

Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave :

Some brass, or iron ; some an ox, or slave. 570

All night they feast, the *Greek* and *Trojan* pow'rs ;

Those on the fields, and these within their tow'rs ;

But *Jove* averse the signs of wrath display'd,

And shot red light'nings thro' the gloomy shade :

Humbled they stood ; pale horror seiz'd on all, 575

While the deep thunder shook th' ærial hall.

Each pour'd to *Jove*, before the bowl was crown'd ;

And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground :

Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,

Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night. 580

†. 573. *But Jove averse, &c.*] The signs by which *Jupiter* here shews his wrath against the *Grecians*, are a prelude to those more open declarations of his anger which follow in the next book, and prepare the mind of the reader for that machine, which might otherwise seem too bold and violent.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

A circular stamp from the British Museum, containing the text "MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM" in a serif font, arranged in three lines.